TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL

THIRD OF SERIES

TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL
(Third of Series)

Books by Thomas L. Masson

THAT SILVER LINING
TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL, FIRST OF SERIES
TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL, SECOND OF SERIES
TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL, THIRD OF SERIES
WHY I AM A SPIRITUAL VAGABOND
A BACHELOR'S BABY, AND SOME GROWN-UPS
A CORNER IN WOMEN
DOGS FROM *LIFE*
HUMOR OF LOVE IN VERSE AND PROSE
HUMOROUS MASTERPIECES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE
IN MERRY MEASURE
LITTLE MASTERPIECES OF AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR
NEW PLATO; OR, SOCRATES REDIVIVUS
SHORT STORIES FROM *LIFE*
THE BEST STORIES IN THE WORLD
THE VON BLUMERS
WELL, WHY NOT?
YANKEE NAVY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-EHH-378

THE TENDERFOOT

Drawn by Herbert Johnson
From The Saturday Evening Post.
By permission. Copyright Curtis Pub. Co.

TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL

YE COMICALLY INCLINED PEOPLE'S VADE MECUM

Being a Difcriminative Collection of the Moft Brilliant *Jefts*, *Quips*, *Oddities & Elegant Wheezes*, Including a Fair Sprinkling of *Threnodian Repartee*, Delicious *Collegiate Whimficalities*, *Burlefques & Melodic Songs*, Befides *Merrie Tayles & Pleasaunt Stories*, Couched in Both ye Engliſh & ye American Tongues:

First Collected in Ye Rough & Pruned & Embellished with Comic Cuts from Divers Joyfull Knights of ye Easel, fetting forth ye *Ways & ye Manners of ye Intelligentzia and Sundry Other Ingenious Characters;* Here with Infcribed to All Choice Spirits of ye Age.

THIRD OF YE SERIES

Edited by THOMAS L. MASSON

Done at *Death's Head Crossing*, Glen Ridge, New Jersey, and printed and sold by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO. at their *Country Life Preſs*, Garden City, New York, 1925.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

FIRST EDITION

The halftone and line drawing reproductions used in this volume are reprinted through the kindness of The Curtis Publishing Company (*The Saturday Evening Post*) and the Proprietors of *Punch.*

PLEASE READ THESE DIRECTIONS

There is almost as much of an art in the reading of humour as in the writing of it. To dismiss it as so much idle entertainment, or merely as a time killer, is to shut oneself off from an asset that can be acquired in no other way. National humour, if it is anything at all, gives a much clearer and more profound insight into the mind of a people than anything else which can be named. Much of it comes in lightning like flashes, which convey a whole atmosphere in a single line. Burlesque humour, which hits off passing fads or discloses some weak spots, is truly informing. Here is current history, illuminated and digested. I can therefore sincerely recommend this book as a self-searcher, if for no other reason. It deserves to be read, not alone for pure entertainment—of which there is a great deal—but understandingly, not hastily, very much as one takes concentrated food. The material was gathered from every available source over a considerable period of time—to be exact, twelve months. Every joke that remotely resembled laughter was corralled and placed in the paddock. There are necessarily limitations of space, but on the whole the ground has been fairly well covered. The selection of humour is a science and an art combined, perfection being difficult. The principal factors to be considered are the quality of entertainment, the literary charm and the information given. In these pages will be discovered enough of both British and American humour for the reader to form his own judgments as to the relative merits of each. Long pieces have generally been avoided.

In all cases, due credit has been given, where the source is known.

All praise to the college boys! During the past few years the number of university humorous papers in this country has grown to more than eighty. Many of these papers contain a great deal of lively and snappy fun. Much of this college humour is crude, too much of it is vulgar, but on the whole it is enormously interesting and clever. It makes us stop and think whether, after all, the younger generation isn't putting it all over the older.

Then again, there is pictorial humour. The rise of the humorous artist in this country is one of the most significant and astonishing of the phenomena of the present, that is probably why it has been overlooked by psychologists and other unintelligentsia. I attribute this extraordinary movement quite largely to the influence of the movies, which are teaching us to think pictorially more than we have ever done. Thus a large school of artists has risen in response to this national impulse. Some of the comic strips are deplorably bad, but by no means all of them. In the limited space I have in this book I can only reproduce a few of the pictures which have appealed to me during the past year. Merely to name the list of clever artists and cartoonists would make this work look like a city directory. There is Ralph Barton, whose restrained exaggerations—if one may use such a term—are the despair of everyone, Herb Roth, Ellison Hoover, John Held, Jr., Wyncie King, H. T. Webster, Oliver Herford (who gets better and better), G. B. Inwood, Montgomery Flagg, Robert Dickey (whose "Mr. and Mrs. Beans" are now a household word), Art Young (perhaps our best cartoonist), the inimitable Frueh, Rea Irvin, Briggs, Ding, and so many others that one cannot think of them all at once.

We need them all, God knows!

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Best We Know	1
Comic Writin'. By Abe Martin	17
Local News. By Arthur Guiterman	20
Our Country Tissuv Thee	25
Our Clever College Boys	28
Best British Epigrams	41
Rogers's Unexpurgated History of the Automobile	51
Cross Words and Curses	57
The Cuckoo School of Humour in America By Vivian Shaw	63
Purely Personal	70
America, the Beautiful. By W. L. Werner	73
The Ballad of the Lady and the Dragon. By Newman Levy	76
Best Stories	79
White Sox v. Giants	88
The Best Time for Family Quarrels. By Don Herold	93
Auto Intoxication	97
Banking as Is Banking. By Dick Wick Hall	100
The Ad Man's Wide Open Spaces	121
I Hate Women. By Gregory Williamson	128
Cats Is Cats. By Caroline Fuller	131
Here Are Ladies	133
The Strange Case of Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Nash. By Mary Alden Hopkins	136
How They Love Us!	142

PAGE

Deflating the A. B. By Adelaide W. Neall . . 146
Just This Side of Eternity 151
Babes in Hollywood. By Max Lief 152
Anecdotage. 155
Some Sayings of Oliver Herford. By Thomas L. Masson 162
Lizzies 168
To Henry 171
A Study in Journalism. By Frederic L. Walters . 174
Broad and Narrow Castings 176
"If I Told Him." By Gertrude Stein. 179
The Fable of the Old Grad Who Came Back . 183
The Younger Generation 185
Limericks 197
A Group of Artists Write Their Own Epitaphs 214
Gowf! 219
The Memoir Aristocratic. By Ellis Parker Butler 222
Blue-Ribbon Wheezes 226
The Comic Muse 237
Bulls and Breaks 245
Romeo and Juliet 257
Dialogues De Luxe 264
Best Sellers—Factory Made. By Oliver Lea . 293
Those Outsiders 299
Churchly Musings 301
Uplifters 303
Booze Wheezes 304
Ask Dad: He Doesn't Know 306

LIST OF HALFTONE DRAWINGS

The Tenderfoot . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Dad's Growing Reputation as a Story Teller . . . 84

An Echo of the Election 132

"Two more payments and the baby's ours" 244

LIST OF LINE DRAWINGS

PAGE

The Twentieth Century 15

"I know nothing about Fords, except two frightfully funny stories" 53

"I called her a couple of cross words and she made a puzzle out of me" 58

The Best Time for Family Quarrels 95

"Gee whiz, Liza, that was close!" 149

The Old Grad Who Came Back 183

"Say, what fraternity home is this?" 265

The Comic Strip Eternal 291

TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL
(Third of Series)

TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL

THE BEST WE KNOW

You can't change fundamentals. If ever Mr. Coolidge is engraved on money, it will talk just the same.—*Shreveport Journal.*

GRANDMOTHER—Johnny, I wouldn't slide down those stairs!

LITTLE BOY—Wouldn't? Hell, you couldn't!—*Lafayette Lyre.*

It's easy enough to be pleasant,
  In a coupé all warm and jolly,
But the girl worth while
Is the one who can smile
  When you're taking her home in a trolley.
—*Washington Columns.*

A woman conceals what she does not know but a man does not know what he conceals.—*Boston Beanpot.*

Speeding up Production.—An old Chinaman, delivering laundry in a mining camp, heard a noise and espied a huge brown bear sniffing his tracks in the newly fallen snow.

"Huh!" he gasped. "You likee my tlacks, I makee some more."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Civic Pride.—"Crimson Gulch will one day be as famous as New York or Chicago," remarked the flattering stranger.

"I hope not," rejoined Cactus Joe. "The old Gulch is tough enough now."—*Washington Star.*

Out where the buttons seem
A little tighter;
Out where the buckle shines
A little brighter;
Out where the girth becomes
A little longer;
Out where the straining seems
A little stronger—
That's where the Vest begins!
—*Arizona Who Doo.*

Business Is Business.—A clergyman was conducting a funeral in a Western State when two shots were fired outside the church. The undertaker at once rushed out, but returned in a few moments, smiling.

"I've secured both those customers," he whispered to the parson.—*American Legion Weekly.*

Hair as Is.—"Why don't you bob your hair?"

"I can't decide on the style," answered Miss Cayenne. "I don't know whether to have it look like a whisk broom or a feather duster."—*Washington Star.*

The Worst Age.—"How old is that flapper?"

"In her early nicoteens."—*Life.*

NURSE (*to housemaid*)—Baby's got her mamma's complexion.

FATHER (*from next room*)—Nurse, are you letting that child play with those paints?—*Answers.*

All Conveniences

Dr. Banford has returned. (Adv.)
Public Service Bus Line
Roselawn Burial Park
Leave Main Plaza
Every Hour. Every Day.—(Adv.)
—*Adv. in San Antonio (Texas) Express.*

R. I. P.

Here lie the remains of a radio fan,
Now mourned by his many relations;
He went to a powder mill, smoking his pipe,
And was picked up by twenty-one stations.
—*Williams Purple Cow.*

And a Wooden Overcoat.—Old John Ruddy is fixing to celebrate his wooden wedding next week with a quart of wood alcohol.—*Arkansas Thomas Cat.*

Two Other Folks.—HE—Say, Mabel, may I come over to-night?

SHE—Sure, John, come on over.

HE—Why, this is not John.

SHE—This isn't Mabel, either.—*Whirlwind.*

The Winning Colour.—A wealthy girl from America was attending a social function at a country house in England.

"You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have," said an English duchess to the girl. "I always wonder why our noblemen take such a fancy to your white faces."

"It isn't our white faces that attract them," responded the American girl; "it's our greenbacks."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The time has come for us to avenge ourselves on the Chinese for the Mah-Jongg craze by sending over a shipload of cross-word puzzle blanks.—*Columbia Record.*

And the Sticks Get Burned.—"Your school is not a seminary; it's a match factory," said the smart young college man to the girl student.

"You're right," said the girl. "We furnish the heads and get the sticks from the men's colleges."—*The Continent* (*Chicago*).

Dance of Summer.—Ezra Pingle of Clover Leaf Farm, who keeps boarders, was leaning on the front fence talking to a new arrival the other day, when out in the meadow near the river a young man clad in a bathing suit leaped high in the air and detoured to the ground, his outstretched arms lending considerable grace to his movements.

When he touched earth aga'n his rebound was magnificent. Then, like an excited fawn, he leaped and ran across the meadow, where he ended his exhibition with a most beautiful dive over the alder bushes into the river.

"Interpretive dancer?" asked the new boarder.

"Nope, bumblebees," said Ezra Pingle.—*Kansas City Star.*

Reporter—Whose funeral is that?

Bystander—John Brown's.

Reporter—You don't mean it!

Bystander—What do you think he's doing—practising?
—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

Ethyl gas is said to give increased mileage and take the knock out of motor-car engines. Ethyl, meet Lizzie.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Nordic.—ENGLISHMAN (*bumping into another in a dense fog*)—I say, pardon me, my good fellow.

SECOND BRITON—Certainly, old top. Beastly fog, eh what?

FIRST B.—Deucedly. I can't distinguish your features, old topper. Have we ever met befoah?

SECOND B.—Neither is there a possibility of my distinguishing yours, old egg. Simply can't place you.

FIRST B.—Let's strain ourselves no longer. Should you recall in the future, kindly inform me.

SECOND B.—Bally clevah ideah, old top. And you do likewise. See you latah. Cheerio.—*Brown Jug.*

If Pittsburgh is to have a skyscraper college, why let professors' salaries remain the bungalow type?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mrs. Malaprop, Coloured.—The wife of a Southern archdeacon sent his vestments to be washed. The next morning she answered the telephone.

"Miss Mary, do the archangel want his shroud starched?"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

The sweet young thing was examining cameras. "What is the name of this one?" she inquired of the assistant, as she picked up a dainty little instrument.

"That is the Belvadere," replied the man.

For a moment there was a chilly silence. Then the sweet young thing pulled herself together and, fixing the assistant with a stony glance, she inquired icily: "And can you recommend the Belva?"—*Argonaut.*

Precautionary.—Owing to the deadly quality of much of the hodiernal ales, wines, and liquors, a young woman confides that she always takes two escorts with her these evenings, owing to the possibility of one temporarily expiring. "I always carry a spare," she says.—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

Scientist says that in a hundred years there will be nothing in the world to laugh at. Won't there be any scientists?—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Ford Joke No. 975,318.—FROSH—Why are you going to sell your Ford?

SENIOR—Because I haven't got much money.

"Go on, that's why they buy 'em!"—*Penn. State Froth.*

One of Harry Vardon's many good golfing stories tells how a certain Englishman was playing over a golf course in Scotland, and playing very badly.

"Dear, dear!" he said at last, "there cannot be worse players than myself."

"Weel, weel, maybe there are worse players," said the caddie, consolingly, "but," he went on, "they dinna play."—*Argonaut.*

Verbal.—Said the eloquent woman speaker: "Can any one imagine a man who would stand by and let his wife be slandered?" and paused dramatically for the effect of her rhetorical question. The meek little man rose to his feet and wavered there. The lecturer glared at him.

"Do you mean to say you would stand by and let your wife be slandered?" she exclaimed.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "I thought you said 'slaughtered.'"—*Argonaut.*

His Business Card.—"How did that fellow get into the boss's private office?"

"Threw a cork over the transom."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

We take this the earliest opportunity of denying the cruel rumour that, in order to save railway fare, intending Scotsmen are now arranging to be born in England.—*Punch.*

As a certain well-known Free Church preacher delivered a fervent sermon on social evils, he came to the matter of alcoholic liquor, and remarked:

"If I had anything to do with whisky, beer, rum, or any intoxicating drinks, I should have them all thrown into the river."

In a few minutes he announced the closing hymn, which had been chosen by the choirmaster.

It was, "Shall we gather at the river?"—*Methodist Recorder.*

Love's Shorthand.—On his tour to the district an inspector of city high schools came before a class of girls. He wrote upon the blackboard, "LXXX." Then, peering over the rims of his spectacles at a good-looking girl in the first row, he asked:

"Young lady, I'd like to have you tell me what that means."

"Love and kisses," the girl replied.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Place for Him.—Two sweethearts from Aberdeen were rambling round, when they came to a movie.

The young man ran his eye over the front of the building. It rested on a title in large letters—"The Woman Pays."

"Jean," he said. "I think we'll gang in here."—*Croyden Advertiser.*

That's Different.—HEAD OF THE HOUSE (*in angry tones*) —Who told you to put that paper on the wall?

DECORATOR—Your wife, sir.

"Pretty, isn't it?"—*The Congregationalist.*

Why Not Both?—"A man isn't always useful and important because he has a roll-top desk."

"No," agreed Senator Sorghum; "much depends on whether he keeps his mind on it, or his feet."—*Washington Star.*

The Complete Raconteur.—Two men were talking at the club.

"When I am telling a man a story," said one of them, "I stop short if I see a peculiar gleam in his eyes."

"Does it mean that he has heard the story before?" inquired the other.

"No," answered the first; "it means that he isn't listening, because he is thinking of the one he intends to tell me."—*Tatler.*

Joe Cannon's Story.—"I am reminded of old Bill Devine out in my district. Devine was on his way home from a political rally, and his skin fairly oozed alcohol. Passing through a field he kicked up a rattlesnake which emitted a warning. Bill drew himself up with dignified solemnity, eyed the reptile with lofty contempt, and said: 'Strike, darn you; you will never find me better prepared.'"—*Argonaut.*

"Every modern girl should have a chaperon," says a writer in a morning paper. We would go further and recommend three chaperons working eight-hour shifts.—*Punch.*

Unanimous.—"I think Mrs. Simpson is such a sweet-looking little woman."

"I don't like her very well, either."—*Life.*

To the Minute.—A travelling Charlestonian paused one night at a small up-state town, one of those places where trains don't really stop—they merely hesitate. Its lone hotel, opposite the railway station, was kept by an aged darky, who was proprietor, clerk, cook, waiter, bellhop, and everything.

"Call me for the three-fifteen train," ordered the guest, retiring early—to sleep soundly until awakened by a loud hammering on his door.

"Hey, boss," came a voice outside, "didn't yuh-all left a call foh de three-fifteen train?"

"Sure," gasped the roomer, sleepily.

"Well, suh," was the response, "she's at de stashun now."—*Charleston News and Courier.*

Case for the S. P. C. C.—The tightest man in the world is the Scotchman who shot off a pistol outside his house on Christmas Eve and then came in and told the children that Santa Claus had committed suicide.—*California Pelican.*

Hard Question.—"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the irate Professor of his class.

"No," came the answer in choru .

"Well," insisted the Professor, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"—*College of the Pacific Weekly.*

Or Modern "Chickens."—The young hopeful of the family was just entering the age of late nights and notions.

One morning after late hours the night before, the youth announced:

"Paw, I've a notion to raise chickens."

Paw drew his eyebrows together and gruffly commented:

"Better try owls. Their hours would suit you better."—*Indianapolis News.*

A visitor being shown round a lake, said to his guide: "How deep is this one?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "we don't know the actual depth, but last year a young Australian came here to bathe, took his clothes off and dived in, and we never saw him again."

"And did you not hear from him?"

"Oh, yes! We had a cablegram from Australia, asking us to send his clothes on."—*Tit-Bits.*

Oh Bit You Airy

The daisies sprout
O'er Horace Clout—
He tried to drive
With his headlights out.
The soil is black
O'er Clarence Flack—
He lit his pipe
As he crossed the track.
The brown leaves drop
O'er Thomas Scopp
He drove right on
When the sign said stop.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Out of the Final Contest.—The old gentleman was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding.

"Are you the groom?" he asked a melancholy-looking man.

"No, sir," the young man replied. "I was eliminated in the preliminary try-outs."—*Quebec (Canada) Daily Telegraph.*

Petrified.—HORACE—What did your wife have to say when you came in at four this morning?

MAURICE—Didn't have a word to say.

HORACE—'S matter, tongue-tied?

MAURICE—No, I put cement in her beauty clay.—*Bear Skin.*

A Masterpiece.—Mrs. Brown was almost speechless as she beheld the Grand Canyon.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she gushed.

"I'll say so," responded Mr. Brown, who mixed contracting with politics. "Boy, that was SOME excavating job."—*New York American.*

No Alligator at Home.—One of the fruitstall men in the city market was striving hard to add a few cents to the total of his sales.

"We've got some fine alligator pears," he suggested.

"Silly," laughed the very, very young housewife. "We don't even keep a goldfish."—*Houston Post.*

Progressive.—"How do you find marriage?"

"During courtship I talked and she listened. After marriage she talked and I listened. Now we both talk and the neighbours listen."—*Dorfbarbler (Berlin).*

A Howler.—COCKNEY VISITOR—What's that awful noise outside?

COUNTRY HOST—Why, that's an owl.

COCKNEY VISITOR—I know it's an 'owl. But oo's 'owling?—*Dry Goods Economist.*

The Norse handmaiden said to her mistress: "Ay vent to das movie last night" (note the careful preservation of the dialect). The lady of the house inquired: "Scaramouche"? And the girl said, "No, not ver' mooch."—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Worse.—"What could be more sad," said the schoolmistress, "than a man without a country?"

"A country without a man," answered the pretty girl.—*Tit-Bits.*

A Fable

Und.r the swinging street-car strap
The homely co-ed stands,
And stands, and stands, and stands, and stands,
And stands, and stands, and stands.

—*Ames Green Gander.*

"This is a beautiful place."

"Have you lived here all your life?"

"Not yet."—*C. C. N. Y. Medley.*

Keeping Down Costs.—"Why did Ikey invite only married people to his wedding?"

"Well, in that way he figured that all the presents would be clear profit."—*Columbia Record.*

If she wouldn't wash dishes for $50 a week, that's pride; if she does it for nothing, that's matrimony.—*Centre Colonel.*

"Officer, catch that man running there. He tried to kiss me!"

"'S'all right, miss. There'll be another along in a minute."—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

SENTRY—Halt! Who goes there?

ANSWER—Moses.

"Advance, Moses, and give the ten commandments."—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

When a city child was roaming about in the country he came upon a dozen or so empty condensed milk cans. Greatly excited, he yelled to his companions:

"Hey, fellers, come here quick! I've found a cow's nest!"—*Country Gentleman.*

Time to Mature.—ENGLISHMAN—What's the best way to make an Englishman happy in his old age?

ALL-AMERICAN—Tell him a joke when he's young.—*Cracker.*

Cuthbert asked us the other day how long girls should be loved. "The same as short girls," we told him, "and stand on a chair, if you have to."—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Or Morgue.—"What can be done with the by-products of gasoline?" asks a contemporary. Usually, they are taken to the nearest hospital.—*Humorist.*

"I hear that Dr. Mercy Parks is getting out his first novel."

"That so? Who's the hero?"

"The publisher."—*Brown Jug.*

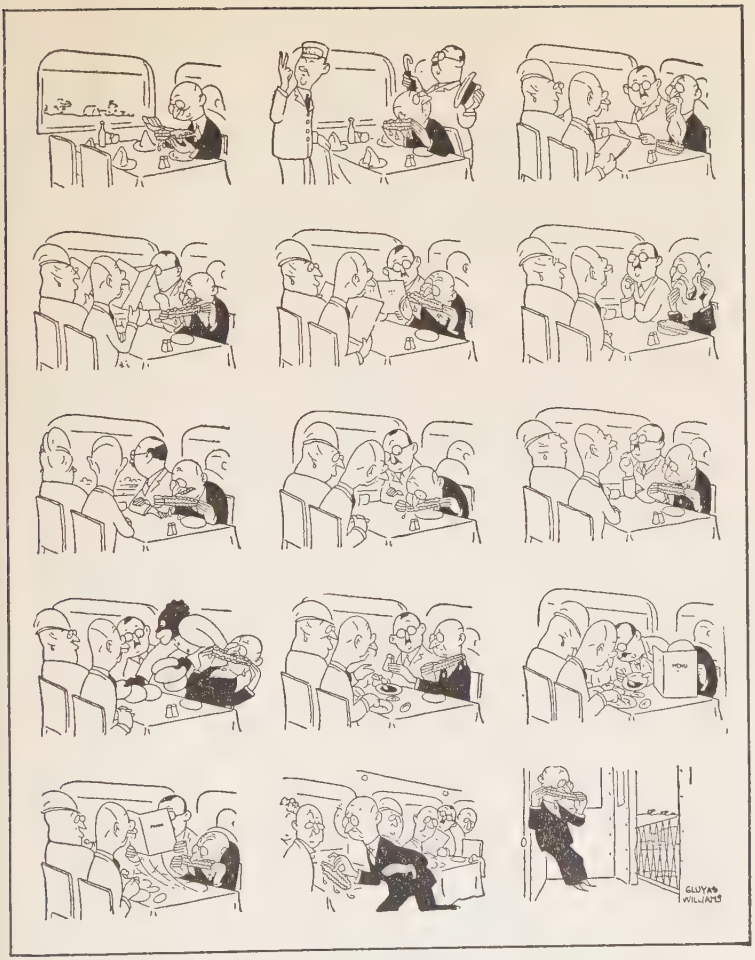
SHE—I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I became engaged to Dick last night.

HE—Well, how about next week, then?—*Washington Cougar's Paw.*

Trying Him Out.—An East Side pants maker who has become quite a figure in the movie-producing world was recently selecting a chief for his scenario staff. The producer insisted that the successful applicant must be a college graduate. He looked with favour upon one applicant and asked if he had had a college education. He received an affirmative reply.

"Show your diploma," demanded the producer. The applicant tried to explain that it was not customary for college graduates to carry diplomas around with them.

"Well, then," demanded the producer, with just a slight sneer, "say me a big woid."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*



The Twentieth Century

Drawn by Gluyas Williams
From Life by permission
Copyr. Life Pub. Co.

COMIC WRITIN'

BY

ABE MARTIN

(Kin Hubbard)

Federal dry officers, who have been shadowin' Elmer Moots fer several weeks, swooped down on him recently and found out that he wuz writin' a comic book. He resigned his job at th' sawmill some months ago an' has been actin' strangely, an' it wuz naturally supposed that he wuz either handlin' it or makin' it. He showed th' officers his manuscript, an' also proved t' them that he's recently sold two comic articles t' magazines an' wuz not dependent on his mother.

Th' writin' game, 'specially th' comic end of it, is growin' t' be some industry. Machinery has replaced so many twelve an' fifteen dollar a week people, that we used t' wonder what would become o' them. But we guess they all took t' comic writin'. Anybuddy that's struggled along fer years drivin' a hack, or washin' buggies, or workin' in factories, or tryin' t' hold a job on a newspaper, jest naturally annexes a whole lot o' little comic experiences an' ideas that they kin jot down an' put t' good account when they git fired, or replaced by machinery, in this modern age.

"We've got a friend that used t' peel punkins in a cannery, an' he got let out by th' introduction o' th' Excelsior punkin peeler. Then he laid down an' loafed around till this fall,

From *Detroit Athletic News*. By permission.

when he took t' comic writin'. He'd noticed by th' magazines how ever'buddy else wuz gittin' by, so he jest laid low fer a comic idea t' write up. One day he picked up a paper an' turned t' th' cross-word section, an' read where a feller had left his home an' wuz gone three days lookin' fer a bird peculiar t' Australia, spelled with three letters. It wuz th' emu, a three-toed bird o' th' genus dromoeus. They have no casque, an' defend 'emselves by runnin.' So he wrote a comic article on th' emu, an' it wuz grabbed up immediately by a magazine an' he got a check for $118. Now he kin just take any little thing like an emu an' write around it an' clean up some important money.

We have a friend, or did have till he got t' makin' big money, that used t' belong t' a horizontal bar act. He convulsed th' continent fer years by clownin'. He'd try t' pick his hat up, but ever' time he reached fer it, he'd kick away first. It wuz great stuff, an' it gave him an' idea, so now he's writin' comic stuff an' is way back on his orders. All th' show people we know, 'cept May Worth an' Lew Graham, are writin' fer magazines now an' makin' after-dinner speeches. Joe Bentley, who has driven a six-horse circus band wagon fer years, addressed our Rotary Club last Tuesday, an' had a night engagement before th' State Association o' Bankers at Kokomo in th' evenin'. He spoke on "Street Traffic as I've Found It." He's writin' a newspaper column, an' syndicates a weekly comic article.

Artie Small, o' th' Elite Drug Store, has a wife an' little baby, an' they strike him as bein' so funny that he writes about 'em an' makes lots o' money. He jest uses his drug store t' meet people in an' tell 'em how well he's doin'. Pinky Kerr has jest built a new verandy fer his aged mother, an' given $15 t' th' Community Chest. He's been writin' comic articles fer th' magazines fer two years, but ever'buddy

thought he wuz in th' reg'lar army. He's been at it so long that he don't even write 'em himself. He gits a boy t' do it. We reckon ther's more money paid out fer comic articles an' gasoline than ther is fer any other two necessities we know of. Ther's no question with us at t' how th' other half lives, an' lives high. Well, mebbe it's all fer th' best. It solves th' problem of what t' do with a lot o' backward boys.

LOCAL NEWS

BY

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

In Kittery, Delia McSlattery,
The spinster, unmelted by flattery,
Who once ran the hat shop,
Has opened a cat hop
And calls it The Kittery Kattery.

Our prominent flappers of Tucson—
Delightful young persons to muse on—
Are rolling their stockings.
Clear down to the clockings.
But still they are keeping their shoes on.

At times on polite Pottawattamie,
Mosquitoes, adept in phlebotomy,
Descend in a fury
Across the Missouri.
We're glad they are not hippopotami.

Eliphalet Briggs, of Emporia,
Is troubled with phantasmagoria.
Reversing his habits,
He ate two Welsh rabbits
And dreamed he had moved to Peoria!

From *Saturday Evening Post*. By permission. Copyright by the Curtis Publishing Company.

Petunia Durant, of Mount Hood,
Complains "I am misunderstood!"
If that's what's the matter,
According to chatter
At least it is all to the good.

Hippocrates Gull of Tacoma
Is proud of a doctor's diploma
From Mahatma O'Toole
Of the Radio School
Of the College of South Oklahoma.

Euphemia Shelley of Baraboo,
Arrayed in her boa of marabou,
At the Club Women's Tea
Made an eloquent plea
For a Home for the Wandering Caribou.

An eminent critic of Deming
Is noted for hawing and hemming.
His resonant "Haws!"
Are the height of applause,
While his "Hems!" are the depth of contemning.

Miss Elsie Lamont of Chanute
Has views that are hard to confute:
She makes it precise
That the Rockies are nice
And she thinks the Grand Cañon is cute

Said Pillington Crowe of New York,
"Our authors are lighter than cork.
A great, truthful novel
Should mirror a hovel
Where nobody eats with a fork!"

A courteous driver of Corry
Careers in a thundering lorry.
  Whenever he crushes
  A person, he blushes
And makes it all right with "I'm sorry!"

Miss Evelyn Tippet of Fonda
Has read all of Daniel Deronda
  And half of Jane Austen,
  Has cousins in Boston,
And knows how to spell "Anaconda."

Bill Smithers of Henderson's Station
Was strong for increased population;
  But since Number Seven
  Was sent him by Heaven
He thinks we should bar immigration.

Leander Macduff of Menominee
Maintains that a diet of hominy,
  Tomatoes and chives
  Will continue ou lives
To three-thousand-and-ten Anno Domini.

Savants have discovered near Taurus
A Plesio-Ichthyosaurus.
  The creature, a fossil,
  Colossal but docile,
Affects to despise and ignore us.

Who visits the Town of the Cod,
The Brown Bread, the Bean and the Scrod,
  Should heartily know
  That in "Boston" the "o"
Is short, but devout, as in "God."

Everleigh Bore of O'Fallon
Will grip your lapel with his talon
  To tell what he'll get
  On his radio set
And brag of his miles to the gallon.

Baby McGee of Watchung
Is playing Mah-Jongg, or Ma-Jung.
  The game is Chinesy,
  He says, yet it's easy
To master its quirks while you're young.

The first thing they ask you in Perth
Is always, "How much are you worth?"
  But up in Peru
  We ask, "How do you do?"—
We're the friendliest people on earth!

Oliver Thumbs of Milwaukee
Is notably careless and gawky:
  His gun wasn't loaded,
  Of course, yet exploded
And left him uncommonly chalky.

Some lively young people in Chloride
Are going to-night on a straw ride;
  We'd join them—who wouldn't?—
  But know that we shouldn't
Because we are ancient and four-eyed.

Bedivere Blivins of Lynn
Believes he is Lucifer's twin
  And won't be contented
  Until he's invented
A wholly original sin.

Wordsworth Magee of Biloxi
Is fearless, outspoken and foxy;
  With vigour and fire
  He'll call you a liar
By letter, by 'phone, or by proxy.

Senator Phlam of Zenobia
Is blue as a true Della Robbia:
  His friends and abetters
  Are burning his letters;
They think he has oleophobia.

Somerset Wiggins of Nome
Is back from a visit to Rome.
  He spent lots of cash there,
  But couldn't get hash there
The way that we make it at home!

The tribes of the tropic savannas
Are raising exultant hosannas
  And trebling their prices
  From recent advices
They learn that we have no bananas.

Addison Sims of Seattle
Remembers your dealings in cattle,
  Your name, and the place
  Where he last saw your face;
So we run when he starts in to prattle.

OUR COUNTRY TISSUV THEE

Government experts are now tagging fish to find out where they go in the ocean. In this bustling age even the poor fish have no privacy.—*Rochester Herald.*

The American Flag

Here's to the Flag—
Our bonny Flag—
We yield our lives to save.
It unfurls and curls to the kiss of the breeze—
The Flag with the Permanent Wave!

—Anna Coralie Winchell
in Saturday Evening Post

One thing that keeps America free of revolution is the fact that one exciting sport season blends into another.—*Saginaw Evening Star.*

The dedicatory anthem at the opening of Chicago's sky-scraper church was, of course, "Nearer My God to Thee."—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A British journalist says American civilization is founded on wheat cakes. But what he really meant was, what wheat cakes are founded on—dough.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

America, says a Senator, made the world what it is to-day. Always trying to blame America.—*Cleveland Press.*

If defeated on the seas, we would be lost. The raw material for chewing-gum is imported.—*Fond du Lac Commonwealth.*

Congress adjourns about the time the regular circus season starts.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

The hard part is to disarm without lowering the effectiveness of the military establishment.—*Chattanooga Times.*

We are an easy-going people and never stay mad long enough to get a third party well organized.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The United States may be awful, but it is about the only place where the people don't want to move to another country.—*Columbia Record.*

Says an alarmist: "Jazz is turning us into barbarians." Well, there is some satisfaction in knowing what is doing it.—*Toledo Blade.*

All London is agitated about a picture painted by a grocer. London should see some of the pictures painted by an American real-estate agent.—*Abilene (Kans.) Reflector.*

It's a remarkable commentary on civilization when we point with pride to the fact that "only" sixteen persons were lynched in the United States last year.—*Boston Transcript.*

A dangerous alien is one who thinks our government as rotten as political speakers say it is.—*Newark Ledger.*

The only music typically American is that made by the mocking bird, the saxophone, and the cash register.—*Boston Post.*

Things even up. Europe has finer art galleries, but she can't compare with us in the matter of billboards.—*Medford Mail Tribune.*

In a short session Congress will hardly have the necessary time in which to pass unnecessary legislation.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

European statesmen say that Uncle Sam is a Shylock. And our recollection is that a tricky lawyer talked Shylock out of his loan, both principal and interest.—*Southern Lumberman.*

OUR CLEVER COLLEGE BOYS

NOTE: The brief humorous sketches that follow are taken from the astonishing wealth of clever fanfare appearing in our university papers. To which reference has been made in my introduction.—T. L. M.

A HATE OF HIM

WE'RE willing to forgive the dodo who reads the movie titles aloud; we'll pardon the gazook who runs the hazard of a stiff neck to read our newspaper; we'll forget the sappo who turns on the lights at a necking party to see what time it is; we'll excuse the gazinkus who takes us to an affair we're "sure to crash," and then finds out the crash will be three bucks apiece; we'll absolve the bezark who sticks us with a red-headed Sphinx as dumb (both ways) as a half-wit Polack janitress; yes, we'll even show compassion for the bedelia who points out a "wonderful little chop-suey joint" when we have exactly two dimes and a nickel interfering with a perfect X-ray picture of our pockets; but Lord, we pray Thee, deliver us from the nerve of the yap who sneaks out to the balcony with *our* girl and leaves us to continue talking to the chaperon, and thus keep her from missing them!—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

LATEST SONG HIT

"I didn't raise my boy to live on co-ed cooking."—*Hogan's Alley.*

"WE HAVE WITH US TO-DAY——"

I pound out this little story with earnest and nervous prayers that the Prof who acts, though unwittingly, in the chief

rôle does not read it and give Hell-'n'-Maria to his present poor unfortunates.

This Prof spent his flaming youth in quest of Latin and Greek and during this perilous era he succumbed, though ever so little, to nine or ten supposedly side-splitting jokes. The Prof with many years of experience knew these jokes very well. His class knew them better than their Greek and Latin; in fact, his class could recite his jokes backwards. Humouring his jokes in class was perfectly all right, but when the jokes invaded their slumber, the students rebelled.

One certain day each joke was greeted with roars of laughter. As joke rolled by joke, the class rocked with gales of laughter and doubled with ecstasies of joy. The Prof inwardly pronounced this a most successful day; he had reached the pinnacle of accomplishment in retailing jokes. But the guffaws that hailed the final joke were too much of a climax even for him. He sensed something was wrong and found the answer, where answers should be, on the blackboard.

There in bold and sweeping writing was the heading "Programme of Jokes for To-day," and then followed a list of his jokes which the Prof meticulously yet unconsciously followed in regular sequence.—*Henry A. Bruder, New York, in College Humor.*

Some Things You Might Be Interested in Knowing

The moustache can never be grown upon the forehead. Experiments have shown that the upper lip is the only place in which it will thrive.

In Switzerland the natives find it extremely difficult to put on their shoes without stooping over.

History does not supply us with even one example of a general who was born before his parents died. They have all been very fortunate in this respect.

Scientists have proved that it is impossible for the elephant to build its nest for its young in the tops of trees, even the oak.

In certain parts of England the inhabitants have a great deal of trouble in eating grapefruit without squirting the juice in their eyes.

On cold days, if a phonograph is not wound at intervals it will soon run down and stop. This will also happen on warm days.

It is said that the people of Italy prefer to eat their breakfast in the morning rather than any other time of the day.

Psychologists tell us that it requires almost twice as much wind for a person to play a cornet as it does to play a violin.—*California Pelican.*

The Little Rascal

At Toronto University, Canada, we once possessed a certain medical professor whom faculty and students alike were wont to dub "Toronto's Stephen Leacock," because of his great sense of the humorous. One of his favourite lectures was on the subject of Social Hygiene, and he was often invited to give this lecture to various student bodies in other cities throughout the Dominion. In course of time he accepted an invitation to Ottawa, Ontario, where, arriving at the lecture hall, he proceeded to give his lecture in the same form as it had been given elsewhere.

His address received the rapt attention of the students until the professor, in closing, gave them some advice as to how they should live if they would live long lives. Among other things he advised them to get married at an early age for it was his conviction that married men lived longer and happier than their bachelor brothers. Much to his surprise this advice caused a general outburst of laughter, and he closed his lecture wondering what had caused all the hilarity.

None laughed more heartily than did the professor himself when he was informed that his audience was composed of students who were preparing for the Catholic priesthood.—*F. W. Noyes, Toronto, Canada, in College Humour.*

Herbs and Roots: or How to Make It

It will soon be the open season for home brew. The boys will toddle out into any woods that the furniture dukes have overlooked and lay in their winter supply of decimal-dotted heat.

Sassafras Tea is a neat, but not gaudy, beverage that can be easily secured in the woods. Pick out any tree that hasn't got a squirrel on it and dig up the roots. Take 'em home, strain 'em through the eye of a graphophone needle, drop in a raisin, allow it to stand thirty days and then pay the rent. The last is essential. Otherwise your home-brew will be without a home.

Root Beer. Cut the roots off the family tree, the wicker rocker chair and the hall hatrack. Boil until your imagination is the consistency of glue. Drop in a raisin on a string and then jerk the string. After the root beer has stood for two years, and the Volstead act hasn't been repealed, all you've lost are the two years. This drink depends on the Supreme Court decision on the Eighteenth Amendment.

Weed de Mint. Mow down all the weeds in the garden, add a little ptomaine salad and drop in the same raisin. Strain off through a long distance telephone and reverse the charges. Carry it four miles in an ash sieve and the result will be satisfactory.

Clinker Wine. Pull a big clinker out of the furnace grate. Drop in a raisin or two. If you cannot get two, drop in the same raisin twice.

(You will notice that all these recipes call for a raisin with

each mixture. They were written by a raisin manufacturing company.)—*Washington Columns.*

Sweetness and Light

Wilbur Plato Slantwell, B. A., Ph. D., LL. D., had at last left the cloistered walls of good old Graveyard College, with the purpose of plunging into the world of affairs and assuming the rank and fortune that a man of his high-calibred culture merited. Wilbur considered offering himself as the prize in some sort of a Greek essay contest between Standard Oil, Florenz Ziegfeld, College Humor Magazine, and the Bank of England, but he was held back by an indefinable *je ne sais quoi.* Instead, he decided to invade the measly ten million dollar Snooperjax corporation, where he would have elbow room and a chance to grow bigger and better with a growing concern.

Now, Wilbur Plato Slantwell knew he was a man among millions, no ordinary half-baked dub, and in this he was certainly right. He had, in truth, accumulated much learning and perspicacity in the quiet old Graveyard Library, where he had read for six years sitting in the same spot, under the bust of Petrarch.

Picture him as he now walked boldly into the president's office of the Snooperjax corporation, pale eyes gleaming behind his spectacles, a soft rakish hat settled at a low, rakish angle.

"I desire to speak to the Messrs. Snooper and Ajax," he told the stenographer in the outer office. She admitted him at once.

Mr. Snooper was busy straightening a bent paper clip.

"What the devil do you want?" he growled.

Mr. Ajax was trying to crowd one more cigar butt into an overflowing ash tray; the feat was impossible, but he never tired of trying to break his old record.

"Who the hell let you in?" he snarled.

Wilbur choked back a nervous scream, and then plunged recklessly.

"Gentlemen," he stated in a firm, decisive voice, "I wish a position with you."

Snooper and Ajax exchanged significant, cynical glances.

"What training and education have you had?" they asked simultaneously, in a subtle, deceptive tone. "College graduate?"

"Naw," sneered Wilbur. "Hell, naw! I went to t' pen wen I wuz in fif' grade. I jus' bruk out, and bo, I figure I gotta land a swell job P. D. Q."

Snooper and Ajax threw an epileptic fit. Snooper glared at Ajax, and Ajax cursed Snooper. They fought for the honour of handing Wilbur a chair; they made him put his feet on the dictaphone, and brought out the safe to toss his cigar ashes into. Nothing was too good for Wilbur. They began by making him general manager, but Wilbur knew he'd have to start in at the bottom, and wasn't dismayed.

A couple of months later, by which time Wilbur practically owned the Snooperjax corporation, an elfish fancy flitted into his head. He waited for an opportunity, and then one day cornered Snooper and Ajax in the safety vault, where there was no possibility of escape.

"Come on, now, make a clean breast of it!" he roared at them. "You think you're getting by with something, you two bums, but you ain't, believe me, you ain't. Snooper!" it came like a shot. "What's your alma mater?"

"Van Winkle, '99, sir," trembled the luckless Snooper.

"Ajax?" he barked. Ajax faltered and shook his head helplessly. "Come through, come clean, I've got the goods on you!" insisted Wilbur savagely.

"Graveyard, '87, sir," faltered Ajax at last.

"I knew it, I knew it!" snorted Wilbur, evilly. "I bet you even took Latin under Bibbins! Well, don't let it happen again."—*Kenneth Fearing, Oak Park, Illinois, in College Humor.*

"What was the Cause of Van's social downfall?"

"Oh, he went riding in Mrs. Lucre's twin-six, and when it stalled, he looked under the front seat for the gas tank."—*California Pelican.*

Looking Back I Recall

1. Once when I was about ten years old I became violently ill, but my modesty made me protest against my being undressed and put to bed by one of my aunts, herself the mother of a large family. I remember the only argument that made me capitulate was when she said, "Nonsense, I've seen lots of little boys before!" As if that made any difference! Nevertheless, I note that this is a form of reasoning that seldom fails to convince.

2. When I was eight I was taken by a relative to the Zoo, and had pointed out to me man's superiority over beast. I have, however, completely forgotten the nondescript person who took me, while the image of the gaunt, clean-limbed polar bear pacing his cage has remained indelibly upon my memory.

3. In my extreme youth, as to-day, I hated cold baths. My uncle Dave told me that if I took one every morning I would grow hair on my chest, an adornment I envied. To-day my faith in my uncle Dave would not permit me to lend him a quarter over the week-end. One should be careful what one tells the young.

4. I was once an idealist. When I learned about Santa Claus I feared to destroy the faith of my playmates and

stoutly defended his existence to them long after it was necessary. I soon found that I was gaining a reputation as a simpleton. Thereupon I devoted all my efforts to acquiring sophistication.

5. Referring to Santa Claus I may say that one Christmas I did actually see him. He was not my father either. He was dressed in the conventional red jacket and, after filling the stockings, disappeared up the chimney. When I told my family about it in the morning they were very much alarmed and forbade me to eat any plum pudding. It was on this same Christmas that I observed at dinner that the room had a decided tilt. Everyone was for calling a doctor but my uncle Jake, who poured out some more cherry brandy and said that I was quite right.

6. On my first day of school I fell in love with a chubby little girl of six. When I kissed her she told the teacher in front of the whole class. Since then I have always been very bashful with women, only kissing the ones who I felt sure would not be so grateful.

7. Of all my teachers I loved but one. His name, I believe, was Boze, and he used to come around to the back door occasionally. He taught me how to make pipes out of acorns and how to spit.—*Toronto Goblin.*

PRISONER—Put me in cell 38.

JAILER—What for?

PRISONER—It's the one father used to have.—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

A FEW WEEK-END RECOLLECTIONS

The shadeless windows in the Blue Room at the Dradley-Jones's . . . the golf conversation at the Burbanktons'

. . . the non-alcoholic cocktails at the Forresters' . . . the lumpy tennis court at the De Laneys' . . . the unfriendly watch dog at the Milworths' . . . the glazed pillow cases at the Tiffbanks' . . . the incomplete decks of cards at the Clarkhavens' . . . the epigrams in the guest book at the Larabees' . . . the mosquitoes on the sleeping porch at the Herringfords' . . . the stuffed adder, under glass, at the Cobblehams' . . . the home-brew at the Guzzletons' . . . the diamond-studded soup spoons at the Gilfishers' . . . the bumpy billiard table at the Huffleighs' . . . the tuneless piano at the Wilkin-Bordens' . . . the plush-covered furniture at the Brindlescythes' . . . the scalding "cold" water in the bathroom at the Plunketts' . . . the "haunted" attic at the Ferringdales' . . . the treacherous hammock on the veranda at the Goring-Selbys' . . . the local bootlegger who always arrived after breakfast at the Rangertons' . . . the 1912 phonograph records at the Fitz-Thompsons' . . . the whitewashed conchshells that decorated the driveway at the Sanderlipps' . . . the night watchman at the Spottfords' who assumed that any one entering the grounds after 9:30 P. M. was a burglar . . . the iron stag on the front lawn at the Dorsetleys' . . . the collection of warped and stringless tennis racquets at the VanWillets' . . . the priceless Tantalus at the Morrisons' . . . the old maids at the Clayberrys' . . . the new maid at the Smithersons'.—*Toronto Goblin.*

LITTLE ARCHIE: Gee! Pop, I just swallowed a worm!

ANXIOUS FATHER: Take a drink of water, quick! quick! and wash it down.

LITTLE ARCHIE: Aw, no, let him walk.—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

And So His Father Shot Him

Once there were three Sons who all had the same Father. The Old Man had been suffering for a long time from the Seven Year Locust so One Fine Day he Called his Three Sons together and Lined Them up Around His Bed. He Coughed Once or Maybe Twice and then Said:

"My Boys, I'm going to a Happier Land in a Few Minutes, but before I Depart I'm going to Divide My Pile among You." So Saying he Took a Bag of Shekels from under the Pillow and Dished them out to the Sons, who were already Contemplating how They might Murder each Other.

"And now, Frank," said the Old Topper, "What are You going to Do with your Wad?" Frank blushed happily and Said: "I'm going to buy a Little Grocery Store and Settle Down." The Old Man Kissed Frank on the Cheek, saying: "It's better to be a Ukulele in a Duet than a Saxophone in a Thirty-piece Orchestra."

"What are you going to Do with Yours, Emil?" the Topper asked the Middle Size Son. "I'm going to get Drunk," sighed Emil. Papa Frowned for a Second but he Said he Guessed it was All Right.

"And now, what about you, Aloysius?" Aloysius trembled. "I'm Going to College!"

"Come with Me," Said the Old Man. And he Shot Aloysius.—*Missouri Outlaw.*

How to Act When Jumping Off the Woolworth Building

For a long time there has been a demand for a competent treatise on this important subject necessary to the well-being of every man and woman in America. To be successful, follow these directions carefully:

Advance calmly to the edge of the roof. Step upon the coping and take a careful view of the city. Notice the tiny street cars and the people, smaller than gnats on the street below you. Notice the mist over the ocean, the mist in the valley of the Hudson, the mist—by this time you will have missed your footing. Place both hands in your pockets, or better yet, assume a Napoleonic attitude with one hand inserted between the buttons of your coat (a noble attitude to begin the journey is in the best taste at present).

At this time you will be passing the forty-seventh story. It would be a good idea to lay your glasses on the window sill of this story, as they are apt to be broken by the impact of the fall. Rest your weight firmly on both feet, with the right foot slightly advanced. Pass the fortieth story a little less rapidly, as there are photographers here who wish to get your picture for the news reels.

I said slow down a little here. Slow down! All right, if you aren't going to coöperate there's no use in working this thing out at all.—*Washington Dirge.*

Popular Magazines

1.—true depressions

"My Secret"

(*Author's Note: My secret presses me—always a shadow, and I MUST tell someone. I cry out in my sleep and now my conscience is eased by telling you. This is my only way of shifting the burden. Hearken to my story and judge for yourself.*)

THE BEGINNING: I am only twenty-one, but I have drunk deep of the bitter dregs of life, as well as sipped the merry bubbles frothing at the top of the cup. I am only a girl, and the road has been hard; but let me begin at the first.

My life, as the daughter of a minister in a small Ohio town, was uneventful. Reared by an honest family, I was respected by all. I was a quiet girl. Who suspected me of my true inner feelings? . . .

THE STORY: A moonlight night saddened me as I leaned against an old rose trellis at the side of our little white cottage. My heart ached for the city. I thought of the things I had missed . . . oh, but I was blue. I decided to walk down to Blank's drug store for an ice-cream soda. In the store I ordered my refreshment; and as I gave the order, I looked into a pair of deliciously cool, brown eyes that seemed to melt my heart. . . . This was John.

John walked home with me that night, and later, when he had left and I was in my white, cool bed, I sobbed as if my heart would break. My cries subsided, becoming muffled, and I lay there, staring—wondering—fearful. HE HAD KISSED ME! ! ! ! ! !

THE END: I avoid Blank's store and the curly-haired, brown-eyed soda clerk. When I am on the street I cast furtive, quickened glances at the people about me, fearful lest they know. My parents have been spared the shame in knowing that I have been kissed. It is my secret and John's, and now—yours. I look back in retrospect, sighing, wishing, and yet—thankful. I am secure in my hypocritical happiness, yet before me there is the shadow. WILL I EVER FORGET?—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

"Mary is disillusioned about Jack."

"How come?"

"She thought his sleepless nights were due to thinking about her. She found out to-day they are caused by a hard mattress."—*West Virginia Moonshine.*

The House That Jack Built

This is the College that jack built.

These are the Students who go to the College that jack built.

These are the Profs who instruct the Students who go to the College that jack built.

These are the Trustees who hire the Profs who instruct the Students who go to the College that jack built.

This is the Janitor hired by the Trustees who hire the Profs who instruct the Students who go to the College that jack built.

This is the Rubbish picked up by the Janitor hired by the Trustees who hire the Profs who instruct the Students who go to the College that jack built.

This is the Comic Mag found in the Rubbish picked up by the Janitor hired by the Trustees who hire the Profs who instruct the Students who go to the College that jack built.

This is the Drivel that fills up the Comic Mag found in the Rubbish picked up by the Janitor hired by the Trustees who hire the Profs who instruct the Students who go to the College that jack built.—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

BEST BRITISH EPIGRAMS

(*From* PUNCH)

Dr. Charles W. Gordon says that there is no more terrible man on earth than the Scot convinced that he is being deprived of his rights. Perhaps this explains why a slot machine was found torn to pieces in Glasgow recently.

Professor A. O. Rankine says that we shall soon be able to make films talk. Then Heaven preserve us from close-ups.

Costa Rica has given two years' notice of her intention to leave the League of Nations. It is believed that they have arranged to join a Bridge Club instead.

A boy has been fined ten shillings for carrying an air gun without a license. Undoubtedly this was done to impress the League of Nations with our serious intention to discourage armaments.

"All films should end happily," says a writer. We agree. And the sooner the better.

It is suggested by scientists that wild life is dying out. Then it is evident they have never seen a chess champion stand up to shake himself.

Jazz musicians who were recently ordered to leave France say they have nowhere to go. Sufferers in the audience have

often told jazz bands where to go, but they never seem to take any notice.

A newspaper states that during the Crystal Palace Dog Show one of the exhibits had a litter of puppies. What did they expect? Kittens?

It is announced that a crack has appeared in the neck of the Sphinx. This is ascribed to the creature's habit of turning to stare after passing notabilities.

At a recent baby show a lullaby contest was held. Of course, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children can't be *everywhere* at once.

It has been estimated that if all the writers of poems for Christmas cards were laid one on top of the other they would make a pile as high as the Albert Memorial—and almost as dreadful.

Two more vitamines have been discovered by scientists at the University of California. It is believed that there is still another one at large.

The full Chinese alphabet contains forty thousand characters. We should love to see a Chinese serial writer looking for a note of exclamation on his typewriter.

We hear of a funicular railway to run up Mount Ararat. Passengers will be expected to enter two by two.

A speaker has expressed the opinion that women over thirty-five years of age should take more interest in municipal

and national affairs. But are there any women over thirty-five years of age?

In final reference to the British polo *débâcle* in America, the impression in the clubs is that we could not have been beaten if we had sent out a team of experts mounted on armchairs.

In the opinion of Dr. Nicholas Semashko, of Moscow, kissing should be banned. For ourselves, we never kiss Communists.

The Paris Probate Court has decided that it is not a proof of madness to leave one's money to the State. In England it is a sign of remarkable ability in preventing the State from getting it before.

Mr. Masterman has just written a book on "How England is Governed." But is it?

"Is there no cure for insomnia?" asks a contemporary. Personally, we believe in going straight to bed and sleeping it off.

A teacher of elocution mentions the case of an actor who could read the hotel menu so feelingly as to bring tears into his own eyes. We often get the same result when reading the prices on the menu.

An alligator at Brighton, which has eaten nothing for several months, has doubled in weight. To the local landlady this sounds like the perfect lodger.

Motorists crossing the Sahara traversed a stretch of country as big as Europe and absolutely uninhabited. It seems an ideal place for storing discarded safety-razor blades.

Owing to two large liners passing through the Solent, a great volume of water swept up the beach at Southsea. Many lady bathers narrowly escaped a severe wetting.

A picture in this year's Academy was painted by a grocer. In advanced Chelsea circles the opinion is that it would be much more remarkable if the Academy exhibited a picture painted by an artist.

According to Mr. H. S. Whitehouse, the American radio expert, the British wireless service is better than the American. Britannia, in fact, Rules the Wireless Waves.

It appears that, following the usual editorial custom, our journalistic aviators have been informed that they must write on one side of the sky only.

East Ham's telephone exchange is to be enlarged. It is expected that there will be a special room where wrong numbers can be kept in cold storage for any length of time.

A French lady has embroidered a fairy tale on a piece of tapestry. And we ourselves have seen a carpet marked "Genuine, all wool."

Two brothers living less than a mile apart in Cumberland have not spoken to each other for seven years. The explanation of the telephone operator is that the number is engaged.

Lord Newborough has written to the Press protesting against the raising of the curtain at the end of every act of a play. Others object to the raising of the curtain at the beginning.

A transparent umbrella is one of the latest inventions. Something that you can look up through to see if it is still raining has been a long-felt want.

One good turn doesn't make a revue.

It is complained that, in order to teach Turkish women modern dances, instructors are smuggled into Stamboul from Western countries. Occidents will happen, of course.

"Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds for a Husband," says a morning paper headline. This may seem a lot, but in Los Angeles there is a reduction if you take a quantity.

A judge recently gave all the six babies in a show the first prize. This is what is called "Safety First."

A machine has been invented into which a man may sing and be heard by nobody but himself. We know of diners whom we should like to see equipped with a soup plate like this.

The Order of Henpecked Husbands met last week at Halifax. We presume that is where their wives told them to go.

"Chess masters at grips," says a headline. There is far too much of this clinching for the good of the game.

Foreheads and ears are coming back into fashion, says a hair-dressing journal. The whereabouts of the waist still remains an open question.

"Is Germany Preparing for Another War?" asks a *Daily Express* headline. If so they should be reminded that they haven't paid for the last one yet.

The Bengal Government is now without Ministers. They should cheer up. We have a government with them.

The captain of a large English steamer reports that whilst taking a sharp turn round a small island his ship struck a huge whale. The fish, we understand, still stoutly maintains that the captain did not ring his bell when turning the corner.

At a mass meeting in Canada the platform gave way and deposited the speakers on the floor. It is hoped that the Canadians will be sporting enough to give us the secret.

A publisher has written to the Press to say that the best-seller takes more managing than the public imagines. We often wish that it took a good deal more writing.

A contemporary gossip writer reminds us that being born at sea is not an uncommon experience. Still, it is as well not to make a practice of it.

An essayist appeals for more originality in the writing of letters. He has probably been receiving a number all beginning with the word "unless."

After special investigations by Dr. O. A. Boije, of Sweden, it has been discovered that most babies are born between six and nine o'clock in the morning. The others just please themselves.

A scientist has invented a paint which renders an object almost invisible at a few yards. Some of our modern painters must be told of this.

A man who can speak six languages has just married a woman who can speak three. That seems to be about the right handicap.

The invention of the harp was due to an accident, we read. On the other hand, the inventor of the bagpipes was a Highland cottager who got the idea through stepping on a cat.

An American professor says that no serviceable tooth should be pulled until after a consultation between the dentist and the doctor. And, we may add, the patient's bankers.

A Budapest man threw his mother-in-law into the Danube. We understand that many mothers-in-law are learning to swim.

The burglar who broke into an income tax collector's office not long ago is to be congratulated upon knowing the only place where he was likely to find money in this country.

A woman in Berlin recently stopped a train because the man opposite had an unsatisfactory face. He always has.

Sir Ronald Ross says that the English climate is too bad for mosquitoes. It is pathetic to see these poor insects going about in oilskins and gum boots.

A Brighton man who was given up by the doctors forty years ago lived to the age of one hundred and three. This shows the kind of thing medical men have to put up with.

Scientists have discovered a new gas which gives off no smell but results in an agonizing death. Isn't civilization wonderful?

The former assistant hangman of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, applying for the post of chief hangman of the Polish Republic, offered to hang anybody in order to demonstrate his skill. Nothing could be fairer than that.

People this year are buying all mechanical toys in duplicate, so that the children will be able to play at the same time.

"A woman's face is usually more beautiful when regarded from the left."—*Weekly Paper.*

A man's, on the other hand, often appears more pleasing when viewed from behind.

Domestic servants are to talk on "Domestic Service," through 2 LO shortly. We are hoping to arrange for the public to have an opportunity of listening-in to our cook.

A dentist complains that he has to pay six times as much for his instruments as he did before the war. It isn't the price that worries us, it is what he does with the things after he has got them.

A bricklayers' strike was recently settled. The men have returned to what they were doing before.

It is suggested that public houses ought to be named after authors. We can guess the one they mean by the "Blue Boar."

China has decided to recognize Russia. Both countries have many things in common, including their inability to lend each other any money.

With reference to the burning question, "What is a night club?" our definition is that it is a place where it is bad form to appear at breakfast except in evening dress.

We hear of two operatic artistes who between them can speak thirteen languages. Not counting, of course, the one that all singers use when singing.

A contemporary mentions a suggestion that parrots should be let loose in our public parks. But surely we have enough orators in Hyde Park already.

While preparing a chicken for the table a Montreal woman found twenty-five five-cent pieces in its crop, exactly the amount she had paid for the bird. We understand that the money has been handed over to the chicken's next of kin.

"More people are killed by motor cars than by aëroplanes," announces a contemporary. It is only fair to add, of course, that the former have had many more years of practice.

Captain Victor Cazalet says that India is the only place where you can combine the luxury of civilization with the wild life of the jungle. Evidently he hasn't seen our garden suburb.

According to Dr. Henry Donaldson the male of the species is twelve per cent. more brainy than the female. He needs to be.

There are 420,120 telephones in the London area. The things seem to thrive on criticism.

It is estimated that one out of every two hundred people in this country [England] is mentally defective. But why is it that all of them keep writing those letters to the newspapers?

A psychologist says that in order to form character we should do something every day that we dislike. We do. We get up.

The persistent rumour that a centenarian had been discovered who wears spectacles for reading and does not smoke a clay pipe now turns out to be a hoax.

A resident of Blockley, Worcestershire, writes to a morning paper to say that he saw an extremely bright rainbow which was upside down. To correct this sort of thing the spectator should stand on his head.

A dancing instructor says that people with big feet dance well. They have to, if they don't want to be stepped on.

According to Mr. John Harris, M. P., some of the finest men he ever met were cannibals. We suppose it is a question of diet and regular meals.

"Camembert," says an article on cheeses in a daily paper, "has travelled to almost every corner of the earth." Its wandering disposition, in fact, is one of its drawbacks as a pet.

Sir Arthur Woodward points out that the Piltdown skull, which is reputed to be two hundred thousand years old, is that of a young woman who belonged to a type midway between a human being and an ape. Flappers don't change much, do they?

A film actress is to adopt her husband's name. It seems hardly worth while for such a short time.

ROGERS'S UNEXPURGATED HISTORY OF THE AUTOMOBILE

Will Rogers Traces the Development of the Horseless Buggy from the Time When Henry Ford Built His First Car with Odds and Ends Appropriated from Mr. Edison to the Time when Mr. Rogers Himself Became a Motorist.

The rise of the Automobile Industry listens like a William Fox Scenario. Once upon a time, 1893, to be exact, the World Fair in Chicago opened. Well, a man named Chas. E. Duryea, and another named Elwood G. Haynes, saw the girls there do their stuff and also sitting in the front row at every performance was a kid named Ford. Henry was his christening handle. Well, these three boys, Haynes, Duryea, and Ford, all got the idea: "Women like these can't be messing their time away buggy riding behind an old horse. We got to do something to get Ladies like these somewhere right now. So as their Excursion Tickets were about to run out they all went back to their respective homes and each started in to eliminate the horse as a National Commodity.

Ford's First Car

Ford was working for Edison at the time in Edison's Detroit electrical factory. His salary was One Hundred and Twenty Dollars a month (with no profit sharing allowed). Mr. Ford built him an automobile. Used most of Edison's factory and all of Edison's time to do it on. The Timing gear

By permission. Copyright, 1925, by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

he took out of Edison's factory clock (replacing it with a shorter hour one). The Fly Wheel he took from Edison's machinery. The one Cylinder which he used, was an inch and a quarter gas pipe that he borrowed from a burglar, who was not using it that night. The Steering apparatus was the handle of a spade also appropriated from Edison.

He sewed all this stuff on to an old buggy, all on Edison's time mind you, and the funny part about it is that the thing ran. But it took him over a year to tell where it was going to run. That started Ford in the Automobile business but it like to put Edison out of the electricity business. It took Edison three years to replace everything that Ford had copped out of his factory to put into this mechanical groundhog. That is why Ford has always tried to remain friendly with Mr. Edison; he is afraid he will sue him for royalty on all his cars because Edison put more into them than Ford did. If a man now worked in Ford's factory and carried out as much junk as Ford did in those days, it would put Ford's factory out of business for weeks. Why, just the dropping carelessly of one bolt will stop 10,000 men for minutes.

Now in the meantime, Mr. Duryea and Mr. Haynes had also made them a horseless carriage. Of course they didn't have the equipment and pay while making it that Mr. Ford did but they turned one out. No one knew for years which was the best car of the three, as they were made in different parts of the country and none of them could go far enough so they could get them together.

Mr. Ford tried his car out in the room at his boarding house and it made so much noise that Mrs. Ford said it kept Edsel awake. They moved it into the street and since then it has kept Everybody awake.

Along in 1895, they had a road race in Chicago—from there to Evanston and return, 52 miles. They would have had a

Drawn by Charles H. Shepard
From Punch
By permission of the proprietors

STRANDED TRAVELLER (*miles from anywhere*): "*Excuse me, but my car has broken down. Do you know anything obout Fords?*"

PASSING MOTORIST: "*Awfully sorry. I'm afraid I know nothing about Fords; except, of course, two frightfully funny stories.*"

longer race but it didn't stay light only 12 hours. In '96 they didn't make much headway. That was the first year Bryan ran for President. Everybody's mind was on Bryan; as a consequence neither he nor the automobile got anywhere. In 1897 the auto and Bryan was both forgotten. In '98 cars arrived back home which had taken part in the Chicago road race of '95.

Spanish-American War broke out April 22d. Broke up August 12th. If wars were that short nowadays neither side could get their armies there until after it was over. May 1, 1898, Ford found some more old piping and added another cylinder. Another minor event on the same day May 1, 1898, Dewey made the first second-hand navy out of Spain's Flotilla at Manila.

'99 was a quiet year; no one could get their engines started. The Tsar called a Peace Conference at The Hague, and like all peace conferences it was followed by a War, which broke out the following week between England and South Africa. The Philippine-American War also started as soon as our delegates could return from the Peace Conference.

The Twentieth Century's Improvements

1900 was a very eventful year in the social life of America. The first Automobile Show was held in Madison Square Garden, and the Drainage Canal was opened in Chicago. In opposition to the canal, Paris and France also opened their World Exposition. The Paris Exposition only lasted a year.

The Chicago Drainage Canal was such a success it was made a permanent attraction.

1901 saw the first horse that was not afraid of an automobile. He was used for towing them back home. Buffalo

put on a Pan-American Exposition and most everybody going to Niagara that year stopped to see it.

1902 Barney Oldfield races auto against Tandem at Salt Lake City. Time of race, 4 six-inch cigars. Steering wheel replaces stick handle drive. You couldn't kill as many Pedestrians with the stick drive.

1903, limousine with a rear entrance makes its appearance. That was so the driver couldn't tell the class of people he was hauling. Panama had a Revolution also that year, and the minute it was over America recognized them. The Wright Brothers also flew that year, the same thing the Spaniards had done back in '98.

1904 brought out the first windshield, also the Alaskan Boundary question, and the opening of the New York subway. St. Louis, jealous of Chicago's drainage canal, opened up the World's Fair (where I was an attraction with a Wild West Show on the Pike, until we all starved to death and had to ride our ponies back home to Oklahoma). The automobile made no progress with me personally that year.

1905, Olds put the first garage in his house and Russia and Japan had a war (I don't think it was over the garage but it was something about as trivial).

1906, Olds introduced the first House in a garage, Wall Street had a panic (found an honest man, I suppose).

1907, in Chicago, they built bumps in the roads to keep autoists from speeding. This custom has been followed out faithfully in most cities ever since. Jamestown heard about the Drainage Canal in Chicago and they put on an Exposition, for the few people who were looking for excursion rates to nowhere in particular. Judge Landis fined the Standard Oil $29,000,000 for speeding, but on account of them controlling the Government they got it back.

1908, autos were manufactured, and Governor Hughes of N. Y. stopped betting on the horses at the race track. You could bet on his Presidential race but you wasn't allowed to bet on a *FAST* horse.

1909, Indianapolis built a speedway for advertising and Peary discovered the North Pole for the same reason. New York wanted to offset Indianapolis and Peary, so they put on the Hudson and Fulton Celebration. Sailors rode in Subway for first time.

1910, whipsockets are removed from auto equipment, and that started a war in the Balkans.

1911, the first self-starter appeared and President Diaz of Mexico resigned intact. These were both unprecedented events. Turkey and Italy couldn't put on an exposition, so they put on a war during the tourist season. The South Pole was also discovered that year for no apparent reason whatever, and the minute it was, why China was declared a Republic, and they held the first Motor Truck show in Madison Square Garden, and Ray Harroun felt so elated over China and the Pole that he made 74 miles on the Indianapolis Speedway without killing a mechanician.

1912, linen dusters, goggles, and gauntlet gloves were introduced as standard equipment on all moderate-priced cars. A second edition of the Balkan War was put on for late comers. The Lincoln Highway was suggested (probably by some Road Contractor).

That brings us up to 1913, the year I bought an Overland, the sinking of the *Titanic*, the flood in Ohio and Indiana, the christening of the Peace Palace at The Hague, just prior to the World War. Now events have been so plentiful in these intervening years that it would be foolhardy for me to deal with the life of the Automobile Industry in the short space I have left.

CROSS WORDS AND CURSES

The cross-word puzzle is the first thing that has convinced some people that an education really pays.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Cross Words as Enunciated.—It is claimed that the cross-word craze will improve our vocabularies. "The Cross-Word Puzzle Book, Third Series," goes so far as to give a sample conversation between two addicts, as follows:

MRS. W.—By the way, didn't I hear that your little Junior met with an accident?

MRS. F.—Yes. The little oaf fell from an apse and fractured his artus.

MRS. W.—Egad!

MRS. F.—And to make matters worse, Doctor Bloop botched it so we had to trek into town for a specialist.

MRS. W.—The zany!

MRS. F.—Joe's ire was so aroused that he told Doctor Bloop right to his visage that he was a dolt and an ort.

Query by us: Where did Joe get his "ort" definition?—*Boston Transcript.*

The fauna of Panama includes the fringe-lipped vampire, the grison, tayra, kinkajou, bassaricyon, coati, manigard, agouti, paca, and yagouaroundi. What a treasure trove for the cross-word puzzle maker!—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Speaking of cross-word puzzles, there is a cross word of four letters that means you have lost your collar button.—*American Lumberman.*

Cross Words for the Puzzled.—Since the first cross word between Cain and Abel these puzzles have steadily increased to the present crescendo which has tied up street traffic, cut into family meal-time, and worn out the overworked dictionaries. Like a ray of sunshine comes the appended list by H. I. Phillips in the New York *Sun*. Here

From Life
By permission
Copyr. Life Pub. Co

"I called her a couple of cross words, an' she made a puzzle out of me."

many a puzzled reader may find the key words of otherwise hopeless puzzles now tabled for future solution. Ready! Go!:

THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLERS' COMPLETE DICTIONARY

Name of a series of early wars in Roman history. Tunic.
A book used to hold family photographs. Albumen.
A type of ox. Mosque.
Young ducks. Ducats.
A brass musical instrument similar to a bugle. Coronet.

A sound made when one glass is struck against another in making a toast. Clinic.

Part of an electrical system. Dynasty.

To steal a child for ransom. Viaduct.

The highest part of the back of a horse, between the shoulder blades. Zithers.

The ruling party in Russia. Serviet.

Four quarts in Spanish. Galleon.

A protective fire sent up by the artillery. Mirage.

A kind of red pepper. Canine.

French for soup. Portage.

A unit of electric power. Wart.

A dependent or slave of another. Wassail.

A small dish for holding a teacup. Sorcerer.

Being a lover of sardines. Sardonic.

Depressed, sad, melancholy. Varicose.

Glass water bottle; decanter. Giraffe.

A place where surface cars are kept. Carbon.

A great German Prime Minister. Bismuth.

A Russian monk famed for his evil ways. Aspirin.

Man who drives a taxicab. Taxidermist.

An invention by which sounds are broadcast. Rodeo.

A young lady who has just been introduced to society. Debenture.

A term of endearment used to a sweetheart by a man with a cold in his head. Swedey.

An antidote. Semetic.

To love deeply; to show great affection. Amortize.

Eye-glasses with a chain on them. Skeptics.

A kind of spice used on buns. Cinema.

A garment worn by the ancient Romans. Quorom.

A great many soldiers in one organization. Lesion.

A severe cold in the chest, common to infants. Group.

According to a Boston newspaper, the cross-word puzzle had its origin in ancient Egypt. This explains why the Israelites were so anxious to flee into the wilderness.—*Humorist.*

Scientists have unearthed five glyptodons, not to mention a scelidotherium, on the Argentine pampas. That probably marks the spot where the aboriginal Patagonians threw away their old cross-word puzzles.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

As Simplified.—PROFESSOR BROWN—What's that? Spell my name? Certainly. B for Brontosaurus; R for Rhizophoraceæ; O for Ophisthothelæ; W for Willugbæya; and N for Nucifraga.—*Punch.*

Lecturer says, "Each of us should heed the handwriting on the wall." Sure we should. It may supply the very word needed to fill out the cross-word puzzle.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

We are asked to deny the rumour that the cross-word puzzle was invented by a free-verse poet who suffered from liver-trouble and had spots in front of his eyes.

The cross-word puzzle in most families is, who started it?—*Philadelphia North American.*

The man of few words can loom up strong everywhere but in a cross-word puzzle contest.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Business with Pleasure.—A Somerville cross-word puzzler who telephoned a doctor for a seven-letter word meaning "windpipe" received the answer "trachea"—also a bill for two dollars for professional services.—*Boston Transcript.*

Our notion of a Miracle Man is the Welsh cross-word puzzle champion.—*New York World.*

More Cross-Word Stuff.—JUDGE—Why did you throw the dictionary at your husband?

WOMAN—Oh, well, I was trying to work a cross-word puzzle and asked him several times to tell me a word of five letters, meaning domestic happiness, and he wouldn't do it.—*Florida Times-Union.*

A cross-word puzzle is one of those things in the home that lead from one word to another.—*Philadelphia North American.*

We are thinking of putting up the following office motto in a conspicuous place: No, we don't know any word of any number of letters meaning anything.—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

The dictionary industry isn't the only beneficiary of the cross-word craze. There is the eraser maker.—*Detroit News.*

Dr. Mayo says insanity is increasing. This is the hardest knock the cross-word puzzle has received.—*Shreveport Journal.*

It pays to be square. Look at the cross-word puzzle.—*Birmingham News.*

In Los Angeles English dictionaries may only be borrowed for five minutes at a time. This is due to the craze for cross-word puzzles and not to the habit of writing sub-titles. The authors of these don't use dictionaries.—*Punch.*

Cross-word Puzzle: A 3-letter word meaning 48 cents' worth of material made into a $35 feminine head covering.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

According to a famous explorer, the natives of an island in the Pacific, although uncivilized, are a sensible and self-respecting race. It is feared, however, that the cross-word fever may overtake them at any moment.—*Punch.*

The discovery that the cross-word puzzle dates back to 2000 B. C. doubtless accounts for the obsolete words in the modern ones.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Cross-word puzzles are said to have been a hobby in America before Columbus. It is greatly to the explorer's credit that he didn't bring any back with him.—*Punch.*

Anyway, there is some consolation in knowing that it is almost impossible to transmit a cross-word puzzle by radio.—*Hudson Dispatch.*

Lucky Angler.—MAUD—The dictionary says that a "bob" is something used in angling.

MARIE—I suppose that's why you got yours, dear.—*Boston Transcript.*

Try This One.—The modern test of will power is to work cross-word puzzles or let 'em alone.—*Memphis News-Scimitar.*

The habitual grouch is another cross-word puzzle we can't solve.—*Columbia Record.*

THE CUCKOO SCHOOL OF HUMOUR IN AMERICA

A Not-Quite-Profound Analysis of the Increasingly Dada Strain in the Cleverness of Our Fun-Makers

BY

VIVIAN SHAW

ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

The creator of "The Family Album" in the Hearst Sunday newspapers is an American humourist whose style recalls nothing so much as the humour of Falstaff's companions. His comparisons are wildly exaggerated; his metaphor is brilliant and effective. He always leaves out the expected, and is so fantastic, so irresponsible, and so funny as to be a veritable master of "cuckoo humour."

At the present moment, no musical show in New York is complete unless it possesses the following joke:

A—Didn't I meet you in Buffalo?
B—I never was in Buffalo in my life.
A—Neither was I. Must have been two other fellows.

Of course, a great deal depends on the manner of saying the last few words. They can be said apologetically, or casually, or as if illuminating a puzzling question. In most cases, the result is funny. Of the four thousand men and women now employing the joke in order to earn a living, probably not

From *Vanity Fair*. By permission.

more than two thousand are aware of its psychological basis, or know that it has been used in text-books of philosophy to illustrate some particularly provoking dilemma. It is really a sort of extended pun, which, as Santayana says, suspends the fancy between two incompatible but irresistible meanings.

"The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter," says Bunthorne, in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera; and that idea seems to be gaining ground with the American arts. A certain madness—or, if you prefer, irresponsibility—is the mark of one mode of humour at the moment; and that it isn't new is obvious, because it makes you think at once of "Alice in Wonderland." In that book there is a remorseless logic, but it is a logic which exists in another world: a logic of the fourth dimension. At the end of "Pinafore," too, the able-bodied seaman, Ralph Rackstraw, becomes the captain of the ship; and Captain Corcoran is reduced—because, in their infancy, Little Buttercup mixed those babies up (and not a person knew it): it is all logical, but quite mad. And the "shaggy" joke (why they are called "shaggy," I do not know) has the same logic, thus:

POLICEMAN AT TIMES SQUARE (*to dubious individual*)—What are ya looking for?

DUBIOUS INDIVIDUAL—I lost a ten-dollar bill at Thirty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue.

POLICEMAN—Then what are you looking around here for?

DUBIOUS INDIVIDUAL—'S more light here.

The fun residing in putting incompatibles together is near the basis of laughter; though it is not necessarily a very high form of humour. There was a song last year which had a moment's vogue, and is now forgotten—"Yes, We Have No Bananas." It was not a very good song, but its title, as originally used by Tad, had a certain quality. Tad used it in his "Indoor Sports" as a vicious commentary, usually spoken by a dog

or a trained flea, on the pretentiousness of the adult human characters in his entertaining pictures. It never had anything to do with vegetables or fruits; it was wholly impertinent to the subject of the main discourse. However, the song had the excellent effect of creating other bits of equivocal nonsense, such as "When It's Night-Time in Italy, It's Wednesday Over Here."

It was as a tribute to the cuckoo school of song that Messrs. Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, composers of "Helen of Troy" and any number of popular fugitive pieces, wrote the following song, which they can see no reason for not considering the ballad of the future.

It is called, for no very valid reason,

SWEET AND LOW

The evening sun is shining, Molly Dear,
Sweet and low—sweet and low;
It seems to me your face is standing near—
Maybe yes—maybe no.
Just like a shooting star you shot into my life;
I thought I had you positive 'till someone came between.

Chorus

You're not sure of something till you got it,
And even when you got it, who can tell?
A man may have a quarter in the pockets of his pants,
But if there is a hole in there, it's bound to be falling through;
A millionaire makes money by the dozen,
And if he's losing, it's then he is poor;
Which only goes to prove,
No matter where you're from,
That's the song my mother used to sing to me.

This pure cuckoo-nonsense is hard to arrive at. Fannie Brice's vamp line, "I recall the face, but I can't place the body," has just the remnant of sense which is so difficult to avoid—the human mind having a tendency—not easily suppressed—to be intelligent. "Bugs" Baer, one of the chief exponents of the new school of cuckoo humour, can exag-

gerate out of all proportion, frequently giving the effect of absurdity, as when he says that the game of Mah-Jongg is played with "large-priced débris"; and his sense of the inappropriate phrase is perfect, so that there is no common logic discernible in this statement that "it snowed forty-eight hours, man and boy."

But for the pure delight of nonsense, one must go to such a vaudeville team as Lewis and Dody, in their incredible act called "Cheroboha, or Hello Hello Hello." It is an act similar in structure to that of Gallagher and Shean, but, to my mind, superior. For Lewis and Dody hardly make jokes. They come out and grunt their gibberish introduction, say their lifeless "Hello Hello Hello," and plunge into a funny stanza. Not very funny at that. And, at the end, they say their hellos again and utter a final statement of complete nonsense, wholly incongruous, uncalled for, beside the point where there is no point. This final point is as follows: "Worms have no expression, or fishes don't perspire; Hello Hello Hello."

The two singers are extremely good in handling this cuckoo material; they stick to an almost toneless voice; one says, "I'm Mike"; the other, "I'm Ike," without the faintest show of interest in the proceedings. It's all rather like reading a rhymed statement of fact. And it is incredibly funny. Here is a specimen stanza of a song, as intoned by them:

> And just the other night
> Right near from here,
> We saw a funny sight;
> A couple they were dispossessed;
> The wife stood there in tears—
> That's the first time they'd been out
> Together in twenty years.
> Hello, Hello, Hello!
> Hello, Hello, Hello!
> Make mine vanilla,
> Hello, Hello, Hello!

This is so good a stunt in vaudeville that it has been promptly worked into a revue. In "Kid Boots," Mr. Ziegfeld's latest musical revue, the material is elaborated and a quartette sings much the same sort of stanza, with more specifically funny, and equally inappropriate, tag lines.

I do not recall any previous practitioners of such songs, nor have any rivals achieved the combination of apparent dullness with insanity; in any case, the type of nonsense is now associated with the name of Lewis and Dody, and interest in others doing the same thing—I have seen about half a dozen of them—is in the variations they give it; just as black-face and "fast work" suggest Jolson; and elaborate lunacy Ed Wynn, one of the master cuckoos of all time.

It is surprising that in the moving pictures, where, mechanically, everything is favourable, little of this lunacy occurs. The comedy plots are occasionally ludicrous, and once in a while you get entertaining visualizations of "looking daggers" or "seeing stars"; but these are not quite the same thing.

Except for the instance of Roy Cummings, the greater part of this irresponsible madness, when seen on the stage, seems to depend on words. It is, of course, a kind of unintentional dadaism. And Ring Lardner has actually written two pieces which, in places, sound more like dada than the real thing. "The Tridget of Greva," produced several years ago, was lunatic in spots; "I Gaspiri" ("The Upholsterers") was sheer madness. This play was written for the dinner of the Authors' League, and read there by Robert E. Benchley and Donald Ogden Stewart; it will never be produced. Indeed, I do not see how any one could follow such stage directions as, "Four men named Klein cross the stage. They think they are in a public library." The long explanation of hay-lifting along the Lincoln Highway in Phlace, and the

scene between the glue lifters, are remarkable specimens of deliberate nonsense, completely and maddeningly meaningless. The fact that it is a satirical parody (of the Moscow Art Theatre programmes) is entirely secondary. Like Ed Wynn's fancies, it depends on itself.

Wynn was for a time the only lunatic above the burlesque line, and everyone who gets away with that particular kind of fantastical nonsense owes a debt to him. The same quality can appear in an act of entirely distinct atmosphere. Roy Cummings used to be in vaudeville, and carried most of his act into the musical comedy in which Delysia was lately featured. It is a frenetic lunacy which is based, first, on an exaggeration of entirely common emotions. A bathing beauty comes on the stage, and Cummings tears off his coat and shirt in wild joy at her presence. His cacklings and gruntings are all slightly mad, but, so far, he is not in the lunatic vein. But, in the effort to express himself, he finally cuts loose from the actual, rides into the flies with the ascending back-drops, gets horribly mixed up in its convolutions when it returns, and, exhausted and torn, sits down in a foreshortened chair painted on the drop—with an invisible chair presumably placed behind it. By this time, everything is senseless and wild—and funny.

It is a rare quality, and ought to be encouraged, but it is dangerous. It can descend easily enough to gibberish; the nonsensical juxtaposition of words may become a great bore. And the fabric out of which these things are made is extraordinarily delicate—it isn't a carefully woven tapestry. Compare it with the extraordinary tramp cyclist created by Joe Jackson, a veritable masterpiece of clown work. It is all logical, all carefully built up, and when Jackson tries to get rid of a bicycle horn by hanging it up on thin air, it is not the nonsense of the gesture which affects us, but the sympathy

we have with the harassed and desperate creature fighting all the inanimate objects in the world. This is fun which is thought out and constructed, and has a framework. We are much more accustomed to it than to the lunatic.

Even in literature, we take humour rather seriously, except for the unique outburst of Gelett Burgess, in the years gone by—so rapidly reduced to a serious moral tone—our nonsense isn't equal to the English. Our musical comedy plots may be creaky or banal or unintelligent, but we do not go in for the utterly fantastic notions of W. S. Gilbert. For all of which reasons, it is pleasant to note that, sporadically at least, pure nonsense is showing itself.

PURELY PERSONAL

A magazine writer says: "Every little boy's parents are anxious to see him grow up into a big, able-bodied man." Yes, everybody but Jackie Coogan's.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

According to a plébiscite, the most popular modern book in America is Mr. Wells's "Outline of the History of The World." You can understand this. When a man intends to buy a place, he always gets a guide book to the district beforehand.—*Punch.*

"England is a beautiful country, but the weather is misty," says Mr. Lianh Shih Yi, the ex-Premier of China. We must really congratulate Mr. Yi on his restraint.—*Humorist.*

It is reported that, on arriving at Berlin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were practically ignored by the general public. We understand that the film stars are rather surprised at being treated like mere exiled monarchs or members of an Allied Commission.—*Punch.*

Another way to put an end to wars would be to have Jack Dempsey's manager arrange for them. He'd make fighting so costly no country could afford it.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in support of the theory that spirits exist, says he has heard singing of an unearthly sort.

We've got a girl like that in the flat above us. She isn't a spirit yet, but she soon will be.—*Punch.*

"Let's have more jazz," says Miss Peggy O'Neil. Certainly. Let's use it all up.—*Punch.*

President Coolidge is reported to advocate the use of suspenders. He always did believe in placing responsibility where it belongs.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Sir Harry Lauder is to tour the world again. This is his farewell appearance. (No. 1, New Series).—*London Opinion.*

Just Wait.—Twins born in London recently have been named Mary and Doug. So far, they bear no resemblance to their namesakes, but of course they haven't got any teeth yet.—*Passing Show.*

In his latest book Mr. H. G. Wells says he is against the clothes we wear, the food we eat, our schools, our amusements, our money, our methods of trading, our compromises, our agreements, laws, political associations, the British Empire and the American Constitution. Beyond that he refuses to go.—*Punch.*

Clarence Darrow now announces definitely that the human race isn't worth saving, but perhaps he bases his opinion on those specimens of it that he's saved himself.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Luther Burbank might try crossing the fly, with his myriad eyes, and the centipede, to produce us the efficient type of pedestrian.—*Columbia Record.*

A weekly paper essayist mentions that Mr. George Bernard Shaw was born several years before Mr. H. G. Wells. It is only fair to say that the former didn't know that the latter was going to be born at all.—*Punch.*

The Emir of Katsina recently took his two wives shopping, attended by a guard carrying a sword. If we had two wives to take shopping we should like a sword too.—*Punch.*

Suspicion is growing that Mr. Hughes resigned for the reason given in his letter of resignation.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

A Handy Guide Planned Especially for Travellers Who Wish to Read While They Run

BY

W. L. WERNER

0.0 Leave Hometown via New Street, paved on motion of Councilman Grabber.

0.9 Straight through rehabilitated ash and garbage dump, sold at $3,000 to the city for a Municipal Park, by Councilman Grabber.

1.2 Straight through Grabber's Heights. Building Lots, $1 down and catch-as-catch-can for the rest of your life.

1.4 Pass imitation Japanese pagoda, used as a gas-filling station.

1.5 Turn left at fork. You Are Now Leaving Hometown Chamber of Commerce.

1.7 Gumball's Rubber Soles.

1.9 Tartar's Tooth Paste.

2.0 Brist-for-Breakfast.

2.2 Seldom Inn Cottage. Sandwiches and Hot Dogs.

2.4 That Good Grief Gasoline.

2.7 Imitation Mohammedan mosque, used as a gas-filling station.

2.9 Balloon Tires.

From *Life*. By permission.

3.0 Balloon Trousers.
3.6 Heap of tin cans.
4.7 Inexplicable piece of land devoted entirely to agriculture.
4.8 "The Wicked Shall Be Turned into Hell."—*Psal.* 9:17.
5.1 You Are Now Entering Scragger's Corners. Kiwanis Eats on Thursdays. Fifteen Miles an Hour.
5.3 Straight through Scragger's Corners, past imitation Paris kiosk, used as a gas-filling station.
5.7 Five Miles to Ye Olde Buggy Shed Tea Roome.
5.8 Never-Strop Blades—Ask the Man Who Hones One.
6.0 Small area of unimproved hills and trees.
6.7 Turn left at unpainted shack selling Pop and Hot Dogs.
6.9 Pass imitation Indian cromlech, masquerading as a gas-filling station.
7.4 Three Miles to Ye Olde Corn Cribbe Tea House.
7.6 Snitztown. In 1066 General Washington slept here. The Rotary Eats on Odd Wednesdays.
7.7 Hotel Wumblum. Seventeen rooms, fifty-three baths, chicken and waffles, running water.
8.0 Imitation Eskimo igloo, employed as a gas-filling station.
8.2 "The World Will End Next Friday."
9.1 Detour to left through Haggenville, passing Jacob Axel's back yard, Henry Baker's potato patch, John Candle's weekly washing.
9.5 Contented Cows, relaxing in the field after giving Pure Milk.
9.8 Weatherbeaten and illegible road sign, twisted by storm at right angles to road.
9.9 Ammonville, the Seat of Zion College.
10.8 Odontoro—Never a Bridesmaid, Three Times a Bride.
11.7 You Are Now Entering Hometown. Avoid Mayor

Highhand's Closed Street. Follow Improved Streets on which Council Members Own Property, and then Straight On to

13.0 Home, Tired but Happy, and a Glad Sight for Sore Eyes.

THE BALLAD OF THE LADY AND THE DRAGON

BY

NEWMAN LEVY

In Camelot, that ancient town
  Where Arthur's knights held sway,
There dwelt a maid of great renown,
  Named Ada Ida May.

There never was a maid so fair,
  Her like you'd seek in vain.
To quote the language current there,
  She was a classy jane.

From near and far the knights did throng
  To seek the maiden's hand.
They wooed with harp and lute and song
  And military band.

But to their pleas the maid was cold,
  To all, that is, but two:
Sir Morris Jones, a warrior bold,
  And brave Sir Jacob Drew.

From *Saturday Evening Post.* By permission. Copyright by the Curtis Publishing Company.

"Who'd win my girlish heart," said she,
"Must do a knightly task.
To risk his life for love of me,
'Tis little that I ask.

"In yonder fen, as you've heard tell,
A dragon doth reside,
For years the beast's been raising hell
With all the countryside.

"The knight who'd win my heart must do
A knightly deed and brave.
I'll give my hand to him who'll slew
The dragon in his cave.

"Who kills the dragon in his lair
My noble lord shall be."
Said Morris Jones, "That's very fair."
Said Drew, "That goes with me."

So mounting each his noble steed
They bade the maid adieu,
And sallied forth to do the deed
They'd been requested to.

And as they galloped toward the fen
Said Morris Jones the bold,
"That dragon's et a lot of men."
Said Drew, "So I've been told."

"I've heard," said Drew, "he belches flame
And crunches people's bones."
"I think you're right, I've heard the same,"
Said brave Sir Morris Jones.

"I've heard that Ada Ida May,"
Said Jones, "is quite a shrew."
"I heard that, too, the other day,"
Said bold Sir Jacob Drew.

"Her beauty has begun to fade.
She's growing old," said Drew.
Said Jones, "I'm very much afraid
That what you say is true."

Then Drew exclaimed, "I have a hunch!
Let's go somewhere to dine.
We'll talk it over while at lunch."
Said Jones, "That suits me fine."

So meanwhile Ada Ida May,
Within the castle gates,
Awaits the victor of the fray;
And waits and waits and waits.

And there she sits the long years through,
A maiden still unwed.
She waits in vain for Jones and Drew
And mourns them both for dead.

But Jones has taken for his spouse
The fair Eliza Lou.
While Lady Bertha Agnes Krauss
Is now the bride of Drew.

The Easy Way.—The professor of mathematics and his fiancée were roaming in the fields when she plucked a daisy and, looking roguishly at him, began to pull off the petals, saying:

"He loves me, he loves me not—"

"You are giving yourself a lot of unnecessary trouble," said the scholar. "You should count up the petals, and if the total is an even number, the answer will be in the negative; if an uneven number, in the affirmative."—*Tit-Bits.*

Illustrated Word.—A Scottish farmer, being elected to the school board, visited the village school and tested the intelligence of the class by the question:

"Now, boys, can any of you tell me what naething is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat rose.

"It's what ye gi'd me the other day for holding yer horse."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

They Still Fall.—"You seem husky enough," remarked the housewife, coldly, when the bedraggled specimen of humanity presented itself at the door in quest of a meal. "You should be at work."

"Appearances are deceitful, madam," replied the gentlemanly tramp, bowing gallantly. "Might I add that you seem beautiful and charming enough to be in the motion pictures, yet evidently you prefer the simple life."

After dining heartily, he left.—*Judge.*

In For Anything.—A woman made a purchase from one of the flower girls in Piccadilly Circus and said: "I suppose you will be here on Wednesday! I shall want a lot of flowers for my daughter; she is coming out on that day."

"She shall have the best in the market, mum," replied the flower seller, sympathetically. "What's she been in for?"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Mary Anne gave notice she was going to be married. Her mistress, slightly perturbed, said: "Of course, I don't want to put any obstacle in the way of your getting married, but I wish it were possible for you to postpone it until I can get another maid."

"Well, mum," Mary Anne replied, "I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to arsk 'im to put it off!"—*Argonaut.*

Striking a Balance.—A certain canny Scotsman had carried on a courtship of long duration without definitely committing himself. The girl, if she worried herself at the long probation, gave no sign until one morning her tardy lover, thumbing a small notebook, said: "Maggie, I hae been weighing up your guid points, and I hae already got to ten. When I get a dozen I'm goin' tae ask ye the fatal question."

"Weel, I wish ye luck, Jock," answered the maiden. "I hae also gotten a wee book, and I've been puttin' doon your bad points. There are nineteen in it already, and when it reaches the score I'm goin' tae accept the blacksmith!"—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Going Up.—Minneapolis will never have anything on St. Paul. A fellow from Minneapolis came to St. Paul the other day just to look around and find fault. He approached a fruit stand, picked up a large melon, and asked with a sneer:

"Is this the largest apple you have in St. Paul?"

"Hey," bellowed the owner of the fruit stand, "put that grape down."—*Naval Weekly.*

As the president of the oil company was driving along the highway he mused, "Ah, I see that America is at last waking up to the need for beautifying its roads. Everywhere—everywhere those hideous, disfiguring ad signs are being taken down—and gas stations put in their places."—*Life.*

Holing Out in One Lie.—No man living has caught bigger fish than Mr. F. A. Mitchell Hedges, the sea angler, whose fame is world wide. He is fain to admit, however, that even the biggest he has landed—and once he caught a sawfish weighing 5,700 pounds—are quite small fry in comparison with some fish that other anglers say have got away from them. For instance, a man told a story in his hearing of how he once tackled a fish so big that no ordinary line was any use. "At last," this champion liar went on, "I tried three-inch rope, and hooked him. He was too strong for me to land, so I tied the rope round a huge oak tree in a field while I went for help. When I got back the fish had gone."

"Pulled up the tree, I suppose?" put in another man, sarcastically.

"More than that," went on the other. "The roots of the oak were so wide and deep that it took the whole field as well. It's a quarry now."—*Argonaut.*

Appropriate.—After many conferences had been held by the board of directors of a small-town bank about buying a new water cooler, a grouchy old member had this to say:

"Gentlemen, before we adjourn, I move that our next conference be held on a merry-go-round."

And, as they looked at him in astonishment, he added the tag of explanation:

"We never get anywhere."—*Wall Street Journal.*

A man in a mental hospital sat dangling a stick, with a piece of string attached, over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and wishing to be affable, remarked: "How many have you caught?" "You're the ninth," was the reply.—*Argonaut.*

In Arkansas, a man and his wife were sitting outside their house when a funeral procession passed. The man was comfortably seated in a chair that was tilted back toward the street, his feet on the sill of an open window.

"I think that's the funeral of ol' man Williams," he remarked. "Reckon it's the biggest seen in these parts for a while, ain't it, Car'line?"

"A purty good-sized one, Bud," his wife replied.

"I sure would like to see it," said Bud. "What a pity I ain't facin' that way!"—*Tit-Bits.*

The sailor was engaged in conversation by the benign old gentleman. "You have evidently had an adventurous life," said the old gentleman. "And what was the last thing that happened to you?"

"Well, sir," said the sailor, "only a few weeks ago I had an operation. When I came to, the doctor told me he had left a sponge inside me, and it's there still."

"Dear me! Does it cause you any pain at all?"

"Oh, no, sir—no pain. But it does make me terribly thirsty!"—*Argonaut.*

The Dead Indian.—Captain Herbert Hartley of the *Leviathan* was talking about France and Germany

Dad's growing reputation as a story teller encourages him to try one at home.

From The Saturday Evening Post.
By permission. Copyright Curtis Pub. Co.

due course the proofs arrived from the photographer, and when his wife saw them she exclaimed in horror:

"Oh, George, you have only got one button on your coat?"

"Thank Heaven," he replied, "you've noticed it at last. That's the reason I had the photograph taken."—*Argonaut.*

More of the Same.—A bishop relates the following experience: After the service one Sunday morning he was approached by an old lady who expressed great appreciation of his discourse. "Why, Bishop," she said, "you can never know what your service meant to me. It was just like water to a drowning man."—*Boston Transcript.*

All on Business.—A man slipped on a banana peel and executed a very funny fall, not being hurt, as it turned out, but having his dignity somewhat ruffled. When he recovered a moment later a friend was holding his hat and a number of people had formed a circle.

"What do these idlers want?" he snarled.

"They are not idlers," explained his friend, soothingly. "Here's a doctor who wants to look you over, a lawyer ready to bring suit for you, and producer of comic films who would like to sign you up."—*Seacoast News.*

Even.—When riding near a farm orchard two city motorists stopped the car, stepped out, climbed the wall, and gathered half a peck of rosy apples. To complete the "joke" they slowed down as they went by the farmhouse and called out to the proprietor:

"We helped ourselves to your apples, old man. Thought we'd tell you."

"Oh, that's all right," the farmer called back, "I helped myself to your tools while you were in the orchard."—*Boston Transcript.*

Agreed.—A bank takes on a number of young men during the summer. On their salary receipts is printed a legend something like this:

"Your salary is your personal business—a confidential matter—and should not be disclosed to anybody else."

One of the new boys in signing this receipt added:

"I won't mention it to anybody. I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are."—*Old Colony News Letter.*

Almost.—The secretary of the bar association was very busy and very cross one afternoon, when his telephone rang.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped.

"Is this the City Gas Works?" asked a woman's soft voice.

"No, madam," roared the secretary. "This is the Bar Association of the City of Louisville."

"Ah," came from the lady's end in the sweetest of tones, "I didn't miss it so far, after all, did I?"—*Dry Goods Economist.*

The Better Catch.—An Idaho man was fishing in Lake Crescent recently. He caught a big northern pike; the biggest he had ever landed in his long and busy life. He was elated. He was crazed with joy, and he telegraphed his wife: "I've got one; weighs seven pounds and it is a beauty."

The following was the answer he got: "So have I; weighs ten pounds. Not a beauty—looks like you. Come home."—*Idaho Yarn.*

Repose Needed—Once a city man out of work had "hired out" to a farmer. At four o'clock in the morning the newly employed hired man was called to breakfast. A few minutes later the old farmer was astonished to see the man walking off down the road.

"Say! Come back and eat breakfast 'fore you go to work!" he yelled after him.

"I ain't goin' to work," the man called back. "I'm going to find a place where I can stay all night."—*Tale End.*

An old lady had gone up to London for the first time from Mudcome-in-the-Slush, at the pressing invitation of a son who had made good in the city. The old lady was safely installed in a suite of rooms in a big London Hotel—bath-room and all complete—and the morning after her arrival her dutiful son called round to ask if she had had a good night's rest. "Well, no, I didn't," was the reply, "the bedroom was all right and so was the bed, but I couldn't sleep very much as I was frightened lest someone should want a bath—for the only way to it was through my bedroom."—*Argonaut.*

WHITE SOX *v.* GIANTS

An Hour at Stamford Bridge

NOTE: When the American baseball players visited England, Mr. E. V. Knox (Evoe), one of the celebrated and otherwise distinguished members of the staff of *Punch*, was commissioned to "write up" the game from the British point of view. The result is reprinted here from *Punch*.

AT EITHER end of the ground stood the goal posts and nets which were used last year, they tell me by the opponents of the Chelsea Football Club. Somewhere in the middle of the field a man dressed in a sort of humorous golfing suit and a jockey cap went through the complicated motions of a new dance. He raised one knee, put his clasped hands above his head, spun round and turned his back to the audience. I thought for a moment that he was overcome by pain. Then he faced round and imitated the action of a man throwing a ball; but I could not see any ball.

Whuck! Oh, there *was* a ball, then. It was hit by that man holding a nine-pin in front of those two men with masks. It went high up into the air, descended, and was caught with consummate ease. Another gentleman jockey took the ninepin and there was another step dance.

Whuck! And the ball came like a stone from a catapult before the gentleman jockey, who had thrown away his nine-pin, had time to reach the canvas pad.

Amidst the pile of peanut shells which grew round my feet—I was sitting between two Americans—I peered through the netting which protected the unmasked spectators from

the mis-hits. And the most astonishing part of the performance was certainly this: that half those human catapults seemed to be hurling badinage at each other.

"No, no, no," I said to myself, "these Americans don't understand the Idea of a Game. They confuse it with fun. They think it is a merry romping affair. Far otherwise is the truth. We were not surely sent into the world to take our pastimes lightly. No decent English boy after the age of eight will permit himself to see any fun in a game. Consider the noise and laughter of 'Here we go gathering nuts and may' in the years of original sin, and compare it with the solemnity of a private school cricket match. Fun, by that time, is relegated to the form room, it is not allowed to intrude on the serious business of life. At the age of forty to take a light view of a mashie shot is little better than Bolshevism. . . ."

Whuck! A good hit that. Several people running. The jabbering among the players grew fiercer still.

"This is terrible," I said to myself again. "Is there no sense of reverence in America? These gibes, these repartees might be all very well on the Stock Exchange, in the House of Commons or in the Upper House of Convocation, but try to imagine them at Twickenham or at Lord's."

Nevertheless, I did my utmost to find excuses for these Americans. Things might not be so bad as they seemed. This hilarity, after all, might not be wholly spontaneous. It might be a part of the rules. . . . And I attempted, whilst the whucking and jabbering went on, to imagine a conversation between two proud American parents, whose boys might eventually, if Heaven prospered them, rise to be pitchers or catchers for their native town.

They meet—shall we say?—at the Rotary Club. They talk first of all, as in duty bound, in a shamefaced manner

about little Willie's and little Tommy's place in school, which is possibly top of the form. But they soon glide from this unpleasant topic to a consideration of their son's chances in the great game of life.

"I am a good deal worried," says the one, "about my Willie."

"Why?" says the other. "He pitches beautifully. Can't he fox a base?"

"Yes." (Or "Yep," or "Yeh," or "Yeah." I am not very good, you know, on the niceties of American dialogue.)

"What's the matter, then? Can't he throw? Can't he catch?"

"Like sin, Sir."

"What's worrying you, then? Can he bunt?" (I believe that when an American baseball player hits the invisible ball with his ninepin, he calls it a bunt.)

"Sure thing. He's the cutest bunter in his class, is my little Willie."

"What's biting you, then?"

At that the American father heaves a long sigh, the wrinkles gather on his forehead, and a shadow passes over his fine proud face.

"Persiflage," he says. "The boy makes no headway with his persiflage. I tell you, my Willie can't root worth a row of beans."

Here again my phraseology may be all wrong. I am trying to give you a general human picture, you understand, so that you may see the intolerable pathos of the thing. If you want mere pep in dialogue you must go elsewhere.

And then the other American parent, pretending sorrow for his old friend, but secretly elated because his own boy, Tommy, is one of the cutest vituperators for his age (Yes, Sir) that the school has ever known, recommends a persiflage

coach for the holidays to put little Willie through an examination course in back answers and bring his chipping and chaffing into line with the rest of his scholastic work.

And in the end little Willie becomes the catcher of his college team, wearing a mask and pads and gauntlets as he crouches on his hams behind the base plate (?) and never missing the invisible ball. . . . But is it for his looks that he wins the smile from Maisie's bright eyes? Not on your life. It is because he can sass the unfortunate batter who is bobbing about in front of him with such a stream of well-chosen invective that the poor fellow makes a half-hearted bunt and dashes blindly and vainly to the first base to hide his grief and despair.

Meanwhile the pile of peanut shells about my feet grew deeper still. The Giants seemed to be winning. The *facetiæ* of the catcher became excruciatingly funny. The Americans on either side of me were getting excited. They were rooting, I supposed, like the players on the field. They appeared to be fans. I wished to be a fan too. I wished I had some elementary notion of the rules, and turned with a faint hope to the large free pamphlet which had been pressed upon me at the gate.

I found nothing about the rules there, but I found enough to assure me that America was sound-hearted after all. Her levity about the national pastime, as I had already begun to hope, was assumed. The photographs of the men in the book were not the photographs of *flâneurs*, but of men who understood Reality, as we understand it over here.

"Charles A. Comiskey," I read, "known all over the baseball world as 'The Old Roman,' is the popular owner of the White Sox. . . . John J. Evers is widely known in song and story as the pivot of the Tinker to Evers to Chance

combination of the old Club machine. . . . John J. McGraw takes full responsibility on the field, and does not hesitate to bear the blame if one of his pet plays turns out badly" (How unlike our mere Premiers over here!), "while Hugh Jennings, the man who made famous the great coaching cry of 'E—e—e—eah,' starting as a player in Louisville, Ky., in 1891, was traded to Baltimore in 1893."

And then there was "The Man of the Hour—Judge Kennesaw M. Landis, High Commissioner of Baseball, who was elected to the new and highest position in baseball by unanimous vote of the sixteen major League Clubs for seven years. He was also endowed with absolute power without appeal." (Hear, hear.)

I gathered also that the object of these gentlemen in undertaking the present tour was to popularize baseball throughout the world, "as the foreign world in the last fifty years has been taking and adopting America's inventions for their commercial progress, beginning with steam as a motive power, then to telegraphy, sewing machines and farming implements, and last, but not least, the inventions of the electric wizard of the world, Tom Edison."

Whuck!

"See that guy over there?" said the American on my left, touching my arm and pointing to one of the gentleman jockeys. "He's one of your Britishers. He comes from Queebec."

Rising triumphantly amongst the peanut shells I made a feeble attempt to root.

THE BEST TIME FOR FAMILY QUARRELS

A BOOK REVIEW

BY

DON HEROLD

"Don't quarrel at mealtime," is one of the supposedly scientific pieces of advice in "Keeping Up with Science," edited by Edwin E. Slosson (Harcourt, Brace).

Name a better time, Mr. Slosson.

And what else do you suggest that a family do at mealtime?

At no other time of the day is the entire family together and so comparatively unoccupied and in better position to quarrel. At luncheon, the family can review quarrelsomely what it has done in the morning. At the evening meal the family can not only review quarrelsomely what it has done during the afternoon but can plan quarrelsomely what it is going to do during the evening. The family can go on and eat as it quarrels. Would Mr. Slosson have Father come home in the middle of the afternoon and call the family together for a quarrel at 3:45?

Furthermore, the members of the family are hungrier at mealtime and therefore in better trim for a good quarrel. One of the fine technical points of successful quarrelling is to quarrel on an empty stomach, the best quarrellers are careful to get their quarrels started and well under way before the soup course.

From *Judge*. By permission. Copyright.

Pshaw! There simply is no other time as good as mealtime for quarrelling. The fact that there is so much quarrelling at mealtime proves something—man's instincts are correct in some things, science to the contrary. Families quarrel at mealtime because generations of families have found that that is the best time to quarrel.

And the scientific data with which Mr. Slosson backs up his advice can easily be shot full of holes (by one who has at heart the welfare of the art of quarrelling).

It seems that some scientists fed a friendly cat a good meal of barium sulphate, a substance opaque to X-rays. While the cat was digesting this, the X-ray showed the rhythmical churning movement of the stomach and intestines. Then the experimenters introduced into the room a noisy dog. Immediately digestion ceased and did not start again for a quarter of an hour.

How do we know that the cat did not realize about that time that it had been fed barium sulphate and that that is what made it so mad that its digestion stopped? Who wants to be fed barium sulphate? I don't know what barium sulphate is, but I am darned if I would digest it for the amusement of a bunch of scientists. Maybe it was the presence of the scientists that stopped the cat's digestion. Perhaps the moral is: Don't eat lunch with scientists.

And even if it was the dog which made the cat's digestion stop, is that of necessity analogous to a friendly cat-and-dog quarrel between members of a family? A cat may go into spasms at the introduction of a dog into a room already half full of irritating scientists, but what bearing has that on normal family life and its digestion? Perhaps if you turned a roaring lion into a family dining-room it would stop the digestion of those present. I am not advocating quarrelling

with lions at mealtime. (Right after dinner is the best time for that.)

So I think these scientists about whom Mr. Slosson writes ought to do some more X-raying. I believe so firmly in mealtime quarrelling that I think (I say I think) I would be willing to try to overcome my prejudice against barium sul-

This book says quarreling at meal-time interferes with digestion
These new ideas make me tired, tired, tired!
How often have I told you not to read at the table
KEEPING UP WITH SCIENCE
Donhero

phate and consent to eat some barium sulphate soup and let a committee of scientists observe my digestion with X-rays during one of our family quarrels. I wager that my digestion would be wonderful—providing of course that the X-ray apparatus did not tickle.

There are, however, many interesting boiled-down facts about scientific progress in recent years, in "Keeping Up with Science." The jacket says there are 140 topics any one of which can be read in ten minutes and thought about for an hour. If you have 1,400 minutes (for reading) and 140 hours (for thinking) on your hands, get this book.

Mr. Slosson's book tells also about some other scientists who have settled definitely that blonds and brunettes do not differ in the least, temperamentally.

Sometimes science goes too far.

If science is going to reduce life to a cut-and-dried proposition, is life going to be worth living? For example, if science is going to reduce blonds and brunettes to a cut-and-dried proposition, is life going to be worth living?

Half the pleasure that many of us have on this earth is trying in our own unscientific way to fathom the difference between blonds and brunettes. Without charts and graphs and scientific methods, this is a hobby to which an amateur can devote years. In fact, blondness itself is a life study to one who does not employ chemistry and trigonometry.

But now do I understand that we are no longer to have the pleasure of balancing blonds against brunettes? Is the matter settled for all time?

Oh, science, please leave some things nebulous. Please do not tell us all you know about some things. Let certain matters remain uncharted and ungraphed. Why did you have to take all the kick out of the blonds and brunette problem?

We may stumble and we may falter without your aid, but, even so, is it not better that in some matters you withhold your parental knowledge and allow us to learn blunderingly from our own experience? After all, we are going to believe what we find out for ourselves—not what we are told.

AUTO INTOXICATION

What we need is an auto that will stop and count ten before it tries to pass another on a narrow road.—*Frankfort (Ind.) Times.*

Overslept.—"Sunday my wife and I passed entirely alone together."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, we didn't get up early enough in the morning to get away from the house without being run over."—*Judge.*

Looking over the traffic casualty list in any big city in these times, one arrives at the conclusion that all dreaming should be done in bed.—*Detroit News.*

In a London suburb recently, a man was knocked down by a motor car outside a cemetery, but was uninjured. Some people can't take hints.—*Humorist.*

In these days a man may not be lucky to be alive, but the fact proves he is agile.—*Cleveland Times & Commercial.*

Over one hundred million people in the United States escaped being run over by automobiles last year, several of them having also escaped the year before.—*Life.*

You can't keep gasoline down by stepping on it.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Man's inhumanity to man makes thousands hesitate at the curb.—*Duluth Herald.*

Maybe this wouldn't be so restless an age if the automobile hadn't made it possible to be restless sitting down.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Never count your chickens till they cross the road.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

If the pedestrian race is to survive, some means will have to be found to provide them with spare parts.—*Columbia Record.*

There is one consolation for the pedestrians: thousands of people who might make reckless drivers are still confined in asylums.—*Asheville Times.*

A headline says: "Speeding Tourist Crashes Through Billboard." His only chance to get a glimpse of the scenery. —*Altoona Tribune.*

Although the motorist may scoff at pedestrians, he must admit that they die with their boots on.—*American Legion Weekly.*

Mix tin and copper and you have bronze; mix tin and brass and you have a road hog.—*Eugene (Ore.) Guard.*

If they are too young to labour under eighteen, aren't they too young to whiz about in high-power cars?—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

The old cry of "Get a horse" seems to have been changed to "Get a pedestrian."—*Life.*

The midnight oil is now burned in the transmission instead of the lamp.—*Claude (Texas) News.*

BANKING AS IS BANKING

BY

DICK WICK HALL

NOTE: Yes, Dick Wick Hall is his real name. He is a real person. He runs a garage and a paper; also a mine and a non-drinking frog in Salome, Arizona. Several years ago I persuaded him that he was a humorist. Although, since then he has become famous, he has never taken me seriously.—T. L. M.

THIS here Banking Business is a Great Game and there must be a Mint of Money in it in the Big Towns where there is Lots of Folks to help, judging from what we've done here in Salome with our little old Cow Boys, Miners & Mechanics Salome Safety Bank, which I started a while Back. I wished I'd a known what a Good Thing it was a Long Time ago and I might have owned Half of Arizona by now, figuring according to what I done here in just a Short Time.

Like a Lot a Other Folks, I always used to think there was Something Mysterious and Wonderful about Running a Bank—but when you come to get on the Inside of One and Looking Out at the Simple-minded Folks (like I used to be) Running a Bank is just about the Same as Dealing Stud Poker or running a Faro Bank or Roulette Wheel—the 1st and Main Rule being to Take in All the Money you can get and Don't Pay Out Nothing you don't have to. Learn to Look Wise and Say No whenever anybody that's Hard Up works up nerve enough to want to Borrow Five or Ten Dollars of Somebody Else's Money you are Trying

From *Saturday Evening Post*. By permission. Copyright by the Curtis Publishing Company.

Hard to take care of so as maybe you can Use it yourself.

When anybody wants to Borrow Money it's a pretty good Sign they're Hard Up and need it—and it's a Pretty Good & Better Sign a Banker has got to be Careful and Get Good Security if he wants to get his Money Back. I learned that a long time Ago before I ever see the Inside of a Bank Looking Out. One Reason the Window where the Bank Loans the Money out of has the Big Bars acrost it is so as to Discourage Hard Up Folks, when they walk in and See the Money and are trying to get up Nerve enough to say Please Mister I Want Some, it kind of makes them Feel as if they had Already Done Something Wrong—having to Look Through those Big Bars, which is Just the Same as being in the Penitentiary Looking Out. It's what the Books call Associated Psychological Ideas, which must be Right I think, becuz it's Awful Easy to make a Hard Up Man think he's Done something Wrong, on the Same Principle as a Hungry Country Dog in Town with his Tail between his Legs & Jumping Sideways from everything he Sees & Hears.

That's the Way I figured it anyway, so when I started Our Bank I got some Big Steel Bars about a 1 inch Thick to put in Front of the Window where the Money was going to be Let Out Of (Maybe) and then I hung a Pair of Hand Cuffs & a Ball & Chain to the Bars, right where everybody who wanted to Borrow Money would have to Look at them Before they could Look at the Money—so as to get their Associated Psychological Ideas Working Good before they got Close enough to Ask for Anything—a Kind of a Warning to Watch Your Step Boys and don't try to Pull no Crooked Stuff here. It would surprise you how them Hand Cuffs & Ball & Chain makes Borrowing Folks hesitate. They would come in the Front Door with Their Mind

all made up and as cocky as a Side Winder, but their Nerve would start to oozing out like Water out of a Leaky Barrel as they got up Closer to the window and see the Bars and the Hand Cuffs & Ball & Chain and then they would Grin kind of Sickly Like and ask How's Business or What Time Is It or Has Nosey Bill Been In To-day and then maybe say Well, I got to be Beating It and away they would go Outside and try to work up Nerve enough to Try Again To-morrow.

The Window where we Took the Money In I made Twice as Big as the one where we Let It Out of, and without no Bars in front, so as to make it Easy for Folks to make Deposits and Get Acquainted. You always want to keep on Good Sociable Terms with the Folks who is Bringing in the money and make them Feel Good & Glad to Come because that's Business, but the Borrowing Kind you want to Put your Poker Face on for and Look Cold & Glassy Eyed like the Undertaker holding up the Funeral waiting for someone to Pay for the Corpse before he Gives It Up. You have got to be careful in a Little Place like Salome and keep More Money Coming in than you Pay Out—or What For would be the Use in trying to Run a Bank here anyway?

How Come I come to Start the Bank was this away. There ain't No Chance to spend much money around here and the Cow Boys and Miners and the Boys around the Garage generally have been in the habit of saving up their Money for two or three or maybe four or five or six months or more at a Time, depending on Who and How Dry they is, and then going to Phoenix or Los Angeles and Blowing It on the Things Cow Boys & Miners and Mechanics and Sailors generally Spend their money for All Over the World and always Come Home Broke and have to Stand Jones Store Off for a new pair of Overalls and the Garage for enough

Laughing Gas to get Out to Work Again. This kind of Business has been Going On ever since the 1st Cow Boy forked the first Bronco and the first Old Prospector found the 1st Gold Nugget—and probably always will be so Long as He Men Work out in the Wilderness month after Month until they Get Hog Wild and Have to Come to Town to Get Tamed & Broke & Hungry for Home Again. Such is Life. Some of the Boys would accumulate quite a Bunch of Money during the Dry Spells, and carrying it around in their pants Pockets and Hiding it here and there, they would get Careless and ever once in Awhile they would either Lose it or Forget where they Had Hid It. Nobody Minds Blowing in four or Five Hundred Dollars of a Night having a Hell of a Time after being out in Camp Six Months, because that Gives You Something to Think About for the Next Six Months while you are working Hard to Try and save up some More, to Do it Again—but just To Lose Forty or $50 or even a $5 Bill out of your Pants Pocket out in the Brush somewhere or along the Trail and Get No Action a-Tall out of it—that Sure is Hell & Hard Luck for any Cow Boy or Miner and something Nobody Ever Gets Over.

I remember Dutch Jake once when he lost a $10 Bill some where along the road coming from Tank Pass into Town and how he Walked back & forth for over a week and Lost 15 pounds looking for that $10—and many's the Time I've seen Jake bet $25 or $50 on the turn of a Card playing Faro Bank and lose and then turn around and ask Everybody in the House to Have 1 on Him and then go Back and Lose a Lot more and Go Broke, and afterwards Laugh and tell everybody what a Good Time he had the Last Time he was in Town. The same way with the Chuckawalla Kid down at the Garage. The Kid used to Lose his money and loan it Out where it generally stayed Out until

he finally hit on a Plan of Saving it Up until he had a Plenty. There was a Pile of old 2 inch Pipe laying back of the Garage for a good many years and the Kid takes and pours some Cement in one end of one of the pipes and every time he would get a few Dollars or a $5 or $10 bill he would go out at Night when Nobody was around and Poke the money down into the Pipe, which was mixed up with all the rest of the Pipe and Nobody but the Chuckawalla Kid knows Nothing about it.

One day about the time the Kid gets 8 or 10 Feet of Money all Poked away down in the pipe he gets word to Come to Yuma at once as his sister is dying, and he couldn't go right out in front of everybody in the day time and get any money out of the Pipe without letting us all know Where it Was, so he borrows enough to go on and beats it. The day after the Kid left, the foreman of the Apache Mine starts to building of a Telephone Line from Salome out to the mine and I sold him the Pile of old Pipe to use for Poles for his Telephone Line and he went ahead and put up the 32 miles of Pipe for Poles from here to the Mine and strung the Wire. When the Kid comes back a couple of weeks later he Rared round Something Awful when he found the Pile of Pipe gone and when I told him what I done with it he hired a couple of Mexicans and started digging up all the Telephone Poles made out of the Pipe to find Which One had his Money in. The foreman had set all the Pipes in Cement to make them hold good and by the time the Chuckawalla Kid had dug up 8 or 10 of the Poles the foreman come in from the mine to see what was the Matter with his Telephone Line—and him and the Kid had a fight and I had to Compromise it by making the Kid agree to Plant all the Poles again in Cement when he Got Through and found his money.

The Next Day someone come in from the mine and said

as how a couple of men were at Work at the Other End of the Line digging up Poles too, so the Kid had to hire some more Mexicans to dig at Both Ends of the Line and in the Middle while he rode back and Forth the 32 Miles to Watch Them All, but he either couldn't or didn't watch them Close enough because they never did find the Pipe with the Money in it and if they did he never see it. It took him over a week to get all the Poles Dug up and two weeks more to get them Planted again and I had to loan him the money to buy the Cement and finish the Job and he ain't got it all Paid Back yet.

It was things like This made us start the Bank—and as Usual I had to do the Starting—because Nobody else thought there would be Anything in it, at First—but this was One Time I Fooled them all—including Myself. I did a Lot of Figuring on it First so as to be Sure what I was doing as I didn't aim for this to be no Philanthropic Institution but a Regular Place of Business, to Take, Make and Keep Money —with Me playing the 3 Principal Characters—Taking, Making & Keeping. I figured there wasn't No Use in having too much Paid Up Capital, especially if I had to Dig Up the Capital and was going to Own the Bank, because the Less Capital the Bigger dividends I could Declare and Pay and the Main Thing to Look Out for was to Get Lots of Deposits.

I organized the Cow Boys, Miners & Mechanics Salome Safety Bank with a Paid Up Capital of $1,000 (One Thousand Dollars)—One Hundred Shares of $10 Each and had it Printed on the Face of the Certificates so there wouldn't be No Question about it and I bought all of the Certificates —100 of Them—from Myself. This was the Start—and I made a Pretty Good Start of it.

It was All on Paper yet and the Bank didn't have No Place

of Business or any place to Keep any Money in and I didn't see No Sense in Taking Real Money out of one Pocket to put in my other pocket or Taking any Chances I didn't have to, so I Paid My Bank for My Stock with My Note for $1,000, all made out in Regular Form, and I carried the Note around in my Other Pocket until the Bank could get a Safe Place to Keep its Money and Assets in.

I elected myself President & Cashier and Director and Chairman of the Loan Committee and give the Reptyle Kid 1 Share and made him a Director and Night Watchman and give Scar Faced Scroggs 1 Share and made him Vice President and a Director, so as to get the Cow Boys' Money. The Reptyle Kid was working for me in the Garage and Scroggs owed me Money, so I made them Endorse their Certificates over to Me, in case Anything Happened at Any Time.

This give us a Bank in Name Only—and Folks Waiting & Anxious to Put Money in, but no Place of Business—so I held a Meeting and sold the Bank my old Adobe that I didn't have no use for, for $2,000, payable, $1,000 Down and a mortgage for the Rest of it.

The Bank had my Note for $1,000 that I had give it for all the Stock, so I Took Back the Note for the 1st Payment on the old Adobe and marked it Paid and Tore it Up. This Left the Bank all Organized and with a Place of Business and Me Owning All the Stock and the Bank Owing me $1,000 on the Mortgage on the old Adobe. I'm Surprised that more Folks don't Start Banks. I guess they would if they Knew How Easy it Was.

All we needed now was Some Gold Signs on the Windows and a Safe to Keep the Money in—and Some Money to Keep in the Safe—but all this was Easy, with the Good Start I had Got.

I highgraded an old safe from the old Bonanza Mine which

has been closed down for twenty-odd years and no one has had no use for since they didn't have no more Bullion to keep in it. Something was the matter with the Combination but it Looked Like Business from the Outside and the General Effect was Good, so we moved the Safe in where everybody could See it and kept the Money under a Loose Board in the Back Room under the Reptyle Kid's Bed—and there ain't Nobody going to Bother No Money the Reptyle Kid is Sleeping on Top of, even if they did know it was there, which Nobody didn't.

A Sign Painter come along on his Way from Iowa and Indiana to California with a Spring Broke and Him Too, like Lots of Other Tourists headed for the Land of Plenty of Town Lots & Subdivisions, Eternal Sunshine & Diurnal Disillusionments, and I Traded him a New Spring and 5 gallons of Laughing Gas for to repaint the Front of the Safe, some Gold Signs on the Outside Windows, and some signs over the Take In and Let Out Windows inside the Bank. Boy, she Looked Swell when he got through—so Good I almost Believed it Myself. The Reptyle Kid and Me had took the old Mahogany Bar out of the Rough Neck Saloon, which had been closed up since Volstead was Elected, and with it and parts of old automobiles we had Wrecked down at the Garage we made the Inside of the Bank look like Real Money. The old Mahogany Bar made a dandy counter and on top of it we rigged up Ornamental Brass & Iron Work with a couple of Windows to Attend to Business through and make us Look More Dignified & Businesslike—otherwise all the Customers that knows us So Well might not show us Proper Respect —which is the 2nd Principle of Successful Banking & Handling Other People's Money so as to make some Money out of it for Yourself. Always Make your customers Take their Hats Off and Step Soft and Sweat when they come into The

Bank to Talk about Money—no matter if some of It is their Money that you are Taking Care of and Talking About.

They'll think more of you for it, Most of them.

Over the Big Take In Window we painted a Sign which said: "Put Your Money in Here. 4% Paid on Time Deposits. VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME." It didn't say on the Sign how Long you had to leave your Money in to get the 4%, but on the Inside of the Back Page of the Little Customers' Books I had a little memorandum printed in small type which read: "Money Grows if you Give It a Chance. 4% Interest paid on all Money Left with us for 1 Year or More." We kept a Big Book at this window, called the Take In Book, and whenever any one put any money In we always wrote it Down in this Book, excepting sometimes once in Awhile we would get to Talking and forget it—but this didn't Happen Very Often after we had got used to it.

At the little Let Out Window we kept a Little Book to Keep Track of what money we had to Let Out and over the Top of the Window we Painted a Sign which Says: "Ten Per Cent (10%) Charged on All Money Took Out of Here & If You Can't Pay, Don't Play."

With this all Done we had a Pretty Good Front—and with a Good Front you can generally Back Up most anything if you've Got the Nerve—and if you haven't Got Some Nerve you're Out of Luck Almost Anywhere you Go—especially trying to Run a Bank in a Town of 19 People like Salome—Where She Danced. It Beats All How Much Money you can Dig Up—or Get Others to Dig Up for you—in a little town like this, when someone Opens a Bank or a Poker Game or comes Along selling Life Insurance or Water Melons and Oil Stock or Guaranteed Bonded Goods. You may think Times is Hard and everybody Broke but You, and everybody Else is Thinking and Acting the Same—and all of a

Sudden Something Comes Along or Happens, like a Circus or an Oil Stock Boom or the Elks' Convention in Los Angeles and everybody commences to Frisk themselves and you Wonder where All the Money in the World Come from.

The Morning we opened up there was 14 People Waiting out in Front, besides 3 Tourists and 7 Natives of Buzzard's Roost who had Heard about the Bank Opening Up and come down Early to try and Borrow some of Salome's Money —and a Fat Chance They had of Getting Any of it—but some of those Folks will Try Anything. It looked Almost like Center Street in Phoenix in front of the Republican Office when Folks stands around for two or three Hours watching the Little Ball run all around the National League Ball Ground Bulletin waiting to see if the Little Ball will Drop Off the Board or Wondering What Holds It On. When we opened the Bank Doors for Business and Folks commenced Coming In and Giving Us their Money, I was Glad I had Opened the Bank—and the Further I got into the Banking Business the Funnier it Seemed to Me.

The Reptyle Kid almost had a Fight with Two or Three Folks, all Crowding around the Window and Trying to Get Theirs In First, like it was buying Tickets for the 1st Show at some Movie House before the Seats had all Got Full. I was so Busy for awhile I forgot to give some of them their Receipts and some of the Others that had never Done No Banking before or felt Nervous in the Presence of So Much Mahogany & Fixtures, including the Hand Cuffs & Ball & Chain & Steel Bars, they said Never Mind the Receipts and for Me to just Keep Track of it would be O. K. with them— which was O. K. for me as it Saved a Lot of Book Keeping in our 2 Books—the Take In book and the Let Out book. Before Noon I reckon we had almost All the Money in Town in the Bank, excepting that of 2 Folks that didn't Like Me

and 3 that Owed Me some Money and was afraid to put any in My Bank—but I was More than Satisfied.

By the time Night come we had Over a Bushel Basketful of all Kinds of Money—more than the Reptyle Kid and Me ever saw in One Place at One Time before. Banking Looked like a Good Business—and I was Surprised I hadn't of Thought about it long Before this.

The Reptyle Kid asked me what was we Going to Do with all of it—and I said I'd be Dog Goned if I knowed What to Do, but Let's Count it first and see How Much it Was.

I figured it would be Handy to Have Around in case some one Started a Stud Poker Game over at Blarney Castle, which is the Dump where all the Live Irish Roost when Any of them have made a Good Stake out in the Hills and come to Town for Rest & Recreation. After pulling the Curtains all Down the Kid and Me packs the Bank Roll into the Back Room and starts to Count it. It Took us so long we didn't get No Supper that night, but when we got through counting we figured we had $4,726.85 in Cash On Hand.

The Take In Book only showed $4,318.45, which Left Us with $408.40 of Surplus & Undivided Profits for the 1st Day's Business—Not So Bad for a New Bank in a Little Town. Scar Faced Scroggs, the other Director, wasn't there that Day to help us Get Started, so Me and the Reptyle Kid held a Directors' Meeting and Declared a Dividend on 1st Day's Business. I took the $400, me being the Largest Stockholder, and give the Kid the $8.40 for his Share, which he said was All Right with him if his Wages at the Garage for that Day run along as Usual—which was All right with Me, because we had done so Well at the Bank it didn't Matter Much about the Garage business that day. The $18.45 we Put in the Safe and the other $4,300.00 we Hid under the Floor under the Reptyle Kid's Bed. The Banking

Business Sure looked like a Good Thing that Night—with Me owning All the Stock in the Bank and the Bank in Good Running Order with $4,318.45 in Cash on Hand and Me with $400 Cash profit for the 1st Day and the Bank Owing Me a Thousand Dollars on the Mortgage on the Building—and Me not Out Nothing A Tall. I wished Salome was a Little Bigger Town.

The Next Day we didn't do No Business Much, because we had got About All the Money in Town the 1st Day and I see I had to get Busy and figure out some way to get Folks to Taking it Out and putting it In again and circulating it, so as I could make some Money out of It instead of just Keeping it to Look At. There wasn't enough Loose Money left in town to Start a Crap Game with and I thought Business was going to come to a Stand Still, the way Some Folks Sit in their Front Doors and Watched the Bank. I suggested to some of them that they Borrow some money at the Bank, but none of them could figure what For they would want to Pay the Bank 10% to Borrow Money for when they was Only getting 4% on What they Had in There—and I hadn't been in the Banking Business Long Enough Yet to Tell them Why Either. Finally I Sold Three different Folks a Share of Stock apiece at $25 a Share, which was Pretty Good Profit for Me and a Pretty Good Buy for them, as there was only 100 Shares in the Bank and over $4,300.00 in it, or About $43 a Share for every Share—and the Bank only Running One day yet. No Telling how much it Might Make when it got to Going Good.

About all the business I done the first week, after the 1st Day's Big Business, was to cash a check on a Texas Bank for a Tourist who had broke down and run out of Ready Money and had to have his car fixed at My Garage —so I cashed his Check and made him Stay at the Blue Rock

Inne, my Hotel, until I could hear from the Texas Bank whether his check was Good or Not, which took a Week to do, and by the time he had paid his Garage and Hotel Bill he was Broke Again and had to Cash Another Check and wait another Week until I could hear from the Bank in Texas again, which made Business pretty Good for the Blue Rock Inne.

It didn't take me Long to Wake up and see that there was Lots of Ways of Making Money if you have got a Good Bank and some Good Side Lines to work along with it and I see now How these Bankers in the Big Towns can smoke Big Cigars and Wear White Shirts and eat What they Want every day in the Week instead of Just Sundays like Other Folks. I'll just bet there's a Lot of Ways to make Money Banking that I haven't Found out about Yet—but I'm Learning a little more about Banking Every Day.

There wasn't enough Tourists coming through to make the Cashing Checks and Hotel Business good enough to Suit Me, and so many of them had traveller's checks which I only charged them 10% for Cashing—and a Lot of them Hollered like Hell about this, but I asked them how in the Devil did they expect me to Run a Bank and Make a Living in a Place Like this only cashing two or three traveller's checks a Day unless I charged at least 10% for doing it, and if they didn't like it to Keep their Checks and I would Keep My Money—but Most of them Had to have the Money. One fellow from Somewhere Back There where Tourists Come From got so Orey-eyed about it and leaned So Far through the Window starting to Tell Me what he Thought about Me and the Way I Run My Bank that I had to Drag him the rest of the way Through and Take his traveller's checks away from him and throw him Out the Back Door —and then he Made so Much Noise I had him Arrested for

Disturbing the Peace and the Judge fined him Just as Much as the traveller's checks I took off of him amounted to—and Me and the Judge Divided the Pot. A Good Banker can Always Find New Ways of Making Money—in a Live Town like Salome.

Business got to dragging along, with Nobody putting much Money in the Bank, only Just a little every day, what they was taking in, and no Good Poker Games going on because about all the Money in Town was in the Bank, so I got hold of Poker Joe and the Chuckawalla Kid one afternoon and ribbed them up to start a Stud Game that night at the Hotel, in the dining room of the Blue Rock Inne, so as any Tourists who was Present might take the Notion to Join In. I agreed to Stake the Boys and give them a Third of the Winnings if they would act Carelesslike but Play Careful, which was agreeable to them, so I took and give them a Couple of Hundred Dollars apiece out of the Bank, to make a Good Flash with and they went down to the Hotel and sit down to a table like they was waiting for Supper and commenced to matching Dollars.

Pretty soon a likely looking Tourist come in and ordered Supper and got to watching them matching Dollars while he was waiting for his Supper and his Curiosity got the Best of him and he says Let Me In if you don't mind, so they made it 3 Handed and the Odd Man took the 2 Dollars from the other two every time. He didn't have Much Luck, just enough to Tease Him on, because Poker Joe and the Chuckawalla Kid understood each other Pretty Well and most of the time, when the Kid would show Tails Joe would show Heads and Vice Versus, so that no matter what the Tourist showed he would have the same as either Joe or the Kid and one of them would be Odd Man and Get the Money. Once in awhile they would both show Heads or Tails and let

the Tourist Win a Bet, to keep him interested. They started in at a Dollar a Time but after the Tourist lost quite a Lot he raised it to $5 and then $10, trying to Get Even—and by the time his Supper was Ready he had to Borrow enough from Poker Joe to pay for his Supper, which made another Good Customer for the Blue Rock Inne, as he had to Cash a Check on a Missouri Bank the next day and wait around for Ten Days until My Bank could get a Letter from His Bank. You would think that a Tourist from Missouri would have sense enough to Know that he couldn't come a way out here away from Home and Take any Money away from Us Folks that Lives here, Matching Dollars or any other Game of Skill—but they have to get away from Home to Learn.

Travelling is a Education for some Folks. Some of them Ought to Travel More than they do.

After winning the Tourist's Money Matching Dollars, Joe and the Kid started a Stud Game, playing Single Handed, just the Two of them and Losing Back and forth to make it Interesting for the On Lookers.

By the time Supper was over the Boys around Town had heard about the game, and commenced to Dropping in, and when they see the Big Rolls that Joe and the Kid had in front of them and the way they was Betting and winning Big Pots off each other, most all the Local Live Ones wanted to Get in the Game—but they didn't none of them have enough Cash Money to Buck the Rolls which Joe and the Kid have, on account of nearly all the money in Town being in the Bank.

Pretty Soon they commenced to coming to me and wanting to Know How About getting a Little Money out of the Bank.

I felt it my Duty as a Banker to warn them, of course, how Foolish it was to Draw Money out of the Bank where it was earning 4% in Safety, just to Gamble with, and told them

I would have to charge them 10%, deducted in Advance, for all they drawed out, and being as it was Night Time and after Banking Hours there would be an Extra Charge of 5% for Overtime, opening up the Bank at Night that way, unless they wanted to wait until Morning—but it wasn't no Use Talking to them or Giving them Good Advice. They said a Good Stud Poker Game don't wait for Nobody and when a Miner or a Cow Boy or almost Anybody Else wants to Gamble, they Wants to Gamble no Matter what it costs, so I opened up the Bank and Loaned out $2,700 that Night, less 10% Deducted in Advance and 5% for Overtime, which made it $85 in Cash I give them for every $100 I charged them with, and the Bank—which is Mostly Me—Earned $270 Interest and $135 Overtime. Not So Bad for 1 Night's Business in a Little Town.

After the Boys had got out what Money they Wanted and had Signed Up for it so as there wouldn't be No Arguments the Next Day, after they had Lost it, I went Back and Set in the Game myself, to see that everybody got a Square Deal and No Tourist Got Away with any Salome Money. You can't always tell about some of these Tourists that look like the Devil and Play Poker to Beat Hell—and I figure it's part of a Banker's Duty to try and Keep the Money at Home and circulating around here where we can All of Us Get a Chance at it from time to time.

It was a Pretty Good Game we had that night, Me and Poker Joe and the Chuckawalla Kid and a couple of Tourists that had dropped in on their way to the Coast and two or three of the Boys; seven or eight handed most of the time and More standing around waiting for others to Go Broke so as they would drop out and Let Them in to do the Same. The Tourists didn't Last Long after the Boys around Town commenced to get in and Boost the Game. Stud Poker is a

Pretty Fast Game when you make it that way and when you've got a Tourist in the Game it's a Good Plan to Play Fast and Clean 'em Quick before they Get away. It don't matter so much about the Boys around Town because they are Always Here and you can get their money Any Time—whenever they have got Any. The Boys have a sort of Gentlemen's Working Agreement to Play together and get His Money First whenever there is a Tourist in the Game so as to keep it in Town where we can All get a Chance at it sooner or later.

Along about the Proper Bed Time for Tourists, Poker Joe was Dealing and he Give the Tourist that had the Most Money an Ace in the Hole and the other Tourist a King and then the 1st Card Up he give the 1st Tourist another Ace and the 2nd Tourist another King and they Bet $10 and everybody dropped out excepting the Chuckawalla Kid, who had a 9 Spot in Sight. The Next card the 1st Tourist got a Jack and the 2nd Tourist got a Queen and the Kid got a Deuce and $25 was Bet, which the Kid just Called. The Next Card the 1st Tourist got a six Spot and the 2nd one a Eight and the Chuckawalla Kid got another Deuce, making him with a Pair of Deuces in Sight. Both the Tourists Passed it Up to the Kid and he Bet $50 and the 1st Tourist Raised him Fifty More and the 2nd Called and the Kid Raised him a $100 and they both Called him. The Last Card the 1st Tourist got another Jack and the 2nd one another Queen and the Kid only got a Lousy Little 4 Spot and the 1st Tourist Bet All he Had Left—$116—and the 2nd one called him for what he had left, only $38, and the Chuckawalla Kid covered the Bets and the 1st Tourist Laughed and turned over his Hole Card, a Big Ace, and Started to Rake in the Pot with his Pair of Aces and Pair of Jacks. The 2nd Tourist turned over his King, making him a Pair each of

Kings and Queens, and then the Chuckawalla Kid turned over his Hole Card, only a Little Deuce, but making him Three Deuces, which Wins the Pot and Sends the Tourists to Bed where they Belonged—but What the Wife of One of them Said before Retiring would make a Dictionary of All the Words old Noah Webster Left Out of His. I never Did like to see the Women Folks hanging Around where the Men is Gambling and Attending to Business.

Both these Tourists and their Wives had to Stop at the Blue Rock Inne for over 2 Weeks while they cashed Checks on Banks back in Massachusetts & Ohio—and I never did Hear so Much Conversation in All My Life. You would think they had Lost Over Ten Thousand Dollars instead of about seven or Eight Hundred all told, to hear them Women Talk. One of them Used to Wake her Husband up in the Night to Tell Him about it and ask him Why didn't you Do This and What For did you Do That You Big Boob until other folks trying to Sleep in the Hotel would have to Holler out Lady Let Him and the Rest of Us Sleep To-night and Bawl him Out to-morrow.

I'll bet his Grandchildren Some Day will hear about Him Trying to Play Stud Poker out in Salome, Arizona—Where She Danced.

Well, to Make a Long Story Short, we played until just Before Breakfast Next Morning and when we Quit the Chuckawalla Kid & Poker Joe had All the Money and the Rest of the Boys had Had a Good Time and Something to Talk About for awhile. I always Figure it Looks Better for Me to Lose a Little in the Game and not Win None—Because I Always Get Mine in the End. After Breakfast Joe and the Kid come up to the Bank with Me and we Divided Up the $3,826.50 we had Taken In, which made $1,275.50 for Joe and the Kid to Divide between them for their Share, and

Left Me, or the Bank, a Profit of $2,551.00 for doing the Financing. This, with the $405 Interest & Overtime earned the Night Before made a Total of Almost Three Thousand Dollars that the Bank had Earned in the Last Twenty-four Hours—not So Bad for a Bank with a Paid Up Capital of Only $1,000.00 A Good Wide Awake Banker can Always find Ways & Means of Making his Bank Earn a Good Profit if he don't Get Lazy and Sleep on the Job. I see Now why they have opened up the All Day & Night Banks in the Big Towns. The Big Bankers is Getting Wise to the Big Money Earned at Night.

After I had had a Little Sleep and done some figuring that after Noon I see it was Time to Declare another Dividend out of all this Surplus & Undivided Profits, so the Next Day I called in the Reptyle Kid and Scar Faced Scroggs and Held a Directors' Meeting and we declared a Cash Dividend of $25 a Share, or $2,500 all told for the 100 Shares—95 of Which was Mine and 1 each of the Reptyle Kid, Scar Faced Scroggs and 3 Other Folks I had sold them to for $25 a Share. When these Folks got a Cash Dividend of $25 a Share on the Bank Stock they had only Paid $25 a Share for less than Two Weeks before, it made A Lot of Talk around Town and Everybody wanted to Buy some of My Bank Stock and was offering as High as $100 a Share and More, trying to get the 5 Shares that was Out besides Mine.

It didn't take me Long to see that I could make some Quick Money selling Bank Stock which hadn't Cost me Nothing and which had Already Earned me $29 a Share in Cash, besides the Big Boost for my Hotel business, so I passed the Word around that I would Sell a Few Shares Only to Representative Citizens.

Everybody in Town must have thought that they Represented Something, because they all Come to me on the Quiet,

and explaining how they Ought to be let have More Shares than someone else, so I let out a Share here and 5 Shares there and 10 Shares to this Fellow and 3 Shares to that one, at an Average of $110 a Share. It kept me Busy making out New Certificates and the 2nd Night, when I come to Figure up, I had Sold a Hundred and Nine Shares—which was 14 Shares More than I owned and 9 Shares more than there was in the Bank. I Almost overplayed my Hand that time. At first I thought I would Increase the Capital to 200 Shares but this would take so much Red Tape I decided to Let Well Enough Alone and be Satisfied with a Good Profit, so I took the 2 Shares the Reptyle Kid & Scroggs had and then I had to have Poker Joe go out around and buy up 12 More Shares for me to Get the Bank Back Inside of its Corporate Clothes. It cost me on an average about $165 a Share to get these 12 Shares Back and you can Bet I was sure Glad when I got them and Tore them Up so as there would only be 100 Shares Out all told.

This left me without any Stock, so I had to call a Stockholders' Meeting and have them Elect a New Board of Directors & Officers and turn everything over to them—which wasn't Much, as everybody had drawed out all the Money they had in the Bank to Buy Stock with, so all there was to Turn Over was the Bank Building and the Fixtures and Appurtenances and two new Take In and Let Out books. I thought I had better keep the old ones, as everybody had drawed out all they had put in, less the usual 10% and some 5% Overtime, and it would Look Better to start the New Officers in with New Books and make a Clean Start. Black Jack Sullivan, who was elected the New President and runs the Pool Hall, wanted to resign and said it was a Hell of a Bank when he found there wasn't No More Money in it, but I told him it was just as Good as it was the Day it was Born

and he had the Same Chance to Make Money Running it as Me. Things looked kind of Dubious for awhile at the Meeting, so I withdrew, not being a Stockholder No More and having no Right to attend the Meetings.

The Bank didn't do so well after I got Out of it. The Boys who was elected Officers all had other work to Look after and none of them seemed to know what to do, and there wasn't No Money to do Nothing with and Folks was a little Afraid of putting any more money in it, when money was so scarce on account of Most of them using up all the Cash Money they had had to buy the Bank Stock from Me with. The President & Cashier got Tired of setting around all day looking at the Fixtures and the Empty Safe and nobody coming in to leave any Money, so it wasn't very long until he quit opening up the Bank every day—and inside of three months they let it stay Closed all the time. When My Mortgage on the Building come Due I had to take the building Back for what the Bank owed Me—and everybody in Town seemed Glad of it.

Some of the Folks is After Me to Start Up the Bank Again, but I don't know. I ain't spent all the Money I made yet and there ain't Much Use Working and Worrying to Make some More when you can't Spend what you've Got, is There? I had a Pretty Good Time though, and if Time gets to Hanging Heavy on my Hands and some Good Sign Painter comes Along so as I can change the Name of the Bank and have some New Gold Signs painted on the Front, maybe I will have some More Stock Certificates printed and Start another Bank in Salome.

I think I'll have 500 (Five Hundred) Shares this time, instead of 100, so as to Have Plenty of Stock Right from the Jump Off. I'm Learning, Gradually.

THE AD MAN'S WIDE OPEN SPACES

Congrats

SILVER CITY MAN WINS
HONOURS IN THE NATIONAL
EGG-LAYING CONTESTS
—Headlines in the Santa Fe New Mexican.

Saying It With Chinese

NOTICE

We Have Spared Neither Pains now Money Using Nest Paper and Can Power to Make Our Fire Crackers Which Set More Quickly is it and Give Aluder Sound Then Thost His Where and Have Become to Famous New in China and in Foreign Countries Neither Are So Me Un Proved Cucular People Who imitate Our Trade Make Ploof Rememder But it is None Expect That Which Hears the Lithographs Lion Trade Mark.

YUT SHING
MADE IN CHINA
—Copy of a label on a package of Chinese firecrackers.

Try Your Luck!—"Take out a policy. One customer got her arm broke the other day and we paid her $500. You may be the lucky one to-morrow."*—From an ad. quoted by the Kansas City Star.*

The Good Old Days

DOCTORS OPERATE ON BOY'S HEAD TO MAKE BETTER BOY OF HIM

—Newspaper Headline.

That isn't where our dads operated to make better boys of us.—*Pitt Panther.*

Have You a Little Tank in Your Home?—SWIMMING taught privately in your own home. Address 5359, Sun.—*Classified ad. in the Baltimore Sun.*

What Some Englishmen Want.—WANTED—A cowboy. Christian beliefs. Methodist preferred.

LITERARY man. Must have profound knowledge of the classics. Needed to write the ads for a new toothpaste.

MATRIMONIAL Bureau. Customers everywhere. We furnish counts and marquises. Honesty guaranteed for those who request it.

WELL-KNOWN actor. Will dedicate postal cards: "Affectionately," three shillings; "Cordially," four shillings; "With kisses," five shillings; "With love," seven shillings; "With love and kisses," ten shillings.

WANTED. A girl of fifteen, with much experience in life, to look after a child.—*Want ads from English newspapers, collected by the International Book Review.*

Why the Exception?—Clean dancing at Huntington Beach every night except Monday. Great music.—*Advertisement in Santa Ana (Calif.) Register.*

Something New

OUR RADIATOR SOLUTION

Is Non Explosive and Inflamable.
Does not evaporate like alcohole costs less and
LASTS ALL WINTER

Now if you need anything you will be sorry if you call on
J. W. BLANK

Funeral Director

Lady Attendant

—*From a Display ad. in the Martinsville (Ill.) Planet.*

That Kind of Mule.—MULE—1 good mule, works anywhere hitched. Price $15 takes him.—*Classified ad. in a Hagerstown (Md.) paper.*

(*Advertisement of a Japanese Firm in a Honolulu Paper.*)

Kinely observe why boy must to having good shirt as prepare of school clothe. Boy not say so but desire for shirt all same. All boy do so. Musashiya rising son also require. I think so jus now time break out onnounce of

Muso-shiya the Shirtmaker
(Also shirtsing clothe sell also)
Shirt.

Spose you like buying shirtsing for shirtmake yourself all right. Many kine got English, Airplanes, Madrasses, Pongee, all kine. This by yards.

More better Musa-shiya shirtmake because long time know how. You get shirt you see.

How finding—Because you forget to finding Musa-shiya shop following directions. King street Ewa go until fish

market. When fish market, pass away for river but not on river. This shop closely between this place nice sign say so. Pass away inside for shirt.—*Argonaut.*

Improve Your Child.—Edison, with all his inventions, was a piker compared to the ambitious young photographer who advertised: "Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted, and framed for $8.79."—*Jack O' Lantern.*

Wet Weather in North Carolina

NOTICE

To My Friends to come to the jail at 2:00 P. M., Tuesday, Oct. 28th, which time I will dispose of all confiscated liquor in my possession. All my friends are invited.

J. H. BALLENGIR, *Sheriff.*

—*Display ad. in the Hendersonville (N. C.) Times.*

Near the Board of Trade an establishment featuring waffles displays the sign: "We close June 21 to July 7, object, fish." —*Kansas City Star.*

A Friend in Need

WHY

KILL YOUR WIFE?

LET ELECTRICITY DO IT!

WE'LL HELP!

ELECTRIC SUPPLY & FIXTURE CO.

—*Display ad. in the Ellensburg (Wash.) Evening Record.*

Strong is the movie influence in Los Angeles, where Hamburger's, according to H. L. B., advertises:

"COMES THE HERALDED SALE OF MEN'S SHIRTS IN ALL SIZES AT $1.67."—*New York World.*

That Kind of Hoss.—FOR SALE—One halter, 1 collar, and a dang good mare thrown in.—*Classified ad. in The Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press-Democrat.*

At Keith's, Trenton: "Singer's Midgets, Bigger and Better Than Ever."—*New York World.*

Local Ad.—"WANTED—a boy to deliver magazines about twelve years old."—*Boston Transcript.*

Please Don't Crowd.—DESIRABLE GENTLEMAN of means, wishes marriage to lady who (through accident) lost one limb below knee. Box 1132, Sparks, Nevada.—*Classified ad. in the Household Journal.*

We Know the Kind

NOTICE OF BOND SALE

Home for Feeble-Minded Bonds, County of Wayne

—*From a display ad. in the Detroit News.*

All the Comforts.—Dance at Pavilion to-night. Come and bring your family. Ample police protection.—*Display ad. in a Montana paper.*

"Our diamonds have the same purity, the same weight, and the same sparkle as the genuine article, and in order to make the imitation perfect, we sell them for exactly the same price."—*Le Ruy Blas (Paris).*

Two-thirds in Danger

Are You Going East?

If your are going to Chicago or Milwaukee, I can save you one third your face. Act quick. Phone 1133-J.—*Classified ad. in the Pueblo Chieftain.*

Aren't School Teachers Permanent Ladies?—Delightfully furnished Ivory bed-room for school teacher or *permanent* lady. Every convenience. 810 Blucher St.—*Corpus Christi (Tex.) Caller.*

Sign of Modernity?—WANTED—House on South Side or in Painted Post. No children. Must be modern. Address care of *Leader.—Classified ad. in the Corning (N. Y.) Leader.*

After a dull forenoon in cantaloupes, the grocer's boy was told to mark them down for quick sales. The boy thought he could get up a snappy placard and was told to go ahead. He produced the following:

CANTALOUPES
Were 20 cents, now 10 cents.
Pretty soft for you!

—*Argonaut.*

The season's proof-reading prize goes to the Pasadena *Star-News,* which refers to C. E. Montague's "A Hind Leg Loose."—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

Must Have Rest.—HOUSEWORK WANTED BY reliable girl, with homely people. Sleep out. M-2779.—*Classified ad. in the Calgary Albertan.*

A Hurry Call

PERSONALS

Farmer boy, age 40, wants position on small, slender widow's ranch, with matrimony in view. If in city call St. James hotel, room 342. Height 6 feet, dark hair and eyes, weight 160; in city this week, so hurry.—*Classified ad. in the Denver Post.*

Not So Long.—WANTED—Room and board in private family near Vgn. Ry., for my wife; no children, for about 6 months. Reference Vgn. Ry. yard office.—*Classified ad. in the Roanoke (Va.) Times.*

Specially Painful

MISS MARY BROWN, B. MUS.
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO
Special Pains with Beginners
Phone Mornings
—*An ad. card in the Claremont (Calif.) Courier.*

Doubling Up.—WANTED—Work in a Christian home by October 16 for myself and horse. William Brown, Boonville, Route 2.—*Classified ad. in the Boonville (N. Y.) Herald.*

It Sometimes Happens.—Hollywood, 2252—Five large rooms, solarium, bath, large closets, heat, janitor newly decorated.—*Classified ad. in Toledo Blade.*

I HATE WOMEN

A College Boy Gets Back at Dorothy Parker

BY

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

I HATE women—
Too many fellows go around with 'em.
There is the old-fashioned kind, who love housekeeping;
The girls who shake a mean furnace (but aren't so warm).
Their favourite book is "Seven Cute Ways to Cook Cauliflower."
And they keep you right on the edge of your chair
With exciting stories about the stoppage in the kitchen drain,
And what little brother did on his third birthday.
For comedy relief, they make taffy candy,
And let you pull it for about three hours.
They can't see why people want to step out nights—
Their idea of a wow of a time
Is holding hands on the back porch.
Oh, well,
It keeps 'em out of the way.

Then there are the college widows, the kind
Who are Wicked, but what of it?
Any man above the age of Jackie Coogan
They figure is all theirs.

From *Judge*. By permission.

You just know that if they tried to publish their diaries
They'd be arrested. They are always telling risqué jokes,
And buying their boy friends little oddities in neckwear.
If any man makes a date with another girl
They want to start a breach of promise suit.
They carefully drop spicy letters out of vanity cases,
And wish to goodness
That some real nice girl would come along
And take some of their men off their hands.
But—
Just try to bust a date with one!

There are the drooping lilies, with a lot of unshed tears.
Who are always handing out a line of sob stuff:
Their steadies may look like normal fellows,
But they are little more than animals at heart.
These read all the mushy novels,
And refuse to eat spinach in any form.
They are the girls who could have married a lot of money,
And here they are hooked up to a gang of clods.
But some day,
Some day, they know they will get their due—
And we hope they will!

Then there is the regular little pal, who went to school with you,
More like a friend than a co-ed,
Who insists on telling what a cute kid you used to be,
And how scared you were the first time you kissed her.
She always insists on sitting in the men's rooting section,
Or on being the third of a couple, or lending
A feminine touch to a men's poker game,
Betting all her stack on a pair of deuces.

She knows she's just like a sister to all her men,
And asks you how they'd ever get along without her.
We bite,
    How would they?

I hate women—
Too many fellows have them.

CATS IS CATS

BY

CAROLINE FULLER

Situations Wanted

Competent Family Cat—Brindle, wishes position as mother's helper, and for general mousework. Call in cellar, 1 to 4 A. M.

Débutante Kitten—Frisky, magical, wishes home in congenial family who enjoy chasing tails. No objection to travel. Phone Tree Top.

Maltese Angora Widow—Quiet, refined, desires situation as companion to elderly person or invalid. Purring and massage. References. Call in person.

Hustling Young Business Cat—Unmarried, wants job as mouser in office or store, where there is a chance to rise. Will do anything. Address Spinster Lodge.

Coloratura Soprano—Blonde, a Back Fence graduate, wishes concert engagements. Solo or ensemble. Coaching. Waterproof fur. Phone "Primadonna," Étude Office.

Country Cat—Mole expert, desires care of gentleman's place for summer. Write R. F. D., Catnip.

Tramp Cat—With exclusive garbage route, will accept a few more families. Leave word with caretaker in hole under barn.

From *Saturday Evening Post*. By permission. Copyright, 1925, by the Curtis Publishing Company.

Advertisements

After fights, drop in at Tom the Tinker's. Tails mended, ears repaired. Noses recovered. For loss of voice, use our extract of Larks-purr, Juni-purr, and Purr-oxide.

Social

The Claw Club will meet for practice around apple tree to-day at four. No professional Sharpers admitted.

The Catnip Club will meet for tea and rolls on Barber Shop Roof to-morrow at 2 A. M. Mrs. Tortoise Batik will speak on The Modern Mouse Hole. Though a prominent lecturer and club member, Mrs. Batik is also a devoted mother to her kittens, and a model mousewife.

AN ECHO OF THE ELECTION

"Fellow men! On the 'orizon I see the dawn of a new error."

Drawn by George Belcher
From Punch
By permission of the proprietors

HERE ARE LADIES

Women can't compete in some lines, but as a rule they outstrip the men.—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

Fashion Note.—Who cares whether Helen of Troy was a blonde or not? The reason she is famous is because she was the first woman to get her gowns from Paris.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"What will the modern girl be twenty years hence?" asks a contemporary. About half-a-dozen birthdays farther on.—*Humorist.*

American women are buying 17,000,000 boxes of rouge annually, but to judge from the thickness with which some of 'em are laying it on there must be millions and millions of women who are not getting theirs.—*Louisville Times.*

We suppose perhaps the reason why a man always seems to win the fastest stenographer contest is because he doesn't have to stop to powder his nose.—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

The many schoolgirls who have been marrying of late to escape school will find that their education is just beginning —*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Women may not have as much sense as men, but they quit wearing stiff collars years ago.—*Spartanburg Sun.*

A doctor in Los Angeles says we should abolish the corset. Might as well say abolish the hoopskirt.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.—The man who claims to understand women always arouses in them the desire to put one over on him.—*Don Marquis in the New York Herald Tribune.*

Why be surprised that women thought less of the ballot after getting it? That's the way they are about husbands. —*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

Many women have found more pleasure in fighting for the ballot than in fighting with it.—*Boston Herald.*

Perhaps the women would use the ballot more extensively if they could exchange it.—*Cleveland Times.*

Grandma's rheumatism used to suffer when it rained, now it is her complexion that suffers.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Women are steadily growing more beautiful, says an eminent English painter. Why not? They've been steadily trying to for several thousand years.—*New York Evening World.*

An elephant's trunk contains 40,000 muscles. It must have been packed by a woman.—*Detroit News.*

It is easy to believe cigarets ruin a woman's complexion. Smoke always is hard on paint.—*Philadelphia North American.*

"Nothing makes the modern girl blush," says a woman writer. How about the drug store?—*Kitchener (Ont.) Record.*

To Scrape or Hook.—Anyway, shaving the back of her neck isn't as hard as hooking her up the back used to be.—*Cincinnati Observer.*

The two most influential ladies are the one on the dollar and Mrs. Grundy.—*Martins Ferry (Ohio) Times.*

THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. TUTTLE AND MR. NASH

Showing one of the Terrifying Effects of the Standardization in American Life

BY

MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

GARDEN HEIGHTS is a tax-exempt colony situated on Long Island, or maybe up Connecticut way or in any suburban district in America, put up as fast as concrete can be poured. It looks, from the train, like something the geometry teacher drew on the blackboard. The men who planned this villa district had only one thought in mind—to remove from it anything like the appearance of charm, of individuality, of originality. The great point in American life is, of course, to make everything alike. Witness, Mr. Ford.

Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Nash are next-door neighbours who are making their rent pay for their houses, as the real estate men say.

They are standardized in size (medium); clothing (inconspicuous); age (middle); and the brown paper parcels under their arms. They have the same opinions (conservative); the same jokes (depending on whether there are ladies present); and the same discouraged look (both are married). Briefly, they look exactly like the hundred and fifty other home-buying males of Garden Heights.

The night of which I speak, the train was late—as usual.

From *Vanity Fair*. By permission.

But later. The street lights had given out—as frequently (opinion is unanimous about the power company). The two stubbed a painful way from the station toward their adjoining homes. Late train was combined with lights out, as so often happens in our suburbs. Your attention, please. Your very close attention for two minutes, after which you may separate your brain from this story.

Mr. Tuttle stopped at the corner grocery store to buy a pound of butter.

Mr. Nash went on home.

Note that I do not say that Mr. Nash went on to *his* home. Mr. Nash went on to Mr. Tuttle's home and up the steps, because he could not see—the lights being out—the small steel numbers set into the veranda post which are the only difference among houses in these home colonies.

Mr. Nash went into Mr. Tuttle's front hall, papered with landscape scenes, and laid his brown paper parcels on a mahogany console and hung his hat on a mahogany clothes pole. The hall was exactly like his own, so how should he know that he was not in his own home?

He went into the white-tiled kitchen where a plump lady, cooking liver and bacon, tipped her cheek to his kiss. He kissed her without looking at her and went to the white porcelain sink to wash his hands.

"You're late again, dear," said the plump lady, dishing the mashed potato into the blue-bird-for-happiness vegetable dish.

"I'm sorry, dear," replied Mr. Nash. "The transportation gets worser and worser every day in every way. Where are the children?"

"I sent them to bed, dear," replied the plump lady, dishing up the tomato.

"A man likes to see his children occasionally," grumbled

Mr. Nash. "They'll be calling me the man who stays here Sundays."

All this time Mr. Nash supposed he was in his own house, talking to his own wife. The ladies were as standardized as their husbands and invariably shopped together, as friendly ladies do. Had the children been around, the mistake could not have occurred; for just as houses differ outside by their numbering, so they differ inside by their children. The object of education is to standardize children; but in their early years, it is impossible to mistake them one for another. However, things are progressing nicely in America and, with the public school system becoming a little more uniform all over the country, it is fair to entertain the hope that, in a century or so, all our children will be alike. That is, one boy will resemble all the others, one girl will be, in nature, like all the other girls. Then, if we can only carry the system a little further we ought, say in two hundred years, to make the boys just like the girls, a standardized unit system of children. That is what we need—uniformity in everything. But we must get on with our story.

Mr. Nash sat down at the polished mahogany dining table, with lighted candles between him and the plump lady.

"Did you get the butter, dear?" asked the plump lady.

"You didn't tell me to get butter, dear," replied Mr. Nash.

"I told you just as you were going out the door," replied the plump lady.

"How many times have I asked you to tell me what you want in time for me to make a memorandum!" cried Mr. Nash. "Got some new doilies, haven't you?"

"You never know *what* we have," replied the plump lady in a wifely voice. "If you've seen those doilies once, you've seen them a hundred times. It doesn't pay to fix things up for a man!"

Meantime, let us consider Mr. Tuttle, whom we left buying butter at the corner grocery. Mr. Tuttle made no mistake in his house, but just as he was laying his brown-paper parcels on the mahogany console in his hall, he heard a man's voice in the kitchen, saying,

"A man likes to see his children occasionally."

Mr. Tuttle thought he was in the wrong house. He slipped out again, reflecting that if a man doesn't know his own house, next thing he won't know his own wife.

Mr. Tuttle then went up the Nash steps, entered the Nash hall, hung up his hat where Mr. Nash's should have been, and heard a woman's voice say from the kitchen,

"You're late again, dear."

Mr. Tuttle went out into the white-tiled kitchen where a plump lady, frying liver and bacon, tipped her cheek to be kissed, without looking at him. Mr. Tuttle kissed the plump lady without looking at her and went to the white porcelain sink to wash his hands.

"I'm sorry, dear," he told her. "The transportation gets worser and worser in every way, every day. Where are the children?"

"I sent them to bed, dear," replied the plump lady, dishing up the mashed potato into a blue-bird-for-happiness vegetable dish and lifting the tomato from the flame.

"A man likes to see his children occasionally," grumbled Mr. Tuttle. "They'll be calling me the man who stays here Sundays."

Both were family men, accustomed to going through the world with their eyes shut to variations in women. At dinner the candles were between the two and the only chance of discovery was when Mr. Tuttle said, complacently,

"I brought the butter, dear."

"What butter?" inquired the plump lady.

"The butter you called after me to get as I was going out the door this morning," replied Mr. Tuttle.

"This morning? It was last week I asked you!" replied the plump lady.

That evening the two plump ladies, each in her own house, sewed on children's clothes, learned from ladies' magazines how to make something designed for one purpose serve a different purpose, and went to bed early.

The two gentlemen, each in the wrong house, glued the legs of mahogany dining room chairs, planed off doors that stuck, sampled identical homebrew, read the evening papers they had brought home with them, put coal on the furnace and calculated how long what was left in the bin would last, and tiptoed upstairs to undress in the dark, not to disturb unnecessarily their amiable wives. There was, you see, nothing to rouse the suspicion of either that he was in his neighbour's bedroom instead of his own.

Alarm clocks whirred in both houses before daylight the next morning, before the children were awake; and, after the usual scrambled breakfast, the two men met breathless at the station, just as the train was pulling in. They travelled to town as usual, sitting side by side in the smoker, reading two copies of the same paper. Neither knew then. Neither *ever* knew.

Mrs. Tuttle, having given the children their breakfast and got them off to school, began to pick up the house. When she opened the brown-paper parcels which were lying on the hall table, she was astonished to find a dishmop, a writing tablet, a bottle of bath salts, and a jar of marmalade.

After a period of cogitation, light broke upon her. She gathered the articles into her arms and ran over to Mrs. Nash's.

"Are these your things?" Mrs. Tuttle asked Mrs. Nash. "Mr. Tuttle must have exchanged parcels with Mr. Nash in the train by mistake. Are those bundles on your table mine?"

Sure enough, the brown-paper parcels on the Nash's table yielded the violet soap, tacks, wax candles, Roquefort cheese, and the pound of butter which Mr. Tuttle had forgotten to buy at the cut-rate market and had stopped to get at the corner grocery.

The two women looked at each other with long-suffering smiles.

HOW THEY LOVE US

Against our forty-two millions per year, the U. S. A. spends more than two hundred millions on education. But then, of course, they need it more.—*Punch.*

An American visitor says that London telephones are far more distinct than those of New York. We suspect that he is talking with his gum in his cheek.—*Punch.*

Not content with suggesting an alteration of the Ten Commandments, Americans are now trying to alter the size and weight of golf balls.—*Punch.*

In America, bootleg whisky is sold in glass-stoppered bottles. It has been found that it eats away ordinary corks. —*Punch.*

An American cinema producer has come to England to search for a comedian who must be short and good-looking. We are requested to mention that preferably he should also be funny.—*Punch.*

According to Tom Gibbons, the American boxer, our English boxers don't fight enough. The trouble is that some American boxers stop them.—*Punch.*

The Americans have been experimenting with long-range guns lately. Their idea is of course to develop ballistics to

a pitch that will enable them to intervene in the next European war without leaving their own country.—*Punch.*

There has been so much criticism of American film artistes in these columns that we are glad to give prominence to the case of one Los Angeles actor who married last week and is still living with the same wife.—*Punch.*

An American writer says that the English language is becoming barbarous owing to unintelligent slang. Say, Bo, you sure said a jugful and then some.—*Punch.*

The United States Army has decided to substitute the vacuum cleaner for the currycomb in the grooming of mules. If we know anything about army mules we must assume that their permission has been first obtained.—*Punch.*

A weekly paper says that crime has cost American business houses eight hundred million pounds during the last twelve months. Then why don't they turn honest?—*Punch.*

An American journal says that more than a thousand trains leave Chicago every day. We quite see what we're expected to say about it; but it's too easy.—*Punch.*

The report is denied that Greece is to lend the famous statue of Hermes by Praxiteles to the United States. It is felt that, as the figure is holding the infant Dionysus, it would be distasteful to a Prohibition country.—*Punch.*

It is said that drinking as an outlet for masculine interests in the U. S. A. has been diverted to the motor car. We should like to see two Americans tossing who pays for the third Ford.—*Punch.*

An amateur radio expert is reported to have picked up America. This is all right so long as he doesn't put it down any nearer to us.—*Punch.*

Judge Kenyon refused to be Secretary of the United States Navy because he had no qualifications for the job. Things seem to have reached a pretty pass in America if officials have to be qualified for government posts.—*Punch.*

America has won most of the International Sports Cups. The tragedy is that she has nothing to put in them.—*Punch.*

An American poet recently left all his money to a lunatic asylum. Was this conscience money?—*Punch.*

U. S. A. tourists spent twenty-eight million pounds in Canada last year. But from this, of course, must be deducted the deposit on the bottles.—*Punch.*

A rare terrapin has been missed from the Zoo. In our opinion it should have been guarded with particular care just now, when there are so many hungry Americans in London.—*Punch.*

The new Immigration Act has just come into force in America, and English lecturers can now only enter the country in half-gross lots.—*Punch.*

While dressing a chicken for the table a resident of Gloversville, New York State, found a diamond worth a hundred pounds inside it. Surely a very modest diamond for an American to find inside a bird!—*Punch.*

Dear Old English Lady (*to American guest*)—Now, you see, I've got you in a big supply of non-intoxicants so that you'll feel quite at home.—*Pearson's Weekly* (*London*).

A cinema star living in Los Angeles has just married a man whom she had refused twenty-four times. We rather wonder she didn't think of this before. Marriage out there is commonly regarded as the simplest way of getting rid of an importunate.—*Punch.*

In Scotland recently a man caught a salmon weighing sixty pounds. American papers please exaggerate.—*London Opinion.*

DEFLATING THE A. B.

BY

ADELAIDE W. NEALL

A MODERN young miss from an up-to-date college
Who had gone to much pain to develop her brain
Was in search of a job on a par with her knowledge.
She had an A. Bee in her classical bonnet
And felt it behooved her to cash in upon it.
To a bureau that helps women find a vocation
Without hesitation she made application
To discover what fortunes the world held in store
For an A. Bee with languages, logic, and lore.

She had studied, she said, Latin, Greek, and Psychology,
No mental embroidery, freakish or Freudery,
But Philosophy, Physics and applied Sociology.
As result of such versatile training her mind
To creative, executive work was inclined.
She preferred to take time to select with discretion
Some work or profession that allowed self-expression.
And as pay in her case played a trifling part
She'd accept a mere hundred a week as a start.

Her initial idea was to go in for banking;
In the home of the dollar a likely young scholar
Should receive recognition and adequate ranking.

From *Saturday Evening Post.* By permission. Copyright by the Curtis Publishing Company.

She had mastered four tongues and her consequent range
Of language would help her with Foreign Exchange.
As she figured like lightning she would never get frantic
At the mark and its antic across the Atlantic.
When they told her stenography would be required
She collected her cultural wares and retired.

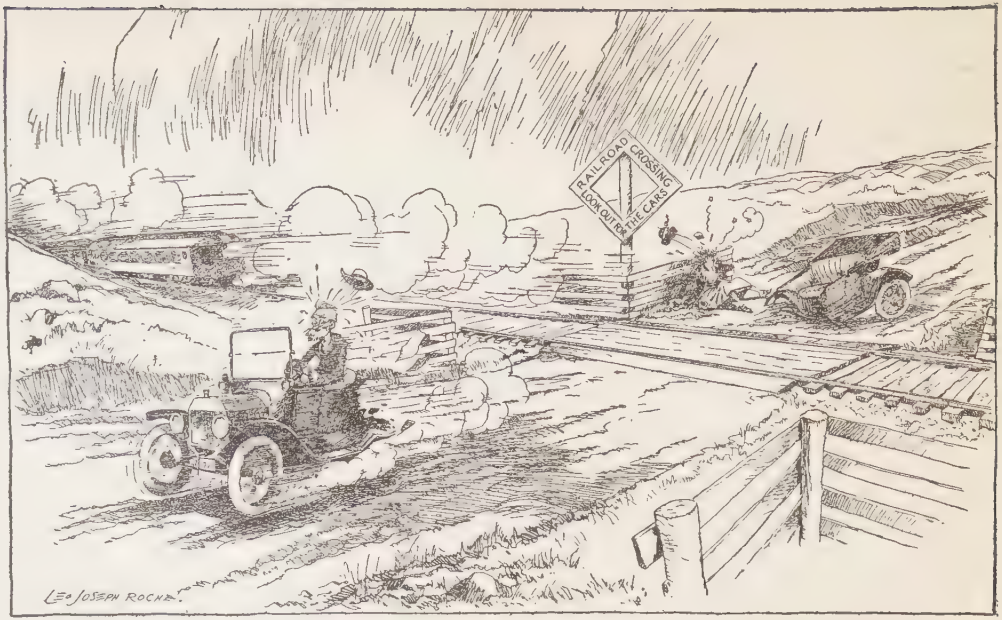
With a business concern she next sought a position,
Where she let it be seen that dull daily routine
Would be deadly for one of her gifts and ambition.
With executive talent and broad education
She should shine at constructive reorganization.
Her potential employer explained that though smart
She might be, at the start she must play a small part,
And suggested she come in capacity clerical;
Whereupon she showed symptoms that verged on hysterical.

When she'd found that no firm or concern seemed to need her
She decided one night she was destined to write,
And would get helpful hints as a manuscript reader.
Her researches in Chaucer and Marlowe and Spenser
Would make excellent background for a critical censor,
Though she didn't know much of the present-day writer,
As tomes eruditer were more apt to invite her.
To a magazine office she outlined her case
And was stunned at their failure to find her a place.

She was told on all sides where she offered her learning
That a college-bred brain would mean ultimate gain
But 'twas hard to set classics and culture to earning,
And no matter what heights she had hopes of attaining
Daily dozens in detail were excellent training.

Though her lore she could use to advantage some day,
At the start, one might say, 'twas a bit in the way,
And even A. B's would discover the door
Of admission to business was near the ground floor.

So at last this young miss with her high education,
Who to market her brain had endeavoured in vain,
Came to see that she'd suffered from mental inflation,
For though college exams she'd been able to pass
She belonged to the business-school primary class.
To discover what fortunes the world held in store
She adventured once more, but not quite as before,
Since stenography now she had added as bait
For the big fish who settle an applicant's fate.



"Gee whiz, Liza, that was close!"

Drawn by L. Joseph Roche
From The Saturday Evening Post
By permission. Copyright, Curtis Pub. Co.

JUST THIS SIDE OF ETERNITY

SOMEONE suggested this as a sign to be erected at railroad-crossings, "Better Stop a Minute Than For Ever."—*E. W. Howe's Monthly.*

At the Source of Supply.—"How did Rubinsky make his money so quickly?"

"Why, he established branch junk shops close to all the important grade crossings of the country."—*Drygoods Economist.*

Take time at railroad crossings—or take eternity.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Every one makes a mistake now and then, but why pick out a grade crossing for a background?—*Detroit News.*

A motor car has been invented that can move sideways across a road. It was felt that pedestrians were getting altogether too artful.—*Punch.*

Are the grade crossings to be eliminated, or merely all the people who don't look and listen?—*Boston Transcript.*

Our Careless Way.—A strange feature of the grade-crossing situation is that the railroad companies seem bent upon keeping us all from being killed, while we all don't seem to mind whether we are or not.—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

BABES IN HOLLYWOOD

A Far from Silent Drama

BY

MAX LIEF

The scene is the spacious living room in the super studio-bungalow of MICKIE MULLINS, *$,1,000,000 child movie star, situated in the heart of Hollywood's movie-riche colony. Newly bought furniture, hastily antiqued, clutters the room.*

The star's father and personal manager, MICKIE MULLINS, SR., *former superintendent of the Belvedere Arms on West Seventy-seventh Street, New York, is busily engaged mapping out a new contract.* MOTHER MULLINS, *in another corner of the room, is autographing hundreds of photographs of* MICKIE *for his admirers, as* MICKIE *himself has not yet learned to write. The star is scanning the Sunday coloured supplements with an air of professional disdain.*

MICKIE (*registering a yawn*): These comic strip artists give me a pain. I wouldn't hire them to do a script for me. They don't know the first thing about continuity! . . . Say, Ma, can I have a lollipop?

MOTHER MULLINS: Momma's darling boy shouldn't eat lollipops. You remember in your last picture you broke two teeth eating a lollipop and held up the shooting of the big scene for three days.

From *Judge*. By permission.

MICKIE (*shedding real tears*): I don't care, I want a lollipop! I want a *lollipop!*

DADDY MULLINS: Keep quiet, Mickie. Can't you see I'm trying to dope out a wonderful new contract for you?

MICKIE: Who cares about your old contract? All the movie magazines say I'm a real boy and eat lollipops.

DADDY MULLINS: You're an ungrateful child! Didn't I get you a radio set last week with gold-plated head phones? And because you listened in so much you missed your personal appearance at that theatre in Oakland.

MICKIE: I should think my first check for the royalties on the sales of the Mickie Mullins Dolls should take care of that.

MOTHER MULLINS: Now, don't disturb your father, Mickie. He's very busy.

MICKIE (*sulking*): Yes, and I guess he's sending out some more bunk about me to the editors! I won't forget the bone he pulled when he told that lady reporter my favourite dish was Zwieback and milk.

DADDY MULLINS: I'm sending passage money to all my relatives in County Kerry to join us here.

MOTHER MULLINS: Don't forget my side of the family, Daddy. Be sure to send a big money order to my Aunt Grishka in Minsk. She's got eight children and can hardly wait to bring them to America.

MICKIE: Huh! All those kids coming over here on my salary!

MOTHER MULLINS: Don't worry, dear, you can use them all as extras in your next picture, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

DADDY MULLINS (*rising*): Well, I've got to go over to Mr. Gainsburg's office and clinch that deal with the First Magnitude Films. Mickie's got to do something bigger and better than mere kid parts.

(*Enter* JEEKS, *the butler, as* DADDY MULLINS *exits.*)

JEEKS (*announcing*): The etiquette tutor and the fencing instructor are here, Master Mickie.

MICKIE: I don't want any tutors! I want to go to school! I want to be a regular kid and scrub blackboards.

MOTHER MULLINS: Nonsense! Who ever heard of Mickie Mullins, the wonder child of the screen, attending school?

MICKIE: Well, tell them to come to-morrow, Jeeks. I'm going to get all of Mother's old fur coats and put them on the Airedales to play jungle.

JEEKS (*withdrawing*): Very well, Master Mickie.

MOTHER MULLINS (*succumbing to autographer's cramp*): There! That's all I'll do to-day. I'm going out for a drive in my new Hispano-Sulza.

MICKIE: Don't let the chauffeur shoot anybody, Mother. I don't want my pictures banned.

(*Reënter* DADDY MULLINS, *greatly excited.*)

DADDY MULLINS: I've done it! I've put it over, all right! Old Man Gainsburg backed out at the last minute but I signed a bullet-proof contract with a newly formed company, the Gargantuan Films.

MICKIE (*hopefully*): *Now* can I go to school?

ANECDOTAGE

Revived.—One of the late Lord Rayleigh's favourite anecdotes was that of the gentleman who went to a fancy-dress ball as Satan. He provided himself with a tail consisting of an eel in an umbrella case.—*London Morning Post.*

Matrimonial Distribution.—According to Irvin S. Cobb, who has recently published the best stories he has encountered in a long career of humour-hunting, Theodore Roosevelt was once moved to preach a moral sermon to a famous Indian chief named Quanah Parker, who was a polygamist.

"'See here, Chief,' he said, 'why don't you set your people a still better example of obedience to the laws of the land and the customs of the whites? A white man has only one wife; he's allowed only one at a time. Here you are living with five squaws. Why don't you give up four of them and remain faithful to the fifth? You could continue to support the four you put aside, but they need no longer be members of your household. Then, in all respects, you would be living as the white man lives.'

"Parker, who spoke excellent English when he chose to do so, considered the proposition for a space in silence. Then, with a twinkle in his beady old eyes, he made answer: 'You are my great white father,' he said, 'and I will do as you wish —on one condition.' 'What's the condition?' asked the Colonel. 'You pick out the one I am to live with and then you go tell the other four.'"—*Argonaut.*

Hazard.—Ole Svenson, a son of the silent North, after having lived by himself and prepared his own meals for three years, had taken a wife. Mrs. Svenson proceeded to live with her husband for the better part of two months, after which she ran away to the city.

"Well, Ole," said a friend some time after the lady's departure, "are you sorry she went?"

"No," replied Ole.

"No? Why not?"

"Vell," was the reply, "she was always getting in de vay ven I was cooking."

Pedal Extremity.—When a burlesque of a play in which Sir Charles Hawtrey was performing was running in London, Hawtrey persuaded the producer to allow him to play the part in which he was burlesqued for one night only. He tells, in his autobiography, "The Truth at Last":

"It was a great success, all except the identity. I did lose it, but not enough, for the criticism in one of the daily papers the next morning was to the effect that, 'The resemblance to Mr. Hawtrey was certainly remarkable, and would have been more so had it not been for the pronounced American accent.'

"I can sympathize with Charlie Chaplin, who, on one occasion, found himself in a town where a competition was being held for the best imitation of the Charlie Chaplin walk. He entered as one of the candidates. But alas! he only came out thirteenth on the list."

Alas!—Although Earl Balfour is nearly seventy-six years of age he still plays golf, and plays it very well. Not long since, while doing a round on some links in Scotland, he drove his ball into a clump of long grass, and invited the advice of his caddie.

"Try and drive to the farthest sky-line ye can, sir."

Lord Balfour did so and landed the ball on the green.

"Ah, sir," said the wise boy, regretfully, "if ah'd your strength, and ye'd ma brains, what a capital pair for a foursome we should mak'!"

Placed.—Captain Home, U. S. N., was said to have a very pretty wit. On one occasion he paid a visit to a British warship, commanded by a Captain Cave-Brown-Cave. When Captain Home went aboard he asked to see "Captain Cave."

The officer of the watch replied with pauses meant to emphasize the hyphens in his superior's name, "Captain Cave-Brown-Cave is ashore, sir."

"Oh, that's all right," said the visiting captain. "Just tell him Captain Home-Sweet-Home called."

Georgian Wit.—Now that he is safely back in England Lloyd George is telling what he really thinks of us, and though the joke is at our expense, one can forgive him for the laughs it brings. "In going from New York to Chicago," says the ex-Premier, "I observed a pretty little girl chewing gum. Not only did she chew it, but she insisted on pulling it out in long strings and then letting it fall back into her mouth again. Finally, when the thing was beginning to get on my nerves, the child's mother leaned over and in a very audible whisper said: 'Marcella, don't do that! Sit up and chew your gum like a little lady.'"—*Argonaut.*

Heroic.—Major Harding Cox, the famous British sportsman, who is credited with having invented the monkey crouch seat for jockeys, and who is certainly responsible for a large proportion of the best current stories, tells the following in his latest, "Yarns Without Riot":

M. Le Vicomte Sorigny, "a distinguished member of the French embassy," was present at a silver-wedding celebration of a bishop.

"Leaning over to his neighbour, the Vicomte asked, sotto voce:

"'Tell me, *mon cher*, vot ees dis silvaire vedding vitch ve celebrate? I do not quite understand!'

"'Oh,' replied Forster Blythe (the bishop's nephew),'don't you know? Why, my uncle, the bishop, and my aunt have lived together for twenty-five years without ever having been separated, and without any angry word having passed between them.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed the diplomat, heartily, a light breaking in upon his understanding. 'And now 'e marry her? Br-ravo!'"

Greeting.—Dr. W. W. Keen, the famous Philadelphia surgeon who recently received an honorary degree from the University of Paris, said at a luncheon: "A strange fact about the medical men of England is that they don't care to be called by their titles. Except on official occasions an English medical man would rather you called him 'Mr.' than 'Dr.' A Harley Street specialist of great renown was golfing one morning when an acquaintance shouted to him cheerily across the links: 'Good morning, doctor!' The specialist shouted back in a gruff voice: 'Good morning, wholesale manufacturer of boots and shoes!'"

Annoying.—Lord Castletown, who has recently published his reminiscences in "Ego," spent some time in Teheran, and he tells how he was received in audience by the Shah of Persia, who said he contemplated coming to England, and inquired if there were any elephants there, as he wanted to

shoot one. When eventually he did come to England he was taken to the Tower of London. He was greatly interested in the old block and axe, and said he wanted to see someone beheaded. On being told there was nobody ready at the moment, he promptly offered one of his own retinue, and was very annoyed when the officials refused his request.

Crude.—The brilliant French critic, Henri de St. Cyr, was criticizing, at a Greenwich Village reception, the people of Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Floyd Dell, and other writers of frank books. "It isn't," he said, "the frankness of these men that I dislike. It's their crudeness, their amateurishness. Much of their work, in fact, is on a par with the schoolboy's essay on Cromwell that began: 'Oliver Cromwell had an iron will, an unsightly wart and a large red nose, but underneath was deep religious feelings.'"

New?—Here is a new Whistler story which W. Orton Tewson tells in the *New York Evening Post*:

Rossetti once showed Whistler a sketch and asked his opinion of its merits.

"It has its good points, Rossetti," said Whistler, "go ahead with it by all means."

Later Whistler inquired how it was getting along.

"All right," said Rossetti, cheerfully. "I've ordered a stunning frame for it."

In due time the canvas appeared at Rossetti's house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, beautifully framed.

"You've done nothing to it since I saw it, have you?" said Whistler.

"No-o," replied Rossetti, "but I've written a sonnet on the subject, if you'd like to hear it."

He recited some lines of particular tenderness.

"Rossetti," said Whistler, as the recitation ended, "take out the picture and frame the sonnet."

Speed.—When Pola Negri first went to Los Angeles she was astonished by the way people hurried around. At a dinner given in her honour she could contain her curiosity no longer, and turning to a well-known business man sitting next to her, asked: "Why are you Americans always so nervous and so much in a hurry?" "You'd be in a hurry, too," laughed the American, "if you had to transact a whole day's business and were allowed to park only forty-five minutes."

Personal.—President Garfield of Williams College said in a discussion of Fascism: "They have Fascism in Italy and Spain, and, if some of our labour extremists don't look out, it will spring up in England and America, too. I heard a story about an Italian railroad in pre-Fascist days, when everything was Communistic and ultra-radical, you know. A traveller on this railroad, as his train roared past a station, jumped up and ran to the conductor. 'Conductor,' he said, 'why didn't you stop? That's my station.' 'Oh, we don't stop at that station any more,' said the conductor, easily. 'You see, the engineer is mad at the station agent.'"

Both Missing.—The Rev. Guy E. Shipler, editor of *The Churchman*:

"Late one Saturday night, a young divine received a wire from his bishop ordering him to preach the next morning at a certain church. This church was unknown to the young man. Nevertheless, he prepared his sermon, took the train, arrived, and preached duly.

"He preached from the text, 'Without money and without price,' and, to his astonishment and annoyance, every time

he quoted this text—and of course he had to quote it pretty frequently in the sermon's course—the entire congregation shook with suppressed laughter.

"Well, after the exercises were over the young divine asked one of the vestrymen the meaning of all that unseemly mirth.

"The vestryman gave a loud guffaw and said:

"'Our own minister—the one whose pulpit you are supplying—is named Price, and he absconded yesterday with a large sum of money.'"

Is This Humorous?—King Milan of Serbia, after he resigned his throne, took with him into exile a personal attendant who invariably attracted a good deal of attention, being a perfect giant of a man, with fifty inches of chest measurement and a marvellous voice. Concerning this man, and the reason for his attachment to him, Milan once told the following story: "At a state banquet in Belgrade my favourite aide-de-camp was to poison me. The poison was actually present in my full glass. This devoted attendant touched my shoulder, told me in a whisper of my danger, and which of my guests sitting at my table had done it. I pulled myself together, stood up, and said: 'Gentlemen, a toast—Serbia. I honour X by sending him my own glass!' The miscreant took it, said, 'Long live Serbia,' drank it to the dregs, and died on the hearthrug!"

SOME SAYINGS OF OLIVER HERFORD

BY

THOMAS L. MASSON

Not so long ago I was taking luncheon in Philadelphia with a company of distinguished people, among whom were two notable editors from London. I happened to tell a story about Oliver Herford, assuming that these notable guests knew who he was. It being evident by the expression on their faces that they were in doubt, the brutal question was put to them by the host:

"Do you know who Oliver Herford is, gentlemen?"

One of them immediately said:

"Surely. He is connected with Barnum's circus in some way."

To my mind, and to the minds of many others, Oliver Herford is, without doubt, our greatest wit. The ignorance about him on the part of the big public is due largely to the fugitive nature of his contributions; to his inability to produce anything which isn't his unerring best. This, quite naturally, limits his production.

Yet there are people in England who know about him.

For example, E. V. Lucas, one of the editors of *Punch*, during his visit here some years ago, pronounced Herford by far our greatest humorist.

It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the patience, persistence, and exactitude with which he does his work. I

From *Detroit Athletic News*. By permission.

have frequently had him call me up over the telephone several times after he had given me a few lines of verse, to change some word. Once or twice he was quite disconcerted because I wouldn't stop the presses to make what he considered essential changes.

My earliest recollection of Herford goes back nearly thirty years, to the day when he came into *Life's* office with a drawing for sale. It was reported of him at that time that when he sold a drawing, he got the money in dimes and scattered them about on the floor of his studio. Thereafter he did no more work until he could find no more dimes. I never asked him whether this story is true or not; but at any rate, on this particular occasion, Mr. Mitchel, then the editor and owner of *Life*, gave him a memorandum for $75 for his drawing.

In the outer office there was an office man stationed, who was also accustomed to fill out similar memoranda. He gave another slip to Herford, and, armed with both of these, Oliver approached Swan, the cashier, who was a typical Scotchman. Swan gave him a check for $150 and Oliver must have run all the way to the Second National Bank, for when, a few moments later, Swan discovered that he had paid double, his frantic 'phone message to the bank was too late. Thereafter, as a cat watches a mouse, for weeks he watched the door. Finally, perhaps two months later, Oliver came through. Swan grabbed him by the arm and said: "You owe us $75, Mr. Herford."

"No, I don't," said Oliver, gaily, "here's another drawing."

During the old days, before the present Grand Central Station was erected, Mendel, the package man, was one of the chief functionaries of the railroad terminal. Oliver was visiting somewhere in Westchester County, and had occasion once to leave some packages with Mendel, who, according to his custom, charged ten cents for each one. He explained

to Oliver, who protested, that they were not tied together. Later, a friend met Oliver going into the station. He had an umbrella, a box of candy, a suitcase, and various other articles, all linked up with a thin string, like a kite tail. His face was wreathed in smiles as he explained how he was going to get even with Mendel.

To skip over a quarter of a century from this incident to the present day, it was not so long ago that Herford (but I shall call him Oliver, anyway) was in the Players' Club one day when the need of money presented itself. He went downstairs to the office where the club cashier held out.

"I want to make out a check," he said. "What is the best bank to draw it on?"

Two years ago, or more, when I was editor of *Life*, I gave Oliver a staff position, feeling that, after his long service as a free lance, he was entitled to something substantial. His judgment about humour is quite remarkable, but extremely fastidious, and his attitude toward manuscripts quite hopeless. He would stuff a manuscript in his pocket and forget it. Carolyn Wells, a very old and dear friend, sent something in, and after waiting for some time, wrote and asked about it.

The missing manuscript was traced to Oliver, who wrote: "Dear Carolyn: Your manuscript is at my tailor's being cleaned and pressed." It was in his other suit.

Artists often fasten their drawing sheets down on easels with round-headed brass clips. Oliver told me once that they were a great comfort to him, because he could always use them for dress studs in emergencies.

We once held a long and somewhat intricate talk about babies. The question was how they should be served. He concluded the discussion by remarking: "I prefer mine boiled, with plenty of brown gravy."

Oliver told me himself of a unique method he had of going

about without money. I never saw him, indeed, when he had any of this presumably necessary article in his clothes. He said that late one afternoon, being hungry, he went into a restaurant on one of the avenues to get something to eat. After he finished his meal, it occurred to him that he had no money to pay for it. An idea suddenly came and, stepping to the door—leaving his hat behind for security—he hailed a passing taxi. The driver loaned him the money, he paid his bill, and the driver took him home, where he was repaid.

"You see," said Oliver, "they will always let you have the money, for they are sure to collect." He said that this ingenious scheme had added a new joy to his life.

His love for everybody, and specially for his lovable wife, is one of the most beautiful things about him. I met him one day when he seemed somewhat depressed. "Peggy" had not been up to the mark, and he had got her breakfast for her. He had turned on the water in the bath tub, and then gone away and prepared the breakfast. He lived in an apartment, and the water ran over, but he said nothing of this. He merely concluded his account with: "The people on the floor below seemed annoyed."

Another story I heard about him which, however, I have not verified, although I am assured that it is true, concerns itself with a lion.

Oliver, as everybody ought to know, is one of the best delineators of cats in the country. He wanted to make a close study of a cat, and as a lion is only a large cat, he thought of nothing else but lions for days. He spoke of it one day to Charles Dillingham, who at that time was running the Hippodrome.

"We have a perfectly docile lion that I will lend you," said Dillingham. "He is quite harmless."

The lion was delivered at Oliver's apartment, and with some

difficulty was gotten upstairs into his studio. He sat in a corner, while Oliver started to make sketches. But the surroundings were strange, and suddenly the lion began to roar. The other people in the apartment, very much disturbed, insisted that Oliver must get the animal out. Assisted by several helpers, he got him down to the street, where he called an old-fashioned hansom. Oliver and the lion got into this cab and started back to the Hippodrome. Opposite Thirty-fourth Street they were excavating for a large building. The lion, startled by the noises, suddenly leaped out of the cab and ran down into the excavation. Finally, however, he was rescued and delivered back to Dillingham.

One of the first stories attributed to Oliver was the bee story, of the man who, visiting the country, was served with honey, and remarked: "I see you keep a bee." Bishop Potter used to tell this story with relish.

Still another was of the insistent woman who called Oliver up, asking him to dinner on Thursday.

"I cannot come Thursday."

"Well, how about Friday?"

"I am sorry, but not Friday."

"Well, then, would Saturday, or possibly Sunday——"

"Oh, hell! make it Thursday."

His reputation for not keeping his engagements, however, is in my opinion very much overestimated, as I have always found him quite punctilious. But he has a natural horror of being bored, and also he has the absent-mindedness which goes with genius. His manner toward his own assumed shortcoming is very gentle and considerate. Once he responded to a dinner invitation from a woman he liked. When he sat down, he noticed the chair next to him was unoccupied. Turning to the hostess he said, sweetly:

"If I were not here myself, I should know that vacant chair was mine."

It is in the Players' Club that Oliver is best known, best appreciated, and best loved. Edward Simmons, who is a grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson and a mural painter of great celebrity, tells in his book ("From Seven to Seventy") about Herford and, if I mistake not, relates one of the most celebrated anecdotes about him. Simmons, even by his own account and admission, has long been a deadly talker. Oliver, who had been subjected to one of his discourses, put up a sign over the rear window: "Exit in case of Simmons."

But Simmons did not tell another story, which I believe is authentic. Simmons was sitting one day quite alone, in a room in the club, when Oliver came in hurriedly. Seeing Simmons, he started back, but was too late.

"Look here," said Simmons, "I have been grossly insulted. A member of this club just asked me if I would accept one hundred dollars to resign. What shall I do?"

Oliver thought for a moment and replied:

"If I were you, I would hold out for a better offer."

These stories show simply that good fellowship is immune from humour, for, as a matter of fact, Simmons is a most interesting man, even if he does talk too much.

LIZZIES

Henry Ford, having purchased an antique stagecoach, now invests in an ancient hansom cab. He must be gathering a family tree for Lizzie.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

"Nothing Doing."—According to an English weekly, one of the principal industries in America seems to be inventing funny stories about Mr. Henry Ford and his cars. Here is the latest one. A little country lad was given a dollar for a birthday present. He had heard that the Ford cars were quite cheap, so he wrote up for one. The letter came into the hands of Mr. Ford himself, who was so tickled by its contents that he caused an answer to be sent to the writer asking him to call at the factory. Here he was received by the manager, who gravely accepted his dollar and gave him a receipt for it.

"Now, my lad," he said, kindly, "go round and choose the car you like best."

The boy wandered round for two or three hours examining various specimen cars.

"Well?" said the manager, after the boy had made a thorough inspection.

"Please, I'd like my dollar back," said the boy.

In the opinion of Mr. Henry Ford history is "bunk." If we didn't hate slang we should say, "Nix on you, Henry, for being some go-getter when handing out the dope."—*Punch.*

Most flivver wrecks are due to tight nuts.—*Columbia Record.*

This will go down in automobile history, we suppose, as the Elizabethan Age.—*Columbia Record.*

The Quiver In the Flivver.—The minister had dictated his sermon to a new stenographer. The subject was "The Joy of Youth," and he quoted as his text a well-known sentence from the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Psalm.

Being better acquainted with modern transportation facilities than with ancient archery, the typist rendered the passage, "Happy is the man that hath his flivver full of them."

Which, after all, simply expresses the sentiment in a more literal way.—*The Continent* (*Chicago*).

Going Up.—Mr. Henry Ford has now completed arrangements for the mass production of airplanes. We are glad to hear of this determined effort to raise American humour to a higher level.—*Humorist.*

Yes, Yes!

THREE 1923 FORD TOURINGS

PICK OUT one of these knockouts at $200; at this price they won't last long. Tel. Revere 1150.—*Classified ad. in the Boston Traveler.*

It used to be the man-in-the-street. Now it's the man-in-the-Ford.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

One thing you can say for the flivver: It rattles before it strikes.—*Little Rock* (*Ark.*) *Gazette.*

Real Tolerance—JACKSON—I have a Ford; what car have you?

EVERETT—A Packard.

JACKSON—Well, that's a good car, too!—*O. E. R. Bulletin* (*Ottawa*).

HONK.—While you were reading this, Henry Ford made ten dollars.—*Lampoon.*

Henry Ford is going to build a factory in Egypt. That'll show the Sphinx whether it's wise to lie about in the desert.—*Punch.*

The Ford taxi suddenly came to a halt in the middle of the street.

"What is the matter?" called the man from the back seat.

"I thought the young lady said 'stop,'" answered the chauffeur.

"Well, she wasn't speaking to you, was she?"—*Specialty Salesman.*

Latest Automatic Churn.—Farmers are said to be considering the delivery of milk by Fords. Butter ought to be cheap soon.—*Passing Show.*

TO HENRY

"*History is all bunk,*"
Henry Ford declares,
Mightiest of modern
Multi-millionaries;
And the bold assertion
Cannot be ignored
Coming from the mouth of
Mr. Henry Ford.

Horror of the highbrows
And the cultured few
For his strangely narrow
Concentrated view;
Never grinding faces
While acquiring grist
And extorting homage
From the Socialist;

Lord of vast resources
By his toil amassed,
Wholly disregarding
Lessons of the past;
Lore of ancient Romans,
Lore of ancient Greeks
Move him not, the biggest
Of successful freaks.

From *Punch.*

Hannibal, who thirsted
For the Roman scalps,
With tremendous labour
Climbed across the Alps;
But his schemes miscarried—
So the tale records—
Through a transport based on
Elephants, not Fords.

Cæsar, Bonaparte,
Pericles and Pitt
Did not lack ambition,
Brains or solid grit;
But with mass production
And combustion's aid,
Golly! what a wondrous
World they might have made.

Shakespeare lived with actors,
Haunted tavern bars,
Dreaming not of tractors
Or of motor cars;
Milton, prince of scholars,
Sold his "*Paradise*"
Just for twenty dollars
At their present price.

Dante was no better
Than a mystic monk
Navigating Dreamland
In a Chinese junk;

How then, if not blindly
In reaction sunk,
Can we doubt the dictum,
"History's all bunk"?

Wherefore, pride and marvel
Of a hustling age,
I salute you, Henry,
Not as seer or sage,
But as looming hugely
Mid the wildly blest
Sons of the "Gigantic
Daughter of the West."

A STUDY IN JOURNALISM

BY

FREDERIC L. WALTERS

As the District Reporter Telephones It in to the Rewrite Man

"'Lo, Bill? This is Mac. Got a little story about a girl jumpin' off the dock at East Ninety-sixth Street. Nothin' but a press-agent stunt, but—you know—you can fix it up. Wants to break into the movies, I guess. Had her press agent right with her. I smelled him out as soon as I got there.

"Girl's name is Barbara—B for Benjamin-a-r-b for Benjamin-a-r-a. Last name, Wynn—W-y-n-n; nineteen, she says, but she's twenty-six if she's a day. . . . Pretty? Naw, face'd stop a clock. Says she came here two weeks ago from Kokomo, Indiana, but she's got a Bronx accent. Tried to get a job, she says, and told a sob story about how her money ran out and she decided to say good-bye to a cold crool world. You know all that bunk.

"Well, anyway, she stands on the dock and screams three times, loud as she can, so's to be sure to attract attention, and then she jumps in. The watchman was asleep, but her press agent yells to Patrolman Thomas Cooney of the East One-Hundred-and-fourth Street Station, and he goes in after her. . . .

"Risk his life? That big bum never risked nothin' yet. He pushed out in a boat and leaned over to reach her, but the fat slob leaned too far and fell in himself. Gosh, I nearly died when they told me about it.

"Well, he grabs the girl with one hand and holds on to the boat with the other until the watchman wakes up and throws

From *Saturday Evening Post.* By permission. Copyright by the Curtis Publishing Company.

a rope and pulls 'em in. If the truth was known I bet the girl could swim like a fish. They called an ambulance and Doctor Johnson of Flower Hospital give her first aid for submersion, only she didn't need it. Thass all."

As the Rewrite Man's Story Appears in the Paper

One more butterfly—her wings singed by the cruel white lights of Broadway—tried to end her earthly troubles to-day in the East River, whose cold and dark but sometimes kindly waters have given surcease to so many weary ones before her.

Barbara Wynn, a pretty bob-haired girl of nineteen, leaped from the dock at East Ninety-sixth Street shortly after two o'clock this afternoon. Only for the heroism of Patrolman Thomas Cooney of the East One-hundred-and-fourth Street Station, one more name would have been added to the tragic list of a great city's victims.

The girl's low moan of despair just before she took her plunge attracted the attention of the alert watchman on the pier. He shouted to Patrolman Thomas Cooney, who happened to be passing, and Cooney, without even stopping to shed his tunic, leaped into the icy river after her.

A few vigorous strokes brought him to the girl's side just as she was going down for the third time. The icy waters so paralysed his strength, however, that Cooney's gallant attempt might have cost him his life had not the watchman thrown him a rope and pulled them both to the pier. An ambulance was summoned and Doctor Johnson of Flower Hospital revived the unconscious girl with a pulmotor.

When her strength returned Miss Wynn told a pitiful story of how she came here two weeks ago from her home in Kokomo, Indiana, hoping to make a name for herself, on the stage. Day after day she sought a hearing with producing managers, but met nothing but rebuffs. Tuesday she spent her last penny and yesterday she decided to end it all.

BROAD AND NARROW CASTINGS

About all we can do is to put a radio set, a Mah-Jongg game, and a cross-word puzzle in a locked room and let them fight it out.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Selectivity.—Two Emporia men were discussing their radios. Said one:

"Ours is the best little set in the world. The other night we got Los Angeles and Havana."

"Well," said the other, "ours is a selective set. I heard a violin and banjo playing Sunday night at Pittsburgh and I tuned out the violin."—*Emporia Gazette.*

Sir Oliver Lodge describes the human eye as a radio receiver. Some of the ladies manage to do a good deal of broadcasting with it, too.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

The Radio Instinct.—IRATE WIFE (*discovering scofflaw husband on front steps fiddling with doorknob*)—What are you doing there, Webster?

HUSBAND (*continuing to turn knob*)—Pshh! I'm trying to get Pittsburgh!—*New York Sun.*

A jazz band is a comfort on the radio. You can't tell which part is static.—*Jackson Clarion-Ledger.*

MISTRESS (*pointing out cobweb*)—Your master wants to know whether you've seen this?

New Maid—Yes, that was there when I coom—something to do with yer radio, ain't it?—*Punch.*

You can't work up a revolution in a land where nothing really worries the common people except static.—*Davenport Times.*

Locating the Trouble.—Practical Youngster—Mother, this is th' fifth time I've asked God f'r a new first-baseman's mitt—an' I haven't got it yet! D'ya s'pose my wave-length's wrong?—*Life.*

In the course of time radio may confer the benefit of bringing about a standardized pronunciation of the American-English language.—*Washington Star.*

"Radio is a wonderful invention."

"It is, indeed," answered Mr. Meekton. "I can't get over being surprised at the way Henrietta will sit quietly and let it monopolize the conversation."—*Washington Star.*

Several European scientists are coming here to study the influenza ge m. They might also examine such typical insects as the Presidential bee, the Broadway butterfly, the cross-word puzzle pest, and the radio bug.—*Life.*

The latest malady is a slight deafness known as "wireless ear." On the other hand, the wearing of head phones tends to improve the appearance of those whose ears flap in the breeze.—*Punch.*

Almost.—"I understand you got rid of your loud speaker."

"Well, not exactly. I'm still paying her alimony."—*Central Wesleyan Star.*

"I told my son that he was not giving enough attention to the classics," remarked the conscientious parent. "I reproached him for not knowing the difference between the Iliad and the Odyssey."

"Was he properly apologetic?"

"Not at all. He merely said nobody could know everything, and asked me if I knew the difference between crystal receptivity and a neutrodyne."—*Washington Star.*

Unruly Waves.—In 1930. "Central! You've given me the wrong wave-length!"—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Who Knows?—"Pa," inquired his strictly up-to-the-minute offspring, playing with his radio set, "what's the wave-length for Santa Claus?"—*Western Christian Advocate.*

What we can't understand about the radio is how the static knows you have company that night.—*Roanoke World News.*

The radio is still far behind the grade crossing as a means of establishing contact with the Infinite.—*Life.*

"IF I TOLD HIM"

A Completed "Portrait" of Pablo Picasso, in an Eccentric Modern Manner

BY

GERTRUDE STEIN

EDITOR'S [Vanity Fair] NOTE: *Gertrude Stein's first portrait of Pablo Picasso, the celebrated Spanish painter who makes his residence in Paris, has become well known to a large public. With the development of Miss Stein's eccentric style, however, the author became discontented with her former "portrait" and has recently written the "portrait" here presented, which, though it will probably be unintelligible to most readers, she believes to be more expressive of the artist and of her spiritual attitude toward his work.*

IF I told him would he like it. Would he like it if I told him.

Would he like it would Napoleon would Napoleon would he like it.

If Napoleon if I told him if I told him if Napoleon. Would he like it if I told him if I told him if Napoleon. Would he like it if Napoleon if Napoleon if I told him. If I told him if Napoleon if Napoleon if I told him. If I told him would he like it would he like it if I told him.

Now. Not now. And now. Now.

Exactly as as kings.

Feeling full for it.

Exactitude as kings.

So to beseech you as full as for it.

Exactly or as kings.

From *Vanity Fair*. By permission.

Shutters shut and open so do queens. Shutters shut and shutters and so shutters shut and shutters and so and so shutters and so shutters shut and so shutters shut and shutters and so. And so shutters shut and so and also. And also and so and so and also.

Exact resemblance to exact resemblance the exact resemblance as exact as a resemblance, exactly as resembling, exactly resembling, exactly in resemblance exactly a resemblance, exactly and resemblance. For this is so. Because.

Now actively repeat at all, now actively repeat at all, now actively repeat at all.

Have hold and hear, actively repeat at all.

I judge judge.

As a resemblance to him.

Who comes first. Napoleon the first.

Who comes too coming coming too, who goes there, as they go they share, who shares all, all is as all, as as yet or as yet.

Now to date now to date. Now and now and date and the date.

Who came first Napoleon at first. Who came first Napoleon the first. Who came first, Napoleon first.

Presently.

Exactly do they do.

First exactly. Exactly do they do too.

First exactly. And first exactly.

Exactly do they do.

And first exactly and exactly.

And do they do.

At first exactly and first exactly and do they do.

The first exactly. And do they do.

The first exactly. At first exactly.

First as exactly. As first as exactly.

Presently. As presently.

As as presently.

He he he he and he and he and and he and he and he and and as and as he and as he and he. He is and as he is, and as he is and he is, he is and as he and he and as he is and he and he and and he and he.

Can curls rob can curls quote, quotable.

As presently.

As exactitude.

As trains. Has trains. Has trains.

As trains. As trains.

Proportions.

Presently.

As proportions as presently.

Father and farther.

Was the king or room.

Farther and whether.

Was there was there was there what was there was there what was there was there there was there.

Whether and in there.

As even say so.

One. I land.

Two. I land.

Three. The land.

Three. The land.

Three. The land.

Two. I land.

Two. I land.

One. I land.

Two. I land.

As a so. They cannot.

A note. They cannot.

A float. They cannot.

They dote. They cannot.

They as denote. Miracles play.
Play fairly. Play fairly well.
A well. As well.
As or as presently.
Let me recite what history teaches. History teaches.

THE FABLE OF THE OLD GRAD WHO CAME BACK

Once upon a time an Old Grad decided to revisit the scenes of his College Days, so he packed his carpetbag and caught the east-bound train for his old Alma Mater and the Fraternity. On the train he leaned back in his day-coach chair and chuckled intermittently as he thought of the Sensation old Jay Spivus would create as he alighted in the Depot. Even at this moment, thought old Jay as he lighted a Five Cent Cigar, little Groups were sitting about various Hearths discussing the famous End Run he had made back in the Olden Days. He sighed complacently and spat out of the Window.

When the Train Snorted into the Station old Jay stepped from the Coach and cast his Eye about for a glimpse of the Fraternity Boys who were supposed to meet Him. They were not there. A bewildered Expression clouded his Face and He hailed a Cab and squeezed his rotund Body in the Back Seat of a seven-passenger Car along with Nine Others.

Arriving at the Fraternity, He climbed the Stairs and rang the old Bell. A freshman opened the Door, looked at old

Jay, and squeaked that some Dam Bill Collector was here. Jay heard the Fraternity Commissary make a Break for Refuge. He scanned the Freshman haughtily.

"I am not a Dam Bill Collector," He said.

"Well, We don't want to Buy Anything," was the little Freshman's Comeback. Old Jay grew Purple and pushed His Opponent Aside. The House President blocked his way. Jay Spivus trembled in Anger.

"Good God!" He bellowed, "I'm Jay Spivus."

"No one said that You were Addison Sims, did They?" retorted the House President. Old Jay displayed his Pin on his Vest and fell to the Floor exhausted.

"Welcome, Old Grad," said the House President Forally. "Freshman Dingle will now search you for Intoxicants, whereupon You will be locked in Your Room until the Big Game, so that You will not have the Opportunity to make an Ass of Yourself and the Fraternity."

Old Jay looked about puzzledly and then picked up his Grip. "If That's the case," He said sadly, "I guess I'll keep the $10,000 I was going to donate to the Fraternity."

The House President Fell Dead.

Moral—Be Sure It's Garbage before You throw it away.

—From the Missouri Outlaw.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

(*In Other Words, Our Rulers*)

A Western politician was informed that he was the father of triplets. He demanded a recount.—*New York American.*

When the world gets through broadening the minds of the younger generation, how about doing a little something in the matter of their depth?—*Detroit News.*

Glovemakers report that American women's hands are growing larger. A painful outlook for the coming small boy. —*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Japanese Schoolboy Howlers.—Q. What do you light a cigaret with?

A. (1) Yes, I like it very much. (2) With hand.

Q. What is the last letter of the English alphabet?

A. Yours truly.

Q. Why do we use mosquito nets?

A. (1) To catch a bird. (2) It is used to protect the moquito.

Q. What is an alarm clock?

A. (1) Arm clock is tied by the arm. (2) If you put it at 6:50 to berst, it will be berst.

Q. What meter is Tennyson's "Ulysses" written in?

A. (1) In diameter. (2) Thermometer. (3) It is written in meterphor.—*T. P.'s Weekly* (*London*).

MOTHER—When I was young girls never thought of doing the things they do to-day.

DAUGHTER—Well, that's why they didn't do them!—*Humorist.*

Chronological.—In a collection of stories more or less legendary there is a mushroom growth about the youthful personality of one of the child-actor-residents of Hollywood. This one has been quoted to illustrate the wit that is such a ubiquitous quality in that moving-picture locality.

At a reception given at one of the big Hollywood studios, a feminine visitor, no longer in her first youth, chucked a boy star actor under the chin and said:

"Are you too old to be kissed?"

Jerking his chin away the little boy replied, "No, but you are."—*Argonaut.*

What the small boy doesn't understand is why they retain grown-ups to judge jam exhibits at state fairs.—*Detroit Press.*

The film child's gravest problem as he grows older is how to keep his parents in the style to which he has accustomed them.—*Detroit News.*

The Last.—A well-known author was vainly endeavouring to write the other morning, when he was repeatedly interrupted by his six-year-old son. "If you ask me one more question," the harassed writer declared at last, "I will go out and drown myself."

"Father," came the small voice, "may I come out and see you do it?"—*Dublin Evening Herald.*

If you think the idea of self-determination didn't take hold, study modern children.—*Associated Editors* (*Chicago*).

Qualified Invitation.—Walter was going to have a birthday party and his mother insisted on his inviting, among others, a neighbour's boy with whom he had quarrelled. He finally promised he would do so, but on the day of the party the neighbour's boy failed to show up. Walter's mother became suspicious.

"Did you invite Charlie?" she asked.

"Of course I did, Mother."

"And did he say he would come?"

"No," explained Walter. "I invited him to come, but I dared him to."—*Boston Transcript.*

Polite Under Temptation.—AUNT—And were you a very good little girl at church this morning, Sallie?

SALLIE—Oh, yes, Aunty. A man offered me a big plate full of money, and I said "No, thank you."—*American Legion Weekly.*

No wonder Cain turned out badly. There wasn't a single book on child psychology.—*Vancouver Sun.*

"Is the world round?" a schoolma'am asked the little boy.

"No'm," said he.

"It isn't, eh? Is it flat, then?"

"No'm."

"Are you crazy, child? If the world isn't round and isn't flat, what is it?"

"Pop says it's crooked," said the little boy.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Willing Spirit, Weak Flesh.—MOTHER—Jimmie, what would you like to give your cousin Tim for his birthday?

JIMMIE—I know, but I'm not big enough!—*Answers.*

Safe.—A bright little girl, aged four, and her brother, aged six, were spending the night with their aunt. When bedtime came the aunt asked them how they said their prayers. The little girl answered: "Sometimes I say them on Muddy's knees and sometimes to the side of the bed."

"And how about you, little boy?" asked the aunt.

"Oh, I don't need to pray. I sleep with Daddy."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Efficiency System.—MARJORIE (*going to bed*)—Mother, I needn't brush the tooth the dentist is going to pull to-morrow, need I?—*Boston Transcript.*

This generation can drive automobiles, fly airplanes, talk by radio, and do many other things, but it is not quite so sure that it knows how to bring up children.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Flying Angel.—"Do angels have wings, Mummy?"

"Yes, darling."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then when is nursie going to fly, 'cause Daddy called her an angel last night?"

"To-morrow, darling."—*The Times of Cuba* (*Havana*).

It is a good idea to kiss the children good-night, if you don't mind waiting up for them.—*Peru* (*Ind.*) *Tribune.*

A youth who had just left school succeeded in obtaining a position as office boy. His first duty was to answer the telephone. The manager asked him if he understood it, but the young hopeful admitted that he did not.

"Well," said the former, "here's the 'phone. When the

bell rings you take off the receiver and place it to your ear, when you will hear a voice say, 'Are you there?' and you answer 'Yes,' or 'No,' as the case may be!"—*Tit-Bits.*

To Avoid Explosions.—I hear that the very latest type of small boy's waistcoat for Christmas wear is fitted with an ingenious safety valve which sounds a warning whistle before bursting-point is reached.—*Passing Show.*

The teacher was trying to impress upon her class the importance of doing right at all times and, to bring out the answer, "Bad habits," she inquired: "What is it that we find so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?" There was silence for a moment and then one girl answered, "Bed."—*Galloway Flashlight.*

The Young Idea

(*Some answers from an Indiana public school examination*)

The Bosphorus is the dull light that comes from decayed wood you see in swamps at night.

A civil war is a war fought by people who are civilized and not savages, so that they try to kill each other as painlessly and as soon as they can, without torturing them.

Secession is the shock you get when something hits you on the head.

A peninsula is a bird that lives on icebergs. You see pictures of them in news reels.

When a temperature is Fahrenheit, it is hotter than when it is Centigrade.

It is liquid measure when it spills out of the thing it is in, and dry measure when it stays in.

Larvæ are the streams of molten rock that come out of volcanoes when they erupt.

The earliest known inhabitants of America were prehistoric, and nothing is known about them.

Glaciers are men who fix your windows.—*Judge.*

It was raining, and two boys were trying to hit upon a game that might suit the circumstances. One said to the other:

"I know, Alf. Let's see who can make the ugliest face."

"Garn!" said the other, "look at the start you've got!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

VISITOR.—Are you going to be a great man when you grow up, Willie?

WILLIE—You bet! I'm going to be an Arctic explorer.

"An arctic explorer's life is full of hardships, Willie."

"Yes'm. But I can stand 'em, I reckon."

"I like your spirit, my boy. There is a great deal of glory to be gained in a career of that kind."

"Yes'm, and you don't never have to wash your face."—*Passing Show.*

The Rising Tide.—Evening prayer of the ethnologist's little boy: "God bless Mamma and Papa, and please maintain the Nordic supremacy!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"I'm very careful; I always send my children out of the house before I quarrel with my husband."

"The little dears, they look so healthy from spending their time in the open air."—*Szczutek* (*Lwow*).

Just an Empty.—Six-year-old Freddy, bred in the city, was on his first visit to his uncle's farm. At breakfast he heard that his uncle's Jersey cow had been stolen during the night.

"That's a good joke on the man who stole her," was Freddy's comment.

"Why?" asked his uncle.

"Why, just before supper last night the hired man took all the milk out of her."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Time Out.—LITTLE GIRL (*disturbed at her prayers by her teasing young brother*)—Pardon me a minute while I kick Herbie.—*Brown Jug.*

Oh, Joy!—FATHER (*taking small boy to dentist*)—Well, I've rung three times, and there doesn't seem to be any answer.

SMALL BOY (*hopefully*)—I wonder if he's dead!—*Punch.*

A jury at Howell failed to convict a boy on a charge of stealing a dog. A boy never steals a dog, of course. They just grin and go away together.—*E. C. A., in Detroit News.*

LADY (*to applicant for position of nursemaid*)—Why were you discharged from your last place?

APPLICANT—Because I sometimes forgot to wash the children, mum.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN—Oh, Mamma, please engage her! —*Tit-Bits.*

"Now, children," said the teacher, "write down all you have learned about King Alfred, and *don't* say anything about the burning of the cakes, I want to find out what else you know."

Half an hour later wee Jeanie handed in her effort:

"King Alfred visited a lady at a cottage, but the less said about it the better."—*Tit-Bits.*

SMALL GIRL (*at fashion parade*)—Mummy, what time are the manikins fed?—*Punch.*

Last and Hardest.—TEACHER—What were the different ages in history?

WILLIE—The stone age, bronze age, iron age.

TEACHER—What age are we living in now?

WILLIE—The hard-boiled age.—*Vancouver Province.*

Taking His Time.—MOTHER—Have you said your prayers, Bobby?

BOBBY—Yes, Mother.

MOTHER—And did you ask God to make you a good boy?

BOBBY—Yes, Mother—but not yet.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Im sorry, my boy, but I only punish you because I love you."

"I'm s-sorry, Dad, that I'm n-not b-big enough to return your l-love!"—*Passing Show.*

"Marjory always finds something to laugh at, even in the most depressing situations. She has a corking sense of humour, hasn't she?"

"Nonsense! She has a corking set of teeth."—*Life.*

Versatile Child.—"Good gracious!" said the visiting bachelor, "does your baby always cry that way?"

"Oh, dear, no!" responded his host. "He has quite an extensive repertoire. This is only one of his lighter performances, he reserves his heavy work for 2 A. M."—*Western Christian Advocate* (*Cincinnati*).

Who Comes After Her?—YOUNG MAN—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister? Who comes after her?

SMALL BOY—Nobody ain't come yet; but Pa says the ffrst fellow that comes can have her.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

How the Trouble Started.—Little Lucy (*to guest*)—Do you like that cake, Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, dear, very much.

"That's funny, 'cause Mother said you haven't any taste."—*Tit-Bits.*

"I'm sorry to have to do this," said little Bobbie, as he spread the jam on the baby's face, "but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

As the train was about to start, a very stout man struggled into a carriage and sank into a seat, breathing heavily. A small boy who sat opposite appeared to be fascinated. His ardent gaze eventually began to annoy the stout man, who demanded, angrily:

"Why are you staring at me?"

"Please, sir," replied the lad, "there's nowhere else to look."—*Argonaut.*

Mother—Johnny, if you eat any more you'll burst.

Johnny—Well, pass the cakes, Mother, and get out of the way.—*London Mail.*

Not Much!—Five-year-old William came down from the city with his mother to spend the week-end with his aunt and little cousin Virginia, the latter also five years old. When bedtime came William's mother found that in the hurry of getting away she had forgotten to bring her little son's pajamas.

"Never mind," said the aunt, "he can wear one of Virginia's nightgowns,"

William looked his extreme disgust. Being too well behaved to make a scene, however, he went dutifully to bed.

But the next morning when she entered William's room, his mother saw the nightgown lying in the middle of the floor.

"William," she said, when he had awakened, "why did you take off this nightgown?" And she held the discarded garment accusingly before his eyes.

"Do you think," he asked witheringly, "that I was going to wear that thing all night and wake up this morning a girl?"

Another good way to teach a boy the art of defending himself is to let him wear long curls.—*Wichita Falls Record-News.*

The teacher was about to give her class a lesson on some of the most famous myths and legends of the past. Before beginning, however, she thought she would ask the scholars a question or two to see what ideas they had, if any, about the subject.

"Now, can any one tell me what a myth is?" she asked.

A solitary hand was raised, and a voice exclaimed:

"Please, miss, it's a female moth."—*Argonaut.*

An Exception.—"Tommy, stop eating with your fingers."

"But, Mamma, weren't fingers made before forks?"

"Not yours, Tommy."—*American Legion Weekly.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—Every child who would like to go to Heaven one day, stand up.

(All class jumped up but little Bobby.)

TEACHER—Bobby, is it possible that you do not want to go to Heaven?

BOBBY—Not with that bunch.—*College Comics.*

Unusual Recipe.—A grocer who was in the habit of printing his advertisements under the heading of "Advice

to Housewives" recently published the following advertisement which brought many enthusiastic letters of approval:

Our Advice to Mothers

If you want to preserve children, follow these directions:

Take

1 large grassy field
½ dozen children
2 or 3 small dogs
A pinch of brook and pebbles

Mix children and dogs well together and put them in field, stirring constantly. Pour brook over pebbles, sprinkle field with flowers, spread over all a deep blue sky, and bake in the sun. When brown, remove, and set to cool in a bathtub.—*Progressive Grocer.*

LITTLE MOLLY (*to Grandpa*)—And can you remember Queen Victoria?

GRANDPA—Yes, dear. You see, I am a lot older than you are.

MOLLY—How much older must I grow before I can remember her?—*Tit-Bits.*

Mother was very careful indeed about the upbringing of her little son, Tommy, particularly careful about the matter of grace, and she always made a point of keeping him up to the scratch in this respect. It made no difference to her rule even when they had luncheon or tea at a restaurant, as happened a short time ago.

After the waitress had served the tea, Mother said to Tommy:

"Now, say grace, please, Tommy."

Tommy looked up in surprise.

"But, Mamma," objected the small boy, "we're paying for this, aren't we?"—*Argonaut.*

MOTHER—And who was your teacher in Sunday School to-day?

BARBARA—The one who knows God so well.—*Life.*

Bessie, in town with her mother, caught sight of a bald-headed man.

"Oh, Mother," she exclaimed, "just see that man! He hasn't a hair on his head. Isn't it sad?"

"Hush!" replied her mother. "He will hear you."

"Oh!" said Bessie, in subdued tones, "doesn't he know it?"

This story emanates from the dean of Chester and it illustrates the advantages of compression in speech. A little friend of his had been asked to tell the story of Elisha. Her reply was: "Elisha had a bear and the children mocked him, and he said: 'If you mock me I will set my bear on you, and it will eat you up.' And they did, and he did, and it did."

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—What are the things that count most in this life?

SMALL BOY (*fresh from a visit to his dad's store*)—Adding machines.—*Progressive Grocer.*

Little George came to his mother apparently in great distress of mind.

"Why, what is the matter, sonny boy?" she sympathetically inquired.

"Well, Mother, I'm in an awful fix. I can't decide whether to marry Mary or Ethel when I grow up. You see, Mary is awful pretty, but" (here was a long meditative pause) "Ethel has a white rat!"

LIMERICKS

NOTE: Limericks continue to be the most broadly popular form of very light verse, and the limerick contest—as a circulation raiser for newspapers and low-brow periodicals—continues to hold its own. The following observations, with sample limericks, are from an article by Langford Reed.

THE LURE OF THE LIMERICK

BY

LANGFORD REED

HAVING survived the ordeal of examining more than 16,000 limericks, in connection with my volume, "The Complete Limerick Book," it has occurred to me that the compositions and opinions of a number of well-known people, to whom I wrote, can hardly fail to interest the readers of *The International Book Review.*

Three distinguished writers, it is regrettable to state, thought fit to cast aspersions upon the character of the limerick. Mr. Bernard Shaw writes:

> There are several personal limericks by D. G. Rossetti, and some by Swinburne, which became known in their generation, but, like the large number of geographical limericks, which preceded them, they are mostly unfit for publication. They must be left to oral tradition, but it may be that in course of time sufficient limericks which shall be decent as well as witty shall accumulate.

Mr. Arnold Bennett believes that "the best limericks are entirely unprintable," but proves the fallacy of such a contention by sending me this ingenious specimen from his own pen:

From the *International Book Review.* By permission.

There was a young man of Montrose,
Who had pockets in none of his clothes.
When asked by his lass
Where he carried his brass,
He said, "Darling, I pay through the nose."

Mr. Arthur Wimperis is the only member of the distinguished trio who offers any evidence in support of his view that "the only limericks in my experience of any literary merit are distinctly Rabelaisian," but the witty and ingenious composition he has been kind enough to send me, about the Young Widow of Filey, will *not* be found in my book.

It is lamentable that the limerickal repertoires of these three brilliant gentlemen should, apparently, consist mainly of specimens which can not be retailed in public without dislocating the amenities of polite society, and I am proud to have the privilege of providing them with some first-class examples which do not come within that scope. Here is an original specimen sent me by the famous Dean Inge, of St. Paul's:

There was a good Canon of Durham,
Who swallowed a hook and a worrum,
Said the Dean to the Bishop,
"I've brought a big fish up,
But I fear we may have to inter'm."

The following example is by the "gloomy Dean's" brother, the Rev. Charles Inge:

There once was a madam called Tussaud,
Who loved the grand folks in "Who's Who" so,
That she made them in wax,
Both their fronts and their backs,
And asked no permission to do so.

Apropos the Inge family, I have received from a great friend of theirs, Mr. H. G. Dixey, of Oxford, what he calls "this scandalous production by my father":

Our Vicar is good Mr. Inge.
One evening he offered to sing,
  So we asked him to stoop,
  Put his head in a loop,
And pulled at each end of the string.

A felicitous example has been sent me by the Right Reverend J. E. C. Welldon, the genial Dean of Durham, who writes: "This limerick is at least original, even if it be an original sin." Here is that "sin" recorded:

There was a young man of Havana,
Said, "Love ends in smoke, for the manner
  Of smoking, I vow
  So effeminate now
Has become, that I cannot have Anna.

From that brilliant young padre of the Roman Catholic Church, Father Ronald Knox, I have received an original "Modernist Prayer" in limerick form, as follows:

Oh God, for as much as without Thee
We are not enabled to doubt Thee,
  Help us all by Thy Grace
  To convince the whole race
It knows nothing, whatever, about Thee.

Other original specimens, which well-known people have been kind enough to send me, or which I have otherwise acquired, include the following:

There was a young boy of Quebec,
Who fell through some ice to his neck.
When asked, "Are you friz?"
He replied, "Yes, I is,
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."
—Rudyard Kipling.

There was a young lady of Luton,
Who never could get the right boot on.
She said, "To explain
Is too hard for the brain.
It has never been tried the right foot on."
—Coulson Kernahan.

There was an old man who said "Motion
A state is of comical notion,
It would seem to connote
That a single U-boat
Could be at two spots in the ocean."
—J. St. Loe Strachey.

There was a young lady of Zenda,
Whose language was loving and tender.
She said to her beau,
"Down to Richmond we'll go,
And we'll dine at the Star and—Suspender."
—Seymour Hicks.

An eccentric old person of Slough,
Who took all his meals with a cow,
Always said, "It's uncanny,
She's so like Aunt Fanny."
But he never would indicate how.
—George Robey.

There was a young curate of Hants,
Who suddenly took off his pants.
When asked why he did,
He replied, "To get rid
Of this regular army of ants."

—E. V. Knox.

A pretty young actress, a stammerer,
Knew acting in theatres would damn her.
A producer (film genus)
Engaged her as "Venus,"
The rest of the story's "in camera."

—Eille Norwood.

After all these limericks by famous people, the writer of this article is emboldened to venture one of his own:

A cheery young fellow of Datchet,
Attempted to shave with a hatchet,
When his nose he did sever
He exclaimed, "No, I'll never
Have nasal catarrh—I can't catch it!"

Most people, even those who ought to know better, look upon Edward Lear as the originator of the limerick, although he expressly states, in his preface to the third edition of his "Book of Nonsense," that for the general idea of his verses he was indebted to a friend who recounted to him a certain rhyme beginning, "There was an old man of Tobago." Limericks were in vogue a good many years before "The Book of Nonsense" first saw the light in 1846, for during recent researches I have discovered a whole string of them in a chapbook published by the Yorkshire Publishing Com-

pany, of Otley, in 1824. They deal with the adventures of Dame Trott and other legendary figures of the nursery. But the first limerick ever composed was orally popular probably a century or two before that. If I cannot locate the date, I believe I can locate the limerick, namely, the famous and ancient nursery rhyme beginning, "Dickory, Dickory Dock."

To Edward Lear certainly belongs the credit for making the limerick popular, although his verses are greatly inferior to those of the living limerick laureates, from whom I have already quoted. The great weakness of Lear's limericks arises from their poor last lines, which are invariably repetitious and rarely climactic. In justice to him, it should be remembered that his rhymes were composed for little children and not for mature consideration. Here is a typical example:

There was a young lady of Wales,
Who caught a large fish without scales;
  When she lifted her hook,
  She exclaimed, "Only look!"
That ecstatic young lady of Wales.

It requires very little talent to make a better limerick on the same geographical name. I am tempted to try it myself:

Said a foolish young lady of Wales,
"A smell of escaped gas prevails."
  Then she searched, with a light,
  And later, that night,
Was collected—in seventeen pails!

With reference to the limericks of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, which Mr. Bernard Shaw says are mostly unfit for publication,

they are undoubtedly scurrilous, but not otherwise objectionable. And their scurrility is singularly impartial, for it spares neither Rossetti's enemies nor his friends, nor even himself.

I have his entire output of limericks in my possession, I believe. Here are five specimens from the total of twenty-four in my collection, nearly all of which, I understand, were impromptu efforts:

As a critic the poet, Buchanan,
Thinks Pseudo much safer than Anon.
  Into Maitland he shrunk,
  But the smell of the skunk
Sends the shuddering nose to Buchanan.

A historical painter, named Brown,
Was in manner and language a clown.
  At epochs of victual
  Both "pudden" and "kittle"
Were expressions familiar to Brown.

There's a combative artist, named Whistler.
Who is, like his own hog-hairs, a bristler.
  A tube of white lead,
  And a punch on the head
Offer varied attractions to Whistler.

There was a poor sneak called Rossetti;
As a painter with many kicks met he—
  With more than a man.
  But sometimes he ran,
And that saved the rear of Rossetti.

There once was a painter named Scott,
Who seemed to have hair, but had not.
He seemed to have sense,
'Twas an equal pretense
On the part of the painter named Scott.

The first of the lampoons given above was prompted by an attack which Robert Buchanan, the poet and novelist, made upon Rossetti in 1871, in the *Contemporary Review*, under the pseudonym of Maitland. The subject of the second was Rossetti's lifelong friend, the famous historical painter, Ford Madox Brown, and the Scott referred to in the last was Thomas Bell Scott, the poet and painter, another intimate friend.

It was not until writers of the kindly humour of W. S. Gilbert and George du Maurier turned their attention to limerickal composition that this form of versification really began to come into its own. For two limericks by the former, special music was composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, a fact which was disputed by a friend of mine, who denied that the great composer ever descended to creating airs for limericks, until I quoted the following:

Oh! My name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,
In blessings and curses,
And ever-filled purses,
In prophecies, witches, and knells.

Gilbert is also said to be the perpetrator of that rather well-known limerick in blank verse:

There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;

When asked, "Does it hurt?"
He replied, "No, it doesn't
But I thought all the while 'twas a hornet."

Personally, I have too much respect for the genius of Gilbert to believe that he could have been guilty of anything so poor.

The author of "Trilby" was responsible for an ingenious French linerick, which, with du Maurier's own translation, also in limerick form, is here appended:

Il était un homme de Madère
Qui frappé le nez à son père;
On demandait: "Pourquoi?"
Il répondit: "Ma foi!
Vous n'avez pas connu mon père!"

A young man from Madeira arose
And punched his progenitor's nose;
When the people asked, "Why?"
He responded, "My eye!
You don't know the old man I suppose!"

Few people would venture to suspect Robert Louis Stevenson of any limerickal propensities, and, indeed, I believe it has been recorded by Mr. Marriott Watson that he lamented his inability in this direction. Nevertheless, it seems almost certain that he was the author of that very whimsical limerick:

There was an old man of the Cape,
Who made himself trousers of tape.
When asked, "Do they tear?"
He replied, "Here and there,
But they're perfectly splendid for shape."

In the past, as now, the clerical profession showed considerable aptitude for making limericks. The following example was written by the late Doctor Bloomfield, who afterward became Bishop of St. Albans, as an aid to the peculiar pronunciation of the name of the town referred to in it:

There was an old lady of Cirencester,
Who went to consult her solicitor.
When he asked for his fee,
She said, "Fiddle de dee!
I merely dropped in as a visitor."

Some of the best limericks have originated in the United States. Here is an ingenious ornithological specimen, by the late Dixon Merritt, an American journalist, who for a time was President of the American Association of Humorists:

A rare old bird is the Pelican
His beak holds more than his belican.
He can take in his beak
Enough food for a week.
I'm darned if I know how the Helican!

Mr. Charles H. Mandy, in sending me this example from Alabama, writes, apropos its popularity: "As the pelican is plentiful on the Gulf Coast, Louisiana is familiarly known as the Pelican State. The above limerick appears on many of the souvenirs of New Orleans and other coast cities."

One of the cleverest of all limericks is the famous one by the late Woodrow Wilson:

As a beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome, by far.

But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
It's the people in front get the jar!

I wrote to many well-known people, asking for their favourite limericks. The Countess of Warwick, while anxious to disclaim any suggestion that she is an authority upon the subject, says she has always considered the following very amusing:

There was an old man of Saxmundham,
Qui habuit ventrem rotundum.
He borrowed five pounds
From a master of hounds
And rudely refused to refund 'em.

The choice of the Marchioness of Townshend is this satiric effort by Mr. Punch:

There was a young poet of Kew,
Who failed to emerge into view.
So he said, "I'll dispense
With rhyme, metre, and sense,"
And he did, and he's now in "Who's Who."

Miss Phyllis Dare informs me that if she could remember all the limericks she has heard she would be able to answer my request more easily. However, she thinks this example one of the best in the whole library of limericks:

There was a young man of Herne Bay,
Who was making some fireworks, one day,
But he dropped his cigar
In the gunpowder jar.
There *was* a young man of Herne Bay.

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, writes: "I have been interested in limericks all my life, particularly metaphysical limericks. The following, by Father Ronald Knox, is, in my opinion, one of the most fascinating ever written":

There was a young man who said, "Damn!
At last I've found out that I am
  A creature that moves
  In determinate grooves,
In fact not a bus, but a tram."

With reference to this burlesque on determinism, Father Knox informs me: "The bus-tram limerick was, I believe, popular in Oxford about twenty years before I came up. The reason why I am supposed to have written it is that I once wrote a companion verse to it, on Idealism, as follows:

There once was a man who said, "God
Must think it exceedingly odd
  If he finds that this tree
  Continues to be
When there's no one about in the Quad."

Mr. Arnold Bennett's opinion, as expressed in a letter to me, is that the best limerick is "The Young Plumber of Leigh." Unfortunately, I am precluded from putting this masterpiece upon record for the reason that it is one of those upon which the distinguished novelist bases his belief that the best limericks are unprintable.

Major Ian Hay declares: "There are so many good limericks that I find it hard to discriminate. But there is one which always occurs to me whenever I cross the Atlantic and

our ship passes Nantucket Light, just outside New York, and makes me chuckle afresh. It is this:

"There was an old man of Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man.
And as for the bucket—Nantucket!"

Mr. Gordon Selfridge's selection also gets its inspiration from the sea. He had just returned from the Continent, and in crossing from the Hook of Holland to Harwich his boat took twelve hours on the journey, instead of the usual five. Therefore he was reminded of this limerick:

There was a young maid of Ostend,
Who swore she'd hold out to the end;
But alas! half way over,
'Twixt Calais and Dover,
She did what she didn't intend.

For his favourite, Dean Inge selects the well-known:

There was an old man of Khartoum,
Who kept two black sheep in his room.
"They remind me," he said,
"Of two friends who are dead,"
But he never would tell us of whom.

Father Ronald Knox selects the traditional limerick which relates:

There was a young man of Devizes,
Whose ears were of different sizes;
The one that was small
Was no use at all,
But the other took several prizes.

If I were asked my own opinion as to the best limerick, I think I should choose the following, which was composed by a well-known clergyman who prefers to remain anonymous:

He is really an absolute lamb,
But when he sat down in the jam,
On taking his seat
At our Sunday-school treat
We all heard our Vicar say, "Stand up, please,
while I say grace!"

A CORRECTION

After Mr. Reed's article had been published it appeared that one of the cleverest of the limericks which Woodrow Wilson was so fond of repeating was not by him. The Wilson Version is repeated as follows:

As a beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome, by far.
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
It's the people in front get the jar!

"This limerick," writes Miss Nadie M. Wilde, of Sharon, Conn., is not by Woodrow Wilson, who repeatedly, both verbally and in writing, gave credit to its real author, my friend Anthony Euwer. The correct text is to be found in Mr. Euwer's volume, 'Rhymes of Our Valley,' as follows:

"As a beauty I'm not a great star,
There are others more handsome by far,
But my face, I don't mind it,
Because I'm behind it—
'Tis the folks in the front that I jar.

"The limerick is accompanied by the following note:

"'The limerick "My Face" was first published in the Pittsburgh *Index* about 1898, one of a series, and accompanied with a drawing of a bulldog. It was reprinted later in a small volume, "The Smile on the Face of the Tiger," and afterward in "The Home Book of Verse," published by Henry Holt. After his nomination for the presidency it was used on a number of occasions by Woodrow Wilson, at which time it found its way into numerous papers and periodicals throughout the country. After many vicissitudes and having been attributed to various sources, it is here given for the first time in some years under its rightful authorship.'

"In justice to Mr. Euwer, these facts should be given publicity in your columns. It is unfortunate that Mr. Langford Reed has denied him the credit to which he is entitled in his article; I hope the same error will not be repeated in Mr. Reed's 'The Complete Limerick Book.'"

Other Limericks

There were two little girls at Battle Creek,
Who jumped in the snow just for pique;
When asked, "Ain't you friz?"
They replied, "Yes, we is,
But that's nothing, we bathe that way here—it's a freak."

With apologies to Kipling.

—Edward J. Fisher.

Williamsport, Pa.

A Bad Jamphor Him

Said the moth, as he sniffed at the camphor,
I'm sorry I'm here where I amphor
Some things that I eat
Taste pleasant and sweet
But camphor I don't give a damphor.

—*Buckwell Belle Hop.*

Limited

There was an old loony of Lyme
Whose candour was simply sublime.
When they asked, "Are you there?"
"Yes," he said, "but take care,
For I'm never 'all there' at a time."

—*Punch.*

A Petty Indiscretion

A haughty young lady of Gizeh
Had a beau who attempted to squizeh.
When asked how he dared,
He was terribly scared
And said he just did it to tizeh.

—*Corrine Rockwell Swain.*
In Saturday Evening Post.

Analytical Geometry

The baby's nose tilts at a sky-angle;
His mouth's an isosceles triangle—
That is, when he's glad;
But when he is mad
He alters the shape to a cry-angle.

—*Arthur Guiterman, in Saturday Evening Post.*

Discrimination

There was a strange man of Dunluce
Who would never say "Boo!" to a goose;
  Yet he always said, "Pooh-pooh!"
  On meeting a hoopoe,
And "Moo!" on observing a moose.

—*Punch.*

The Walrus

Have you heard of the walrus laconical
Who affects the blasé and ironical?
  Since he learned that Lord Dash
  Wears a walrus moustache,
He has taken to wearing a monocle.

—*Otto Freund, in Saturday Evening Post.*

The Inconvertible Turtle

The turtle was somewhat unsteady
As he found himself caught in an eddy;
  He mused, "Though I hurtle,
  I can hardly turn turtle,
Because I'm a turtle already."

—*Otto Freund, in Saturday Evening Post.*

A GROUP OF ARTISTS WRITE THEIR OWN EPITAPHS

Some Well-Known People Seize the Coveted Opportunity of Saying the Last Word

This pleasant mortuary symposium is the result of a request made by *Vanity Fair* to some of its friends for a self-inscribed epitaph rather more personal and truthful than the general run of tombstone literature

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
Irving Berlin
AUTHOR OF THE
FOLLOWING SONG HITS
FROM THE NEW
"MUSIC BOX REVUE":
"An Orange Grove in California"
"Little Butterfly"
"Waltz of Long Ago"
COPIES ON SALE WHEREEVER MUSIC IS SOLD

WATCH OUT FOR THE
NEW PHONOGRAPH
RECORDS AND PLAYER
ROLLS OF THESE
NUMBERS
PUBLISHED BY
IRVING BERLIN, INC.
IRVING BERLIN, PRES.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
Dorothy Parker
THANK GOD!

HERE LIES
Frank Craven
AGE 77
HE SPENT HIS LIFE IN
TRYING TO BREAK
EIGHTY—AND SUCCEEDED AT LAST

HERE LIES
Marc Connelly
WHO?

From *Vanity Fair*. By permission.

R. I. P.
F. P. A.
BENEATH THIS GREEN AND
TEAR-SPRENT SOD
THE BONES OF F. P.
ADAMS LIE.
HE HAD A ROTTEN TIME,
BUT, GOD!
HOW HE DID HATE TO
DIE!

George Ade
HE PUBLISHED FOURTEEN
BOOKS AND NEVER
OPENED ONE OF THEM
WITH A
FOREWORD

HERE LIES
Deems Taylor
UNDER PROTEST

HERE LIES
Alice Duer Miller
WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE
KIRK,
THIS STONE IS SET UPON THE
HEART
OF ONE WHO THOUGHT ABOUT
HER WORK
BUT NEVER TALKED ABOUT
HER ART

HERE LIES
John V. A. Weaver
WHO MARRIED
PEGGY WOOD
BUT JOINED THE LUCY
STONE LEAGUE
AND KEPT HIS OWN NAME

Neysa McMein
GAZE UPON THE LOVELY, GREEN
GRAVE OF NEYSA M. MCMEIN,
IF THAT CAUSES YOU NO TEAR,
DAMN YOU, GO AWAY FROM HERE

THE BODY OF
Rube Goldberg
RESTS HERE
DIED, AGED 107
AT LAST HE GOT A DAY OFF.

Gilbert Seldes

HERE LIES GILBERT SELDES, A MAN OF GREAT HEART—
HE TOOK HIS OWN SINS IN THE BEST OF GOOD PART

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
Robert E. Sherwood
THE MOTION PICTURE CRITIC OF "LIFE"
THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF "JUDGE" FOR SALE
ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

Jascha Heifetz

KILLED IN ACTION BY A FLYING STACCATO
AGED 23 YRS. 7 MOS. 30 DAYS
SO, HERE ARE LYING HIS REMAINS;
NO MORE CONCERTS, NO MORE TRAINS

HERE *LIES*
Charles B. Dillingham
AN HONEST MANAGER.
NOW *you* TELL ONE
(*An alternate epitaph*)
HE WENT TO FLORIDA FOR THE WINTER—AND GOT IT!

Floyd Dell

IN MEMORY OF A DEPARTED GUEST.
HE CAME HERE UNINVITED,
HE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE WAYS OF
THE PLACE,
HE COMPLAINED ABOUT EVERYTHING
EXCEPT THE SCENERY,
HIS MANNERS WERE DEPLORABLE,
NEVERTHELESS
HIS HOSTESSES WERE KIND TO HIM
AND SOMETIMES
YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT HE OWNED
THE PLACE

Irvin S. Cobb

JUNE 23, 1876, AUGUST 11, 1961

. . . . . .

ANYHOW, HE LEFT HERE!

Charles Hanson Towne

HERE, AT LAST, THE DUST REPOSES
OF ONE CHARLES HANSON TOWNE,
HE LOVED RED SUNSETS AND RED ROSES,
GREAT CITIES OF RENOWN;
AND HE LOVED ('TIL VOLSTEAD
TWEAKED OUR NOSES)
ALE THAT WAS OLD AND BROWN

NOW—WHAT NONE ON THE DRY EARTH
KNOWS IS—
HE CAN DRINK HIS NECTAR DOWN.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
Ring Lardner
WHAT OF IT?

Minnie Maddern Fiske
AT LEAST, SHE DIDN'T
WEAR FURS

CI-GIT
Alexander Woollcott
WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 92
HE NEVER HAD IMITATION FRUIT IN
HIS DINING ROOM

GOWF!

According to a famous golf professional amateurs make a great mistake by standing too close to the ball when they drive. Unfortunately I commit the same error after I have driven.—*Passing Show.*

Many beginners in golf—and many who are not beginners—are grievously afflicted with the malady of topping the ball. A player whose efforts to cure himself of this infliction only resulted in the reverse of the Coué formula, addressed a professional with gloom in his ear and despair in his eye. "I'm hitting the ball every time right on the top. I want you to tell me a cure for it!"

"Oh," replied the professional, "just turn the ball upside down."—*Argonaut.*

Bird migration to the South is about over. The next great southward movement of wild life will be the golf bugs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

History's Famous Golfers.—David, who made a hole in one.

Samson, who couldn't break away from the links.

Sapphira, Ananias's wife, who tried to improve her husband's lie.

Magellan, who went around in 1521.

Queen Elizabeth, who was always in the ruff.

Samuel Adams, who staged the Boston Tee Party.

Daniel Boone, who shot birdies in the American open.

Lars Porsena of Clusium, by the Nine Gods he swore.—*Life.*

Four thousand golf balls were found in a reservoir used as a waterhole on the Wilmington public golf course. Evidently they drain the reservoir only once or twice a week down there.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

It is predicted that golf by electric light at midnight will be the next American craze. A similar novelty that occurs to us is golf by sunlight at midday in this country.—*Punch.*

Background.—PUTTERLY—(*starting to drive off, to Bunkerly*)—There's no use talking, old man, an hour or so business in the morning does put you in fine fiddle for golf!—*Judge.*

HE—My doctor says I can't play golf.

SHE—So he's played with you too?—*Answers.*

Easily Identified.—FIRST GOLFER—That was a fine drive you made this morning.

SECOND GOLFER—Which one do you mean?

FIRST GOLFER—Oh, you know—that time you hit the ball!—*Humorist.*

GOLF INSTRUCTOR (*to pupil*)—Ye maun tak things mair seriously. Ye seem tae think gowf is naething mair than a game!—*Bystander.*

A caddie was describing a "foursome" in which apparently the play had not been exactly up to championship form.

"It wasn't a case of replacing the turf," he said, "but of returfing the place."—*Argonaut.*

Out where they think a State like Rhode Island would make a nice little golf course—that's where the West begins. —*Detroit News.*

A golf ball which squeaks when lost has been invented by a Yorkshire golfer. To meet this menace to one of their chief sources of income, caddies have taken to wearing new boots.—*Punch.*

It has been estimated that if all the golf balls used in England in twelve months were placed in a straight line they would reach from Land's End to Hull. Provided, of course, that all caddies were placed under lock and key for the time being.—*Punch.*

THE MEMOIR ARISTOCRATIC

As Done by the English Upper Classes

TYPED BY

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ODDLY enough my first meeting with Queen Victoria—("The Queen," as my dear old friend the Duke of Coffanspit called her—but not, of course, until after the Boer War, for, as Walter, the sixteenth Earl of Ofilsouse, told me, the Duke always wore yellow spats before that fatal affair with Madame Pompadour, who, as everyone knew, was the mother sub-rosa of Napoleon Bonaparte, he and she being twins, a fact few suspected because of her much greater age. I had this direct from little Kate Knipps, the third daughter of that frightful old bore, Edelbertus Knipps, the American ironmonger fellow, she later making that unfortunate alliance with Wally, Viscount Odealot, the beginning of which it was my fortune to see, for I remember we were having five o'clock tea in the tennis court at Weemps, Lord Alfred Tennyson's delightful country house near Weemps-Weemps, the own house of Edbert—"Snooty"—Rimcut, later made Earl of Freydham, who always had ortolans for breakfast, from the King of Serbia's estate, with boiled onions. But that, of course, was not generally known.)

II

And speaking of my first meeting with Queen Victoria, which did not take place until our third meeting, we both

From *Saturday Evening Post*. By permission. Copyright by the Curtis Publishing Company.

being absent on the first two occasions and only the Queen present on the second, the Queen ("Her Majesty," as the Earl of Soorgaz called her affectionately, his Second Footman being the notorious Harry Hurlingham, formerly employed by the Prince de Blakleg who had the affair with little Rosas Oppelduckheim, so long the favourite of the Tsar of Persia, Mustapha Kamal, I having myself seen the letter that dear old Spoofy—as I called the Archbishop of Canterbury—did not write to George Washington, asking whether the Duchess of Ritz actually had the German measles as reported or merely the divorce. However, I think the matter was never settled, my dear friend Sappho—the poet, not Baron Loggerbier's seventh wife—dying before the Earl of Pifflemere could find the hairpins, but perhaps the least said about it the better).

III

And speaking of my first meeting with Queen Victoria—a cultured lady but one whom I never had the pleasure of meeting—I recall a very laughable incident told me by the Prince de Blakleg, which occurred to him just before his first marriage and a few weeks after he had divorced his third wife, the beautiful Duchess de Camembert, when we were both guests at the Palace of Versailles, which had not then been built, the site being occupied by the hunting lodge of Count Dugbert Pfimps ("Nosey," as we called him) although the hunting lodge was not there at the time, not having been erected until much later, the Duke having lost both legs at the battle of Prague, a sad affair that brought about his downfall although fortunately he escaped without injury. It seemed that the Earl of Hoboken, who was extremely fond of stewed prunes, which he had sent to him by the crate by special courier every morning from the

estate of the Hetman of Mesopotamia, Ghengiz Khan (the Second, not the First) who had married Emma, Duchess of Killemkwik, after the death of her husband (that silly Georges Wrottenwayze, whose shop in the Rue Camphenol was owned by Rachel, the actress who made such a stir when she played in Peter Pan, her husband being the third Duke of Dischewottor).

Dischewottor, by the way, was almost ridiculously particular about his trousers, always insisting that they have two legs, one on each side, extending upward and downward, with buttons here and there on the upper portions of the trousers, but otherwise—except in that affair of the fried potatoes and Lady Rahmanners—not a bad fellow.

IV

And speaking of my first meeting with the Queen (her name was Victoria but she was so friendly with me she always let me call her "Your Royal Highness") I have always regretted that she died before I was born, for we had many good times together.

I recall one incident that may not be without interest to those who remember the scandal created by the loss of the Kohinoor. On that afternoon I was wearing a hat, an article of apparel which the dear Prince (Wales) seldom appeared on the streets without, one of his best friends being Lord Braynluss, the same who afterward married little Jane Spiggot, Lady Muffinbutter's daughter ("Old Hoss Muffinbutter") who was then confined to her palace with a severe attack of corns, which, by the way, was also the affliction of the Duke of Toulouse ("Flim Flam") whose daughter, the beautiful Lady Wiffus, made the sixth in four, playing against the Duchess of Nomunny. I was not there at the time.

At any rate it seems that there were two Irishmen, one named Pat and one named Mike, but the latter was not, if I remember rightly, the celebrated Michael O'Mike, of Ossory, for he was the one who eloped with little Sue Fralomony, who had been Count Elmout's mistress. However, the Emperor—I refer, of course, to His Imperial Highness—denied it at the time, but I was not present and can only say what I was told. Personally I have never had any reason to doubt it. '

BLUE-RIBBON WHEEZES

(*From All Around the Globe*)

The main trouble about government is that the men who have wisdom enough to undertake it have wisdom enough to stay clear of it.—*Columbia Record.*

When your friends don't know you any longer, it means that they know you too well.—*Szczutek* (*Lemberg*).

Explorer says that Eskimos rarely weep. Still, they do have their daily blubber.—*New York American.*

Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects.—*Will Rogers.*

Another evidence of the arrival of the brotherhood of man will come when the Florida realtors are sincerely distressed by the news of another earthquake in California.—*Ohio State Journal.*

All men are born equal, but some of them outgrow it.—*Columbia Record.*

Many people have resolved to take their holidays late in the season to avoid the rush of people taking their holidays early in the season to avoid the rush.—*Passing Show.*

About all the world has accomplished so far is to bring disorder out of chaos.—*Columbia Record.*

Among other devices that show how notably civilization has improved our morals are cash registers, combination locks, burglar alarms, etc.—*Columbia Record.*

One trouble with the world is that laziness is so seldom fatal.—*Waco News-Tribune.*

The police reported recently that three separate gangs of counterfeiters were working in the same house. This housing shortage is really getting too acute.—*Humorist.*

There are two kinds of people: the intelligentsia and morons. The intelligentsia does the classifying.—*Fresno Republican.*

Speaking of telephones, as nobody was, here's something else to wonder about: Why are the wrong numbers never busy?—*Albany (Ore.) Herald.*

Most times the prodigal son and not the fatted calf should be killed.—*Columbia Record.*

Education is almost as expensive as ignorance.—*Columbia Record.*

A burglar undergoing five years imprisonment has just written a book of poems. Whereas, others, of course, are trying to obtain a commutation of sentence for good behaviour.—*Passing Show.*

One thing may be said for illiteracy—it protects some folks from some sorts of literature.—*Pontiac Press.*

About the best method of climbing higher is to remain on the level.—*North Adams Herald.*

The Tower of Babel mystery has been solved. It seems it was the original league of nations.—*Philadelphia North American.*

When it comes to solving the world's problems, perspiration makes the best solvent we can think of.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Education pays. Nearly all of the great coaches are college graduates.—*Jersey City Journal.*

There seems to be one law for the rich and one for the poor and about 2,000,000 for the middle class.—*Memphis News-Scimitar.*

There are now sixty-five products of the lowly peanut, not counting the tummy-ache.—*North Adams Herald.*

Parent Eskimos never punish their children—perhaps just because being an Eskimo is punishment enough.—*Columbia Record.*

Woman's waist-line moves up and down, man's expands in a horizontal line only.—*Dubuque American-Tribune.*

Columbus discovered America on a Friday. It is interesting to trace the origin of popular superstitions.—*Passing Show.*

"Gas bags may cross Atlantic regularly." They do now; one meets them on all liners.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

Civilization is a complicated system that defeats its own ends by making it easier for weaklings to survive.—*Jersey City Journal.*

A little of personal liberty remains. Balloon pants are not compulsory.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

Something else this country needs is a disarmament movement aimed at the one-hand driver who shares the front seat with a cutie.—*Detroit News.*

A Texas surgeon recently amputated a leg by the light of his automobile. Some more reckless motorists have done it without lights.—*Dallas News.*

As troublemakers, few outlaws can beat the -in-laws.—*El Paso Herald.*

An investigator claims to have discovered that poker was played in Biblical times. At any rate, we know that Noah had a full house and Solomon held at least four queens.—*Southern Lumberman.*

A New York reformer suggests a daily paper that prints no crime news. That will be a big step in the direction of conservation of paper.—*Southern Lumberman.*

The reason some people don't hear Opportunity knocking is because they are at it themselves.—*San Diego Union-Tribune.*

Excavators have found pieces of highly embroidered fabrics in what is reputed to have been Nero's bathhouse. Obviously the ancient guest towel.—*Detroit News.*

The adage that "The good die young" originated in the observation that we meet so few of them in the adult stage.—*Columbia Record.*

A country girl is accused of participating in four hold-ups. This may be the result of being brought up with one of those roadside vegetable stands on the premises.—*Detroit News.*

It must be disappointing to the would-be athlete to spend four years in college and have nothing to show for it but an education.—*Detroit News.*

A seventy-three-year-old bachelor has just got married in an Essex village. After seventy, one's power of resistance almost inevitably weakens.—*Humorist.*

Another especially pathetic little feature of everyday life is a materialist who fails to succeed in collecting any material.—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

Scientists have established that the greatest depth of the ocean is six miles. The first hundred feet are the hardest.—*Detroit News.*

A man is known by the company he keeps, and a company is known by the men it keeps.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Modern-day alienists are creating the impression that to be insane is not really a reflection upon one's intelligence.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

The Indians have their medicine men and the Africans their voodoo doctors. We have our psychoanalysts.—*Engine Register.*

Relatives are people who wonder how you manage to get by.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

New demands now being made on the barber's conversational activities suggest that in order to meet the situation he may be compelled to take an intensive course with a ladies' sewing circle.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

College professor says long legs indicate superior intelligence. At least, they should indicate loftier thought.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

According to a British professor, the height of the human intelligence is reached at the age of sixteen. And at that age they always seem to feel sure of it.—*New York Evening World.*

An article in a business magazine raises the question: What business has the greatest turnover? How about the waffle-iron trade?—*Southern Lumberman.*

Creating all men free and equal isn't enough; some means must be devised to keep them free and equal.—*Columbia Record.*

Here's a scientist announcing that a by-product of whale oil is a wonderful brain stimulant. If it acted on the whales that way, there wouldn't be any whale oil available.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

People often will give three cheers for something they wouldn't give anything else for.—*Wichita Beacon.*

The good die young. Ah, well; if they would die good, they must do it young.—*Chico (Cal.) Record.*

"Gamblers are invariably kind to animals," says a statistician. They always like to see plenty in the kitty.—*London Opinion.*

The palms that delight at a winter resort are perpendicular. not horizontal.—*Wooster (Ohio) Daily Record.*

A British writer complains that he spent five years writing a drama which he cannot get produced. It looks like a case of all work and no play.—*Detroit News.*

There have been times when those opium conterees acted as if they were full of their subject.—*Cleveland Press.*

Some philanthropists don't even let their right hands know where their left hands got it.—*Muskogee Phoenix.*

Undiscouraged by their failures, prophets of the world's destruction are at it again. Isn't there a penalty for turning in false alarms of fire?—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

A college president says a girl should be so dressed that people will not remember her for her clothes. That stage is reached, largely.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

The man who says he runs things at his house may mean the washing machine and vacuum cleaner.—*Sumter (S. C.) Item.*

A skull half an inch thick, and unearthed in Arizona, has been sent to Washington without the formality of an election.—*Detroit News.*

When the time comes for the meek to inherit the earth, it is likely it will be in such a condition that nobody else would have it.—*Columbia Record.*

A fellow at Ann Arbor has brought suit because the second-hand car he bought "sounded like a threshing machine." He'd better consider himself lucky that it didn't sound like a second-hand car.—*E. C. A., in Detroit News.*

A band of saxophone players, sixty-five strong, is roaming the land. It is believed this instinct for travelling in packs is purely for purposes of self-defense.—*Detroit News.*

Definition of an efficiency expert—a man hired by an executive who is too tender-hearted to fire his own old employees.—*Life.*

Maybe wild life is not disappearing; maybe it is just effecting a merger with domestic life.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Our notion of a practical joke is to wire a photograph of yourself, collect.—*F. P. A. in New York World.*

How to get rich: manufacture something people don't need.—*Wilmington Dispatch.*

The Einstein theory as to bent light rays has been proven. It isn't the first instance of crooked work in the light business. —*Los Angeles Express.*

It won't be long now before the tired businessman will have to explain to his wife that he's late for dinner because his plane was delayed by fog off the Greenland coast.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

Where Everybody Is Boxed.—An undertaker has recently suggested that his profession should be given a more attractive name. Why not call his shop the Box Office?—*Humorist.*

A scientist says that the earth weighs more in the winter. It must. Look at the people with heavy colds.—*Humorist.*

The objection to most highbrow literature is its pompous way of saying something everybody knows.—*Quincy (Ill.) Whig-Journal.*

As to the great influx into the colleges, one reason may be that it is much easier to enter a college than a labour union.—*New York Times.*

"I care not who makes the laws of the nation, if I may but write its songs," said Fletcher, the philosopher. The consensus of opinion is that there has been too much activity in both lines.—*Detroit News.*

The earth shall inherit the meek.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

There are 1,118,000 insects in the British Museum. Somebody must have left the screen door open.—*Detroit News.*

An opportunist is a man who finds the wolf at the door, and appears down-town next day in a new fur coat.—*Detroit News.*

Archæologists at Kish have unearthed what they claim is the world's oldest pen. Excluding, of course, the one at the local post office.—*The Southern Lumberman.*

A Cutting Americanism.—A London tailor observes that Americans are demanding English-cut clothes—which is interesting in that it proves that English clothes are cut. To us it has always appeared that English clothes were hung on and then the wearer put through a mangle.—*Buffalo Express.*

The scientist who predicts that some day we shall live on air doesn't seem to have observed how many people have been living on hot air for years.—*Columbia Record.*

To Correct a Mistake.—A man in Mexico who was arrested for attempted murder, informed the court that he had shot at the wrong person. Subsequently he was released and will now be able to put the matter right.—*London Opinion.*

If necessity is the mother of invention, there are a great many freaks in the Patent Office that never knew a mother.—*Mobile News-Item.*

A wedding was delayed recently because the bridegroom fainted. We understand, however, that the poor fellow was mercilessly revived.—*Humorist.*

"Let your conscience be your guide," says Mr. Coolidge. And that, we may observe, is more elastic than a flexible tariff.—*Columbia Record.*

Wild life isn't really disappearing. It is just moving to the cities.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In Russia, a class for instructing people in the art of hurling bombs has been discovered by the police. Just a finishing school, of course.—*Humorist.*

The horrible thought obtrudes that maybe the laundry trust has something to do with Klan activities.—*Omaha Bee.*

We moderns have eyes for the movies, ears for the radio, a nose for news, and the personal touch. All that we lack is taste.—*Life.*

Many a young man poses as being hard-boiled when he is only half-baked.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

THE COMIC MUSE

The Saddest Words

The saddest thing
A wife can say:
"Why didn't you pay
That bill to-day?"

—*Birmingham News.*

We enter this
As prize goat-getter:
"Are you quite sure
You mailed my letter?"

—*Macon Telegraph.*

Of all sad words
This line's the winner:
"Frank, dear, why don't
You dress for dinner?"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

And may we add
Our own pet snubbers:
"Don't you go out
Without your rubbers!"

—*Pathfinder.*

Convention

I snapped my fingers, so! and turned my eyes
Away from all the manners I'd been taught.
"I'm sick," I cried, "of doing as I ought!"
And sought to flout tradition. Oh, unwise!
I found that life had turned a trifle shady,
'Twas much more comfortable to be a lady.
—*Margaret Mochrie, in the Saturday Evening Post.*

What Is Wrong with This Limerick?

There once was a duffer, my son,
Who by chance made the third hole in one;
He turned to his caddy
And said to him, "Laddie,
Don't tell any one what I've done!"
—*R. J. P. in Life.*

The Strap

See the hanger on the strap, trolley strap;
What a lot of exercise and kick it gives a chap!
See him caper, caper, caper,
In a melancholy plight,
While each rude, unfeeling gaper
Grins above the evening paper
With an asinine delight!
Keeping tabs, keeping tabs
On his wild and futile grabs
At the strap,
As he scoots and lands abruptly in a coloured lady's lap,
Too much horrified to speak,
At her palpitating squeak

Of despair,
In her mad expostulation, as he clutches at her hair!
Oh, from out his frenzied ire
Wells a desperate desire
For a scrap,
In the swelling and compelling of his fury at the strap,
At the swaying and betraying of the strap!
—*Corinne Rockwell Swain, in Saturday Evening Post.*

Lines to an Atom

(On gathering that it is not quite such an energetic creature as was once supposed.)

O Atom (I write as a lover
Of restful and peaceable folk),
I own I'm relieved to discover
You're rather an indolent bloke.
No longer in fierce effervescence,
I gather your energies stay
Maintained in a state of quiescence,
And I think they are better that way.

I view them, I own, with less terror
Than if they were harnessed, or hurled
(By some tiresome enthusiast's error)
To bust up the whole of our world.
Oh, vastly more noble I term it
To have strength like your own within call—
And then just to sit down like a hermit
And calmly do nothing at all.

By all means continue to coddle
Your energies safely below,
And I think you may serve as a model
For one or two people I know;

Henceforth I shall say to the bustler,
The "live wire" and similar guys,
"Oh, go to the atom, thou hustler—
Consider his ways and be wise."

—Lucio in Manchester Guardian.

Tragedy of a Sceptic

Shall I tell you how Algernon Syme
Was sadly cut off in his prime?
If you'd rather not know
It is silly to go
On reading the rest of the rhyme.

A sceptical fellow was he,
And brave at the game, you'll agree,
He thought it flagitious
To be superstitious
And disbelieved half he could see.

Thus when he was merely a boy
He walked under ladders with joy
And gave people fidgets
By keeping his digits
As straight as he could, to annoy.

And as he grew older and older
His spirit grew bolder and bolder,
He would spill all the salt
Without easing his fault
By throwing some over his shoulder.

At horses, if pied, he would crane
His neck to behold them again,

And women would swoon
When he looked at the moon,
While the latter was new, through a pane.

'Tis said, and the story is rife
(I think it was told by his wife),
That he slaughtered a cat
On the scullery mat
To prove it had only one life.

His favourite colour was green,
He doted on number thirteen,
And at meals he would vex,
Crossing knives like an X,
A heresy almost obscene.

In spring he collected the bloom
Of the may-tree (a challenge to doom),
And he opened umbrellas
Quite often as well as
His wife's parasol, *in a room.*

When boasting or otherwise rash
He said touching timber was "trash,"
And he cast every clout
Long before May was out
To prove the old saw balderdash.

With jeers he would spurn or ignore
All folk or traditional lore,
Till it seemed pretty plain
That he wished to be slain,
And he was: read a line or so more.

One day he, alas! went too far;
His action indeed has no par;
As a final *beau geste*
He ate oysters with zest
In August, which hasn't an "r."

So now, I am sorry to state,
One alludes to poor Alge as "the late";
Which fact goes to show
That we reap as we sow
And can jest once too often with Fate.

—*Punch.*

England's Glory

I have relished the rolls in Vienna,
I have played with the porridge in Perth,
I have dreamt of an ice in Gehenna,
But never (for breakfast) on earth;
The Picardy omelettes are grateful,
Tho' often the coffee is dregs,
But you have to come home for a plateful
Of Bacon and Eggs.

There are some who find heaven in honey,
While others are joyful with jam;
In Tunis they try you with tunny,
In Chicago they help you to ham;
Some persist in abusing the liver
By breakfasting largely on "pegs,"
And these would undoubtedly shiver
At Bacon and Eggs.

("If there is one glorious thing in England which must never die, it is a breakfast of bacon and eggs.")

It is whispered that epicures favour
A kidney or even a sole,
While to others the sausage's flavour
Is an exquisite ultimate goal;
But the browner and brawnier Briton
For manlier nourishment begs,
And the Tale of the Empire was written
On Bacon and Eggs.

Then here's to the earliest blender
Of the fruit of the hog and the hen;
May the former be streaky and tender
And the latter be fresh from the pen!
For the glorious fact that enables
Old England to stand on her legs
Is that nine out of ten breakfast tables
Show Bacon and Eggs.

—G. K. Chesterton, in Punch.

Red Riding Hood, Revised

Little Red Riding Hood deposited her basket containing caviar sandwiches, capon, and Scotch on a bridge table and went in to the mahogany bed in which her dear old grandmother was lying. It was ten o'clock in the morning.

"Good morning, Grandma," said the little girl, as she bent over to waken her grandmother with a kiss. "Aren't you up yet?"

But the kiss was never given. The child started back in astonishment, almost knocking over a stationary smoking set that stood next to the bed.

"Why, Grandma," she said, "what makes your face so strange?"

From *Saturday Evening Post.* By permission. Copyright 1925 Curtis Pub. Co.

"I've had it lifted, honey," yawned Grandma, smiling at the child's sweet innocence. "What else is on your mind?"

"But where is all your silver hair gone to, Grandma?" Little Red Riding Hood was obviously distressed.

"Don't you see, dear, I've a boyish bob and a new henna," laughed the old lady, in entire good humour. "Come again!"

The little visitor took in a deep breath as her grandmother sat up in bed and locked her knees with two glorious white arms.

"But, Grandma," she gasped, "you're not at all like you used to be!"

"I should hope not," acquiesced her grandmother, stretching deliciously. "I've kidded off thirty pounds in less than thirty days. How do you like me this way?"

The child began to cry. She missed her real grandma.

"Try to laugh that off," said Grandma to herself at this gesture of unappreciation, as she bent over to her table to consult a curious little platinum clock. "When you get to be as old as Grandma," she continued, "you'll find you've got to go in a lot for repairs if you want to put up a good front, and you can't be thinking about keeping the wolf from the door, either. Now run out and read the morning paper while Grandma tries her luck at her new sunken mud bath."—*Edmund J. Kiefer.*

"I just paid the doctor another ten dollars on his bill."
"Oh goody, two more payments and the baby's ours."

Drawn by G. Francis Kaufmann
From The Saturday Evening Post.
By permission. Copyright Curtis Pub. Co.

BULLS AND BREAKS

It was perhaps the barest inn I had ever chanced upon. I had the parlour all to myself, and sat for a long while munching at the plain deal table.—*Provincial Paper.*

Anyhow, he seems to have got a square meal.

Speaking Silence.—Struck dumb with amazement, she shrieked again and again.—*From a recent novel.*

A Wet Blanket.—Western paper—"At Norton Hall last evening an enjoyable entertainment was prevented by the Handel Male Quartet."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Broker's Will.—The following is an excerpt from the will of a Wall Street man, which has been recently probated in the New York courts:

"To my wife, I leave her lover and the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was.

"To my son, I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For thirty-five years he has thought that the pleasure was all mine. He was mistaken.

"To my daughter, I leave $100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her.

"To my valet, I leave the clothes that he has been stealing from me regularly for the past ten years. Also my fur coat that he wore last winter when I was in Palm Beach.

"To my chauffeur, I leave my cars. He almost ruined

them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.

"To my partner, I leave the suggestion that he take some other clever man in with him at once if he expects to do any business."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Things That Might Have Been Expressed More Happily.—Mrs. —— is again the honorary conductor, and so long as this popular and talented lady "holds the reins" of the Choral Society, there need be no fear of success, either of the Society or any concert that may be contemplated.—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

We Chorkle.—A Jap's translation of a joke in the *Japanese American* (San Francisco):

JAPANESE IN CALIFORNIA (*after the decision of Supreme Court of U. S. A.*)—Now we have no place to go—finally we must immigrate to some comet or to star.

SON—Well, star is also belongs to U. S., Pa—look the flag. —*Literary Digest.*

Quizzers Quizzed.—The young ladies of Newcomb College in New Orleans were put through an "intelligence test" and came off badly. Thereupon they challenged the faculty to a similar test. This time the results weren't much to boast of either. Here are some answers from a group of twenty-three professors:

Al Jolson is a wrestling champion.

Filet mignon is an opera by Puccini.

Brilliantine is a preparation "that ladies put into their eyes to make them shine."

Grover Cleveland Bergdoll was a World War Hero, or perhaps "a Democratic statesman."

Maraschino "was Prime Minister of Russia before the war."

All of which suggests that what Broadway or Chicago would classify as fundamental may not mean much to the professional mind.

Or to the men of letters, for that matter. When Bernard Shaw was asked by a New York editor for his opinion of Babe Ruth, if you remember, he cabled back: "Who is she?"—*Collier's Weekly.*

A Faithless Husband.—From a letter received by a mail-order house:

"The enclosed articles have proven unsatisfactory to my wife, who, I regret to inform you, is very hard to please. I notice they are entirely as represented in the catalogue and also just what was ordered, so it is no fault on your part. My wife is naturally very trying at times. Sometimes she does not know what she does want. I am thoroughly disgusted with the way my wife finds fault with things, especially when she receives exactly what she orders."—*Boston Herald.*

A Michigan woman thus defines the ideal husband:

"He would be a man who lives for his wife. I have had four husbands, and none of them did this."

Selfish unto death, apparently.—*Punch.*

Harder Than a Cross-word Puzzle.—D. Caswell Mayo submits this as an example of simple, terse English. It is from an article on sleep by Dr. Sir Frederick Mott, in the London *Lancet.* There is just one sentence, but ninety-eight words:

"Seeing that every sensation and every mental image or engram leads to a reflex activation which may be apparent or not according to the influence of positive or negative inhibition; to every sensation and

image or perception there must, in consequence of this reflex motor action, result a corresponding kinesthetic, or postural excitation of afferent stimuli flowing along proprioceptive neuronic systems from muscle spindles, tendons, bones and joints, which combined with associated labyrinthine sensations, form a sensory continuum which is intimately integrated with the exteroceptor sensory continuum on the one hand and the motor continuum on the other."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

Hazards of social life in the town of Lebanon, as reported by the celebrated Harrisburg *Patriot:*

Ted Faust had two teeth splintered and his jaw fractured when he was kicked in the face by a girl friend while coming down the chutes at Valley Glen Park.—*New Mercury.*

Baby's Place.—It is scandalous to see these society women going about with a poodle dog on the end of a string where a baby would be more fitting.—*New Zealand Paper.*

Please Remit!—The following appears in printed form on the foot of the stationery used by a Seattle Collection Agency:

"Be assured that this will continue to receive my unremitting attention."

Executive Ability.—Executive ability is that quality which permits a man to dash into his office at nine forty-five after an exhausting ride in the club car; put in two telephone calls to arrange for a two-hour luncheon engagement at twelve and a golf foursome at his country club at four-thirty; and then call his secretary and dictate the following interoffice memo (on the PINK form please):

To All Dept. Heads:

Please call to the attention of all members of your department at once that the hours in this office are from nine to five. Loyalty to the

organization demands that our employees maintain these hours. Nothing so well marks the ambitious man, or woman, as the practice of being at the desk at nine and not leaving until the work is done for the day.

Continued flagrant disregard of the office hours on the part of many of our employees can only result in drastic changes in our personnel.

The above also applies to returning late from lunch.

AL JEEVES,
Gen'l Mgr.

Help!—We wish to thank neighbours and friends, and especially the members of the K. K. K., who so kindly assisted in the death and burial of our father and uncle.—*Card of Thanks in the New Castle (Pa.) News.*

Miss Mia and Barbara Gering very pleasantly entertained on Saturday evening at a *dinnering.—Plattsmouth Journal.*

One Creditor Who Was Not Demanding Payment.—He was a coloured farm tenant. He was in debt to his landlord and certain time merchants. He was a product of the tenant system. He owned his soul but not his soles. He stood on a corner and heard the Salvation Army sing hymns. Then a tambourine was held out to him. He ignored it. "Just can't," he said, repeatedly. "You owe it to the Lord," he was told. "Yes, I know it, but He ain't pushing me like the rest," he said.—*Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer.*

With Our Advertisers.—It was Wednesday, the day for raisin bread. He was worried for he knew that since one thousand men voted on what millions wanted most in a shaving cream there was no longer an excuse for a dingy film on the teeth. Although he knew that it was much better than the average ten-cent smoke he wondered which one of the fifty-seven varieties to buy. As he walked across McCall Street he instinctively jumped out of the way of the world's finest automobile before he realized that no metal could touch

him. The worried look increased and he told himself that he could use the extra fifty dollars a month and wondered if after all good oil wasn't cheaper. As he entered the office he caught a glimpse of himself in the hall mirror and was convinced after all that clothes do make the man. But alas, the insidious part of it was that not even his closest friend would tell him; yet he was certain that if he wore his garters around his neck he would change them oftener.—*The Owl.*

What's Wrong with This Picture?—The Rome Hosiery mill has put on a night shirt to fill large orders coming in for the past several weeks.—*From a news item in The Atlanta Constitution.*

Mistaken Identity, Perhaps

AMERICAN HEN
GOES TO AFRICA
WIDOW OF FORMER U. S. MINISTER WILL TEACH POULTRY RAISING
—*Headline in the Milwaukee Journal.*

New Model Tire.—The thieves worked first in one stall and removed the square tire which had been secured by a rubber tubing.—*From a news item in the Lawrence (Mass.) Daily Eagle.*

Cruel Hands.—Snip, the news office Collie, owned by Mrs. W. J. Davis, met death at the hands of an automobile Thursday evening.—*News item in the Frankston (Tex.) Citizen.*

Refreshing Frankness.—There is a feeling too prevalent that newspapers are not always as devoted to the truth in discussing politics as other topics. Perhaps that accounts

for a remarkable statement in the Carolina *Jeffersonian* this week. Announcing a change of editors, it says:

"We, therefore, announce that hereafter our policy, politically, shall be independent. On all other questions we will endeavour to print the truth."

Its readers will know what to expect. Such frankness is rare.—*Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer.*

Two Minus

PRINCETON ELEVEN
WILL LOSE 13 MEN
—*Headline in New York Times.*

Any Offers?—A Chinese newspaper contains this letter from an applicant for work:

"Sir—I am Wang. . . . I can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is great. . . . My last job has left itself from me, for the good reason that the large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, honourable sirs, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess."—*London Daily Express.*

Worse than a Cross-word. — The following note was left on the desk of a social settlement worker in Cleveland. It is intended to be English. It is a message which was taken down just as it sounded to this foreigner, who did not know how to write English correctly.

"Mrs. Goltmeus galtop ans sezet suns jukom hom pliz galerop sez no mer howlyt agonbi sez galerop."

The meaning of this is: "Mrs. Goltmeus called up, and says that soon as you come (jukom) home please call her up. Says no matter how late it's going to be, says call her up."—*Christian Evangelist (St. Louis).*

It is rumoured that the I. W. W.'s are going to sue a certain New York newspaper for a misprint referring to them as the Industrious Workers of the World.—*Yale Record.*

This extract is from an entrance examination paper in English literature, the authenticity of which is vouched for by a Wesleyan teacher: "Brutus and Cassius were both in love with Shylock's daughter. Cassius was envious of Brutus, and after a while Shylock's daughter said that she would marry the one that would choose the casket that had her picture in it. Brutus chose the right one, and this made Cassius mad and he stabbed Brutus in the duel. The motive that prompted Cassius was envy and the motive that prompted Brutus was love of country."—*Florida Times-Union.*

John Burnett, in charge of the court house, asks that all who attend the band concert to-night be careful and not pull up the grass. Much damage has been done to the lawn by people pulling up the grass while they listen to the concert. —*Warrensburg Star-Journal.*

A Real Chaperon.—The Baptist young people, under the espionage of Mrs. W. H. Brown, gave a very enjoyable fish fry on the beach Thursday evening.—*From the society news of the Pensacola (Fla.) Journal.*

Christmas is a time of good will, and so we sincerely hope that the lady (from Colombia) whose troubles are so poignantly set out in the letter of which we append a transcript will have been appeased by that date:—

Mister Major Administrador General.

Respected Mr. Major,—I molest you with the request that you attend the matter of my donkey horse, which a train kill on your respectable railway on the 6th of the past month of July.

I already send my two daughters twins to see the Superintendant and the Secretary, but with no good result.

That donkey horse I esteem in $20.00 (twenty pesos) and I suplicate you attend my request, it die by be hit by Engine No. 16 on the afternoon of that day and yet I have not received the $20.00 I ask.

My twins they tell me that the respected Secretary says we have no right of claim, because the donkey horse die in the Station of San Juan de Dios, but I am convinced, Mr. Major that this is some error, because I esteem that beast in $20.00 and I request that you give this sum to my girls bearers of this letter.

You will please excuse the many molestations I have made to you and your respectable subalterns and I ask that you attend these twins so pertinacious.

Your humble servant.
—*Punch.*

Anyway.—SERMON: "Kissing: Is It Sane and Sanitary?"
SOLO: "Tell Mother I'll Be There."—*From a church bulletin quoted by The Baptist (Chicago).*

The beautiful Miss Alice Terry's answer to the question: "Who is the greatest lover of the screen?":

"Any actress who wishes to be thought refined should never admit that she gets a kick out of love scenes."—*New Mercury.*

Prohibition in Lowville.—DANCE.—There will be a party Thursday evening, December 11, at Newcomb Wright, at Spring House, Lowville. Ladies please bring refreshments and gentlemen please leave booze at home.—*Announcement in the Lowville (N. Y.) Journal & Republican.*

Imported Chinese Custom?

THREE MILLION RATS KILLED IN LONDON
BANQUET SEASON OPENS
—*Headlines in Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.*

Happy Thought.—Her (Wisdom's) ways are ways of pleasantries, and all her paths are peace.—Prov. 3:17.—*The Bible as quoted by The Meadville (Penna.) Tribune-Republican.*

"Even as she spoke, a touch of the hysteria that had been the cause of all the trouble recurred, and her ears filled with tears till they looked like rain-drenched gentians."—*Story in Weekly Paper.*

Personally we cannot bear a girl with blue ears.—*Punch.*

She Was Experienced in Handling Them.—Mr. Coolidge's political success was due in no small part to the instinctive tact of his wife, Grace Goodhue, who was a teacher in a school for deaf mutes. Seldom has any man been so fortunate in his wife.—*Henry Armstrong in the International Book Review.*

A man may wear a red necktie, a green vest and tan shoes, and still be a gentleman.
—*From a Fashion note from a booklet issued by a Cleveland hotel.*

Ice Ashes Invented.—Miller's ice house caught fire, and though a determined effort was made to save the building from flames, it burned to the ground. With it 20,000 pounds of ice were reduced to ashes.—*Peterboro (N. H.) Transcript.*

It's Full of 'Em.—Being an imminent lawyer, his friends believe that he can best represent the section in a law-making body, the House of Representatives.—*From a news item in the Waxahachie (Texas) Enterprise.*

New Idea in Seating Arrangements.—Every seat in the grandstand and bleachers was filled. No seats were obtainable after 9.30 o'clock in the morning. Hundreds of persons were turned down for seats.—*The Pueblo Star-Journal.*

Page the S. P. C. A.
FIVE PUPPIES DONATED
Orphans' Feast To Be Bigger Than Ever, F. L.
Hoffman Says
—Headline in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Perfume à la Mode.—"And there was an odour that lurked about her. It was rich and comforting. Once, when he leaned toward her, he thought she smelled sweetly of new milk and fresh young onions and clean-turned sod."—*From a story in The Saturday Evening Post.*

Wanted, Second-hand Terrestrial Globe—*Daily Paper.*
The advertiser is welcome to the one we live on.—*Punch.*

At the Lincoln Park traps on Sunday . . . over 80 shooters took part in the programme. Rotarians, be patriotic! Learn to shoot yourself.—*Gyrator* (*the organ of the Chicago Rotary Club*).

Help!—Mr. Marion Churchman, while driving home from the State Farm, on the Sproule Road, Saturday afternoon, was run into by another automobile. Mr. Churchman suffered a broken front wheel and had his front mud guard badly bent.—*From the Springfield Township* (*Pa.*) *Citizen.*

The Prophetic Make-up Man

Dorothy Ann Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Poehm, born at Stamford Hospital, March 5.
MORE TO COME.....
—Stamford (*Conn.*) *Advocate.*

Slightly Mixed.—A well-known firm in New York City addressed a letter to "Christian & Devil World, Philadelphia, Penn.," and the sagacious United States Post Office delivered it at our office in Boston. It was meant for us, too.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

ROMEO AND JULIET

Two Versions in Modern Language as Rendered by a British and an American Humorist.

Modern Stage Love*

The Theatrical Correspondent of a daily paper recently pointed out that there is very little love-making on the stage nowadays, and a weekly has published a letter from a lady who suggests that "Romeo and Juliet" would be better suited to the taste of the present generation if the displays of passion which occur with such frequency throughout its five acts could be toned down, though even then there is so much in the play—including the tragedy itself—which ought, she feels, never to have happened, that the obstacles in the way of rendering it acceptable to our young realists are almost insuperable.

Mr. Punch, ever anxious to please, has commissioned a tame dramatist with a good working knowledge of the latest way of a man with a maid to revise Shakespeare's drama on the lines indicated. He has played on the burning lava of Latin love with a British garden hose in his version of the balcony scene, which we append herewith. It will be noted that he has aimed at keeping as closely as possible to what he regards as the small modicum of sense in the original text, while cutting all unnecessary verbiage and avoiding the regrettable "mushiness" which is so distasteful to modern audiences.

*From *Punch.*

The final objection, that the tragedy ought never to have happened, is proving more difficult to meet, and he is still wrestling with it as we go to press.

Act II.—Scene 2

Capulet's Orchard

Romeo (*who has just climbed the wall*): All very well to laugh if you don't know what it is. What I mean is I've got it in the neck. There she is at the window. Some kid!

Juliet (*to herself*): What rot it all is!

Romeo (*sotto voce*): That's right, little girl. Get it off your chest.

Juliet: It's too putrid that he should belong to that Montagu set.

Romeo (*to himself*): Shall I butt in now, or wait and see?

Juliet (*still failing to observe the intruder*): What does it matter about his people being rank outsiders if he's decent? And one never need see much of one's relations. Of course his name is against him, but I could call him Bunny or something.

Romeo (*coming forward from under the shadow of the trees*): Right-oh! I'll answer to Bunny with the greatest of pleasure.

Juliet: Who are you?

Romeo: Bunny, old thing, just Bunny.

Juliet: Don't be absurd. I know your voice. You're Mr. Montagu. How did you get in here? Didn't you see the notice about trespassers being prosecuted?

Romeo: Oh, that's all bunkum. They've got to prove you've done some material damage.

Juliet: Father would be most fearfully peeved if he found you here.

Romeo: I daresay. But the fact is, I thought you and I rather clicked at your party.

JULIET: Did I look nice?

ROMEO: Oh, topping! I say, you don't exactly object to me, do you?

JULIET: Well, if you heard me maundering away to myself just now you must know that much. If you want us to be pals I'm on. Sure you're not just gassing?

ROMEO: Rather.

JULIET: Really and truly?

ROMEO: I'll swear it if you like.

JULIET: No, you needn't do that. I'll take your word for it. But aren't we rather rushing things? Better be getting on now, hadn't you? Night, night!

ROMEO: No. I say, look here—you're not going to leave me on the mat?

JULIET: It's a bit late.

ROMEO: Yes, I know. What I mean is—you do like me?

JULIET: Rather! Yes, awfully. There's that old nurse of mine calling. Half-a-mo!

NURSE (*off*): Miss Juliet!

JULIET: Coming! (*Exit.*)

ROMEO: This is distinctly jolly.

(*Reënter* JULIET *above.*)

JULIET: If you really aren't rotting you can see about a license to-morrow.

NURSE (*off*): Miss Juliet!

JULIET: Bother! Coming! But if you're just playing about I'm not having any.

NURSE: Miss Juliet!

JULIET: All right. What I mean is—you get me——?

ROMEO: Quite.

JULIET: Cheery-oh! (*Exit.*)

ROMEO: What's your hurry? Heaps of time.

(*He retires slowly.*)

JULIET (*reappearing*): Hi! Bunny! I can't shout or I shall wake the whole house. Bunny!

ROMEO: Yes, old thing?

JULIET: If I send someone round to-morrow what time will you be in?

ROMEO: What about nine?

JULIET: Good. I've forgotten what I was going to say.

ROMEO: Take your time.

JULIET: It's your fault. It confuses me to have you standing there gaping. Bunny, I'm only rotting. I quite like it really.

ROMEO: Do you, old thing? That's topping. I can stay a good bit longer if you like.

JULIET: No, you really mustn't. It's fearfully late, and if we're not careful we shall be getting soppy.

BOTH (*together*): We mustn't get soppy.

JULIET: You'd better hop it. So long, Bunny.

ROMEO: So long, kid. I'll see the registrar first thing. Cheery-oh!

(*He hops it.*)

BALCONY SCENE FROM ROMEO AND JULIET

(*As it Might be Written by Octavus Roy Cohen*)

BY

CLARENCE MANSFIELD LINDSAY

DISCOVERED: JULIET WASHINGTON LEE *on rear balcony of Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel, in Birmingham, Alabama. Enter* ROMEO PICKETT JACKSON, *via the back fence; he advances stealthily in the shade of the shrubbery.*

JULIET (*sighing deeply*): Lawsy me! What a perfec'ly splendiferous moon! All I needs is a man!

ROMEO (*aside*): Hot dawg! She referrin' to me? (*Aloud:*) Angel gal, announce somethin' more!

JULIET (*alarmed*): Who this intrudin' on my solitariness?

ROMEO: Reckon you know me, Julie!

JULIET: Well, if 'tain't Rummy Jackson! Say, nerve is the one thing you ain't got nothin' else but! Is you 'ware 'at my Aunt Sally vow she goin' to 'nihilate any o' the Jackson fambly as comes pesterin' roun' heah?

ROMEO: Jus' cause my Unc' Lucifer done her outn two weeks' boa'd! That woman is sure pizen, carbolic acid ain't got nothin' on her! But listen! I kain't sleep nights for thinkin' o' you, Julie! You is the onliest gal in Bummin'-ham!

JULIET: Man, you says words, but they don't mean nothin'!

From *Saturday Evening Post.* By permission. Copyright by the Curtis Publishing Company.

ROMEO: Listen at me swear by the moon——

JULIET: Don't you swear by the moon! Tha's the most pestiferous bad luck!

ROMEO: Hot dam! How I goin' to swear then?

JULIET: Don't swear 'tall! 'Tain't perlite 'fore ladies, nohow. (*Leaning over balcony rail:*) Oh, Rummy, Rummy! Wherefo' is yo' what yo' is 'stead o' what yo' ain't? Reckon a snowball by any other name'd smell as salumptious!

ROMEO: Does yo' get it? I done split a en-tire bottle o' imported perfume on me 'fore startin' out! (*Begins to climb lattice.*)

JULIET: Should my Aunt Sally cotch us heah together each with the other she jus' nat'rally lam the stuffin' outn the bofe o' us!

ROMEO: She ain't gwine to cotch us! Golly! This lattice ain't fit for no cullud man to trust hisself to! (*Clasping* JULIET *in his arms:*) Honey, does yo' love yo' Rummy?

JULIET (*simpering*): I don't dast to tell yo'!

ROMEO (*kissing her*): Julie, yo' meet me ter-morrer afternoon down by Bud Peagler's pool parlour; I'll be waitin' in my new gol' and silver taxicab an'——

JULIET: Has yo' got a taxicab?

ROMEO: Uh-huh. A swell-elegant one! I gits me mo' tips ev'y day'n Epic Peters does in a week's po'terin'!

AUNT SALLY (*heard within*): Juliet Washington Lee, if yo' is moonin' out deah on de balcony, yo' come right in an' he'p wid the ironin'!

JULIET: Deah she is! Good-night, Rummy!

ROMEO: Sayin' good-night to yo', Julie, is such a sweetness I reckon as how I'll jus' keep on sayin' it till I gits me into trouble! Honey, is yo' goin' to meet me ter-morrer?

JULIET: If the objectoriness of yo' love is hon'ble; an' yo' means gittin' hitched——

ROMEO: Tha's the onliest thing I does mean! There ain' no gal in Bummin'ham c'd git me goin' like yo'!

JULIET: Tickle my tongue, but yo' shuah talks flossy! But min' now, no fumadiddles!

ROMEO (*descending*): Says which? (*Lattice breaks; he falls heavily to ground.*)

JULIET: Oh, Rummy! Is yo' hu't?

ROMEO (*groaning*): I is shuah busted infernally!

AUNT SALLY (*heard within*): What yo' doin', Juliet Washington Lee? Yo' come right in heah!

(ROMEO *rises with alacrity and beats a retreat.*)

JULIET: Oh, yo' Rummy! Hsst! At ha' pas' fo', termorrer! Remember!

ROMEO: I ain't fergittin'! (*Aside as he mounts the wall:*) Jus' the same, if I kain't borrer ten dollars to pay the pa'son, I won't be on han'!

CURTAIN

First Juror—Do you think she's guilty, George? "No, she don't look innocent enough to be guilty."—*Judge.*

Cook (*to new maid*)—You'll get on better with the missis if you just swallow yer pride an' treat 'er as an equal.—*—London Opinion.*

"Are you an actress, auntie."

"No, darling, why do you ask?"

"Because Daddy said when you came we'd have a scene."—*Kabaret* (*Lwow.*)

Visitor—You oughtn't to keep pigs so near the house; it isn't healthy.

Native.—Lor' bless 'ee, it's all right. Them pigs ain't never 'ad a day's illness.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Judge—Explain to me just why it was that you beat up your cell mate.

Prisoner—It was like this, judge. I was dreaming that a fine dinner, roast goose, wine, and everything, had been put before me when this jail bird turns over and wakes me up. I never even got a bite, and it made me so mad I landed on him.—*Pociegiel* (*Lemberg*).

First Husband—Are you and your wife happy?

Second Ditto—Oh, very happy! But let's talk about something cheerful!—*Answers.*

BOLTER (*having just submitted to an intelligence test*)—Well, sir, how am I?

NOTED PSYCHOLOGIST—Wonderful, sir! I congratulate you. According to our standards, you measure up to the mentality of a twelve-year-old—*Judge.*

VOICE ON THE PHONE: *What kind of fellows do you have there?*

WARDEN: *Oh, the usual bunch of murderers, thieves, bootleggers, and hold-up men. Who do you want?*

VOICE ON THE PHONE: *Say, what fraternity home is this?*

From the De Pauw Yellow Crab

HE—You are the sunshine of my life. Your smile falls like lightning into my soul. With you by my side I would defy all the storms of life.

SHE—Is this a proposal or a weather report?—*Sondags Nisse* (*Stockholm*).

Class in Insectology.—KNOWITALL—There goes one of De Wolf Hopper's ex-wives.

BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN—Ah! A grass Hopper, as it were! —*Judge.*

HE—Is she progressive or conservative?

SHE—I don't know. She wears last year's hat, drives this year's car, and lives on next year's income.—*Answers.*

"Pa sent me for a piece of rope like this."

"How much does he want?"

"Just enough to reach from the calf to the fence."—*Good Hardware.*

FIRST SCOT—Wot sort o' minister hae ye gotten, Geordie?

SECOND SCOT—Oh, weel, he's muckle worth. We seldom get a glint o' him; six days o' th' week he's envees'ble, and on th' seventh he's incomprehens'ble.—*Punch.*

"How dare you, with your scandalous past, propose to me? It wouldn't take much for me to throw you downstairs and turn the dogs on you!"

"Am I to take that as a refusal, then?"—*Szczutek* (*Lemberg*).

WIFE—Are all men as stupid as you are?

HUSBAND—No, my dear, look at all the bachelors there are. —*Kabaret* (*Lemberg*).

OWNER (*to contractor*)—Why, I was so scared when I saw that scaffold fall that my heart came right up in my mouth.

CONTRACTOR—Hope you didn't chip any of your teeth on it.—*The American Contractor.*

A modern young man kissed a beautiful modern girl.

"I'll be frank with you," the young man said, after the embrace was over. "You're not the first girl I've ever kissed by a long shot."

She lit a cigarette.

"And I'll be equally frank with you," she answered. "You've got a great deal to learn, even at that."—*La Sourire de France.*

"Some of the good people who dine here," said the hotel manager, sadly, "seem to regard our spoons and forks as a sort of medicine—to be taken after meals."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"Six of my sons are studying to be artists and writers, the seventh is learning to be a bricklayer."

"Aren't you rather optimistic, thinking that he can support the six of them?"—*Fliegende Blatter* (*Munich*).

AMBITIOUS MOTHER (*to schoolgirl*)—My dear, you really must not eat your food so daintily. The best people simply shove it in.—*Punch.*

Ear-Splitting Silence.—Flynn and O'Leary were employed as extra men in the repair shop of a large hardware concern. The "boys" were all old friends, and they jostled and sang and whistled without a let-up.

Said Flynn: "This is the noisiest place I iver worked, Pat."

Said O'Leary: "I believe ye, Mike. Th' only toime it's

quiet here is whin someone stharts the gas engine and drowns th' noise."—*Good Hardware.*

"How long do you generally keep your maids?"

"Oh, until they begin to show how sorry they are for my husband."—*Boston Transcript.*

Lack of Evidence.—A youth seated himself in a dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful shirt of striped silk and an even more wonderful checked suit. He had the vacant stare that goes with both.

"I'm afraid to give him gas," the dentist said to his assistant.

"Why?" asked the assistant.

"Well," said the dentist, "how will I know when he is unconscious?"—*Store Chat.*

"Is your daughter improving in her music?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," answered Mr. Cumrox; "the dog has quit howling every time she sits down to the piano."—*Washington Star.*

Boatman (*to merrymakers*)—I must ask you to pay in advance—as the boat leaks!—*Copenhagen Klods Hans.*

Grandmother—You don't seem interested in this story.

Betty—No, an' neither do the people who are in it.—*Life.*

Miller—I forgot my umbrella this morning, dear.

Mrs. Miller (*sarcastically*)—How did you come to remember having lost it?

"Well, I shouldn't have missed it, dear, only I raised my hand to shut it when the rain stopped."—*Punch.*

WIFE—I don't feel like myself to-night.

HUSBAND—Then we ought to have a very pleasant evening.—*London Opinion.*

THE HUSBAND—I wish you wouldn't talk while I'm shaving, you've made me cut my chin!

THE WIFE—Never mind, dear—you've got two more. —*Answers.*

Slower Is Safer.—They had had one of their usual tiffs because hubby was home late for dinner.

"You're always late," she said, indignantly. "You were late at the church the day we were married."

"Yes," he answered, bitterly, "but I wasn't late enough." —*The Pathfinder* (*Washington.*)

TALKATIVE BALLOONIST (*finishing story*)—And then, thousands of feet above the cruel ledges, I pulled the string that released me, knowing well that should my parachute fail to open I would dash my poor brains out on the rocks beneath.

INTERESTED LADY—And did it?—*Life.*

Resigned.—ERMYNTRUDE—They tell me you love music.

BILL—Yes, but never mind, keep on playing.—*The Sydney Bulletin.*

The circus proprietor was anxious to engage a dwarf for exhibition purposes, and an agent had assured him that he could put him in touch with the very man.

"You're sure he's a real midget?" asked the showman.

"Real midget, my boy!" exclaimed the agent. "Why, he's so short that every time his feet ache he thinks he's got neuralgia!"—*Answers.*

MRS. BROOMLY—And 'ow do yer 'usband and yerself get along together, Mrs. O'Brien?—well, I 'ope?

MRS. O'BRIEN—Oh, yes, very well, Mrs. Broomly. 'Ere we've been married goin' on six months, an' I ain't 'ad to call in the police but twice."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

A quack doctor was boosting his medicines to a rural audience. "Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty years, and have never had any word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

VOICE FROM THE CROWD—That dead men tell no tales. —*Pearson's Weekly.*

Mr. Blank, in discussing a former employee and at present a rival and competitor, said, "Why, he's a sharper, a thief, and a liar—and I taught him all he knows."—*Gil Blas.*

Simple Enough.—LEARNED PROFESSOR—I cannot understand how people forget children's ages—I have no trouble. For instance, I was born 2,320 years after Socrates, my wife 1,900 years after the death of the great Cæsar, my son 1,500 years after the beginning of the Folk Wandering—quite simple, you see!—*Passing Show.*

GUEST (*to hotel clerk*)—How much do you charge here by the month?

CLERK—Hum—ha—well, really, sir, I don't know, but I'll ask the manager.

GUEST—Don't know! What do you mean?

CLERK—Well, sir, you see, nobody has ever stayed here over a week yet.—*Japan Advertiser.*

That's Salesmanship.—"But this portrait makes me look so much older," objected Mrs. Bjones.

"That's the beauty of it, Madame," replied the artist. "Ten years from now it will be an even better likeness of you than it is to-day."—*American Legion Weekly.*

THE LADY—Oh, constable, I feel so funny!

THE P. C.—What's the matter, madam? Have you vertigo?

"Oh, yes, constable; about two miles!"—*Answers.*

DEBT COLLECTOR—Look 'ere, sir, I'm tired o' climbin' up all these stairs week after week to collect this bill.

ARTIST—Well, I've good news for you—I'm moving down to the basement to-morrow!—*Punch.*

PRIVATE (*as he leaves officers' training camp*)—See here, Lieutenant Jones, now that I am a civilian again, I want you to understand that I take back all those salutes I gave you. —*Santa Barbara Daily News.*

LAWYER—And you shot five times at the plaintiff and missed him?

DEFENDANT—Yes, sir.

"How did that happen?"

"Well, sir, he was sort of nervous."—*Judge.*

Preparedness.—"Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks—sworn off smoking."

"Well, put one in your pocket for to-morrow."—*Punch.*

Identified.—FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN—That's my baby that we just passed.

SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN—How could you tell?

FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN—I recognized the nurse.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

FOND MOTHER (*who is sure the visitor would like to hear her infant prodigy on the violin*)—Johnnie is so far advanced that now we can almost tell whether he is tuning or playing.—*Punch.*

"That novelist says he took his characters from real life."

"He should be encouraged to keep on taking them," replied Mr. Growcher. "The fewer like them in real life, the better."—*Boston Transcript.*

SQUIRE—Did you send for me, my lord?

LANCELOT—Yes, make haste, bring me a can opener; I've got a flea in my knight clothes.—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

He Loved Them All.—ETHEL—I wonder if Jack loves me?

MADGE—Of course he does, dear. Why should he make you an exception?—*Boston Transcript.*

WIFE—Oh, Dick, I dropped my diamond ring off my finger, and I can't find it anywhere.

HUSBAND—It's all right. I came across it in my trouser pocket.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

JUDGE—What's your name, occupation, and what's the charge?

PRISONER—My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery.

"Put this guy in a dry cell."—*Washington Cougar's Paw.*

"When is a wall-eyed pike not a wall-eyed pike?" headlines a Lansing paper. When it's a bunch of weeds, according to our trolling experience.—*Detroit News.*

SERGEANT—What did you arrest this man for?

OFFICER KEEGAN—For his own safety, sergeant! He was too drunk to protect himself, and insisted on going home.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

First and Last.—DEFEATED JOCKEY—Well, anyhow, I wasn't last. There were two horses behind me.

DISGUSTED SUPPORTER—Garn! Them was the first two in the next race!—*Midland Daily Tribune.*

Not in Any Sense.—PROFESSOR.—You seem to understand all that. Now let us pass on to immortality, the life of the hereafter.

STUDENT—Not prepared, sir.—*Boston Transcript.*

In Washington.—"What's the excitement in the Congressional Library?"

"Seems a Congressman wandered in."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Briefly.—BUSY MAGNATE (*testily*)—Well, what do you want? Be short!

PRODIGAL SON (*rising to the occasion*)—I will! I am!—*Passing Show.*

"Please Forward."—DEPARTING COOK (*after a week's stay*)—Should any letters come for me, p'raps you'll kindly send 'em on.

LADY (*sarcastically*)—Certainly—if there's any room on the envelope for any more addresses.—*Punch.*

When Time Stands Still.—"I hear you gave a party last night, old chap. What was it to celebrate?"

"It was for my wife. It was the tenth anniversary of her thirtieth birthday."—*Tit-Bits.*

Mixed Time.—TEACHER—How can you tell the approach of winter?

PUPIL—It begins to get later earlier.—*Karikaturen* (*Christiania*).

"Are you interested in psychoanalysis?"

"Very much," replied Miss Cayenne. "My hope is that the science will be perfected so that it will be useful in preventing unfortunate occurrences instead of explaining them after it is too late."—*Washington Star.*

MAN DRESSMAKER—Well, what now?

APPRENTICE—I have discovered a way to make a woman's dress so that she will look like a hump-backed baboon with bat's wings.

MAN DRESSMAKER—Glorious! It will become the rage. —*New York Telegraph.*

Near-Music.—Said the man who was trying his best to appreciate good music: "When a piece threatens every minute to be a tune and always disappoints you, it's classical."—*Congregationalist.*

Satisfactory.—MAE—How did George take it when you told him you didn't love him?

JUNE—Simply wonderfully! He carried on like a wild man.—*American Legion Weekly.*

"There is one thing I don't like about this horse," said the man who had just concluded a deal, "she won't hold her head up."

"Oh, that is only her pride," said the dealer. "She will when she is paid for."—*Passing Show.*

Easy.—"I wish I could find a way to stop my wife from spending so much on gloves."

"Buy her a diamond ring."—*Fliegende Blatter* (*Munich*).

"Are you sure that I shall recover?" an anxious patient once asked a physician. "I have heard that doctors sometimes give wrong diagnoses and have treated patients for pneumonia who afterward died of typhoid fever."

"You've been woefully misinformed," replied the medico, indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."—*Argonaut.*

"What are the principal places of interest about New York?"

"You'll have to ask some stranger. I've lived here all my life, you know."—*Judge.*

Medical Professor—What is the first thing you would do if a patient of yours were blown into the air by an explosion?

Medical Student—Wait for him to come down.—*Szczutek* (*Lwow*).

"I see our friend Grabwell announces he is busy doing his share in the campaign."

"I would not say exactly he's busy doing his share," rejoined Senator Sorghum. "He's busy getting it."—*Washington Star.*

Job's Comforter.—SICK MAN—I feel as though I've been through hell!

FRIEND (*at bedside*)—Now, Bill, you mustn't go crossin' yer bridges before you come ter them.—*Bulletin* (*Sydney*).

"Mary," inquired the mistress, suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"

"Lor, ma'am," replied Mary, "wot's the use of washin' a fish that's lived all his life in the water?"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Plugged.—FRED (*horseback riding*)—Hey, you! Don't stop your car in front of my horse.

PAUL—Don't worry, I know the rules. Don't park in front of a plug.—*Dry Goods Economist.*

From a Russian Prison.—SOVIET GUARD (*to prisoner, a former lumber agent*)—Yes, you are condemned to death. Have you any last wish?

PRISONER—It would delight me if my firm were allowed to furnish the gallows.—*Söndags-Nisse* (*Stockholm*).

"John, John," whispered an alarmed wife, poking her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Wake up, John; there are burglars in the pantry, and they're eating all my pies."

"Well, what do we care," mumbled John, rolling over, "so long as they don't die in the house?"—*New York Herald Tribune.*

DOCTOR—Your husband denies it, but doesn't he smoke between meals?

WIFE—No, doctor. He eats between smokes.—*Centre Colonel.*

A Job to Suit.—FOREMAN—Here, now, Murphy, what about carrying some more bricks?

MURPHY—I ain't feeling well, guv'nor; I'm trembling all over.

FOREMAN—Well, then, lend a hand with the sieve.—*The Continent.*

"I hear you've gone into the antique furniture business. Where is your shop?"

"Oh, I've got a chain of farmhouses all through New England."—*Judge.*

"Does a fisherman ever tell the truth?"

"Yes, when he calls another fisherman a liar."—*Kansas City Star.*

JUNIOR PARTNER—I don't think that firm's sound.

SENIOR PARTNER—What makes you think so?

"Well, you never hear them grumbling about how bad things are!"—*London Mail.*

MR. HOUSEHOLDER (*to* MRS. H.)—You said when you engaged that woman plumber to fix this water pipe you believed she would fix it in short order and not have to go back to the shop after more tools. Yet here she is gone, after working only five minutes. How do you explain it?

MRS. H.—She said she had forgotten her vanity case.—*Chicago Journal.*

MISTRESS (*engaging new maid*)—And above all I expect you to be discreet.

MAID—Yes, ma'am, and what is there to be discreet about?—*London Opinion.*

A barber reported to work two hours late.

"What's the big idea?" demanded the boss.

"I'm sorry," replied the barber, "but while I was shaving I talked myself into a shampoo, haircut, and massage."—*The Progressive Grocer.*

"You have an inferiority complex," announced the psychologist. When he regained consciousness he learned that he had addressed a traffic policeman.—*Judge.*

JUDGE—Pat, I wouldn't think you would hit a little man like that.

PAT—Suppose he called you an Irish slob?

JUDGE—But I'm not an Irishman.

PAT—Suppose he called you a Dutch slob?

JUDGE—But I'm not a Dutchman.

PAT—Well, suppose he called you the kind of slob that you are?—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

MAUDE.—Was it a case of love at first sight?

CLAUDE—No. Second sight. When he saw her first he didn't know that she owned a couple of apartment houses.—*New York Sun.*

Speeding Problem.—When a traffic cop overhauls you and asks you where you're going, tell him you were hurrying to buy tickets to the policemen's ball before they are sold out. This plan works anywhere, at all hours of the day or night. —*Motor Age.*

AGATHA—The climate of that place won't suit Florence.

HARRIET—Where is she?

AGATHA—I haven't the faintest idea.—*Life.*

British Tourist—Have you any fresh oysters?

Waiter—Sorry, but this isn't the season for oysters.

British Tourist—But—er, ah—my good man, isn't it possible to bribe the game warden?—*Life.*

"Do you know, I believe your husband is going to get locomotor ataxia."

"I shouldn't wonder—he has a perfect mania for buying cars."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Der Student—How do you like my translation from the English, Herr Doctor?

Der Herr Professor—I advise you to translate it back into English as soon as possible.—*Der Brummer* (*Berlin*).

The customer had waited half an hour for the fish he had ordered. At last the waiter appeared.

"Your fish will be here in five minutes," he said.

Another quarter of an hour passed and then the customer summoned the waiter. "Say," he inquired, "what kind of bait are you using?"—*The Continent* (*Chicago.*)

School Teacher—I am quite put out with your boy. He couldn't tell me the date of the death of Louis XVI.

The Mother—Don't be too hard on him, we never read the newspapers.—*Le Journal Amusant* (*Paris*).

"Mr. Deputy, I want you to find a government post for my boy."

"Is he intelligent?"

"If he were I shouldn't be worrying you for a government job. I could use him in my own business."—*Journal Amusant.*

"A rich relative in America sent me a dollar. What do you think I'd better do, buy a book or get a marriage license?"

"If you get a book, the love story will always remain the same. If you get a wife, every day you'll discover something new about women."—*Swiat* (*Warsaw*).

Rough Waves.—PURSER WILSON—Don't you like the sea?

TOURIST (*at home a hairdresser*)—Not when it's marcelled.—*The Times of Cuba.*

Proved.—SHE—I showed Father the verses you sent me. He was pleased with them.

He—Indeed! What did he say?

SHE—He said he was delighted to find that I wasn't going to marry a poet!—*Vikingen* (*Christiania*).

EX-STENOGRAPHER—Does your husband give you an allowance, dear, or do you use the touch system?—*Judge.*

The domestic row had been even more violent than usual. "This is the last straw—the end!" stormed the enraged husband. "I'm going to leave you! Now! For ever!"

"You can't, dear," retorted his wife, suspiciously sweetly. "Your trousers haven't come back from the cleaner's."—*American Legion Weekly.*

"Aren't there some jealousies in your progressive-euchre club?"

"No, indeed," answered the young Mrs. Torkins, "when we buy prizes we are always careful to select things that no one really wants, so that the winner will not be an object of envy."—*Washington Star.*

"What a topping get-up!"

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, my dear, I simply love it. It's just too hideously fashionable for words!"—*Bystander.*

DOCTOR—Your husband needs a complete rest. I will prescribe a sleeping draught.

WIFE.—When shall I give it to him, doctor?

"Don't give it—take it!"—*Answers.*

Try This One.—A new American germicide is called Hexylresorcinol. The trouble is to find a cross-word square wide enough to fit it.—*Humorist.*

Thoughtful of Her.—A woman went to buy some cigars for her husband, who was laid up.

"Do you want them mild or strong, madam?" asked the tobacconist.

"Give me the strongest you have," she said. "The last ones he had broke in his pocket."—*Bristol* (*Eng.*) *Evening News.*

The One to Take Him.—DUB—I'm going to marry a girl who can take a joke.

KAY—Don't worry, that's the only kind of a girl you'll get. —*The New York Daily News.*

Fifty-fifty.—I asked you to loan me a hundred dollars, and you let me have only fifty.

"That's fair enough, isn't it? I lose fifty, and you lose fifty."—*Karikaturen.*

Booty Beats Beauty.—"Few of our great statesmen have been what you would call handsome men."

"And that's lucky," observed Senator Sorghum. "A campaign is hard enough as it is, without turning it into a beauty contest."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Brown—I admire Dr. Young immensely. He is so persevering in the face of difficulties that he always reminds me of Patience sitting on a monument.

Mr. Brown—Yes, but what I am becoming rather alarmed about is the number of monuments sitting on his patients. —*Tit-Bits.*

"When can I hope to receive the money you owe me?"

"Always."—*Pociegiel* (*Lemberg.*)

With the Alleged Humorists.—Rural Justice (*passing sentence on college boy caught speeding*)—Now, in fixing the panalty in your case, this court will take into consideration that, as you say, the roads out our way are very poor.

College Boy (*gratefully*)—Thank you, judge.

Rural Justice—So, instead of the customary $50, this court will fine you just $15 and sentence you to work on them there roads for thirty days.—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

Mixed Dates.—"Do you love me, darling?"

"Of course, I do, Herbert?"

"Herbert! My name's Arthur!"

"Why, so it is! I keep thinking that to-day is Monday." —*Liverpool Echo.*

Two men were telling about their abilities to see and hear. One said:

"Do you see that house over there on the horizon?"

"Yes."

"Can you see that fly walking around on the roof?"

"No, but I can hear the shingles crack when he steps on them."

Good Worker.—HUSBAND—Telling lies is *not* one of my failings.

WIFE—No, dear, it's one of your few successes.—*Punch.*

"Bridget, didn't I hear you quarrelling with the milkman this morning?"

"Ye did not, ma'am. I inquoired for the health of a milkmaid at the dairy, who's ill."

"Yes, and——"

"'Says I: 'How's the milkmaid?' An' he got in a tempest o' fury, an' said: 'That's a thrade secret.'"—*Punch.*

FIRST FARM HORSE—How's that good-for-nothin' colt of yours gettin' on over to the agricultural college?

SECOND FARM HORSE—Why, haven't you heard? He's made the team.—*Life.*

Very Noticeable Then.—"How awkward Alice is. She doesn't seem to know what to do with her hands."

"I noticed that when she was playing bridge."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Kind that Primp.—MAID—I have let the vacant room to a film actor.

MISTRESS—Is he good looking?

MAID—Yes.

MISTRESS—Then move the mat from the front of the mirror. I don't want it worn out.—*Karikaturen* (*Christiania*).

Mrs. Tabb: Does your husband object to cats?

Mrs. Stabb: Yes, indeed. He says that I feed all the cats in the neighbourhood. Won't you stay and have tea?—*Tit-Bits.*

Many Marks.—Lecturer (*who, finding nobody to receive him, tries to gain admittance to lecture hall*)—It's all right. I am the lecturer.

Attendant—No, you don't. Three of you have got in up to now, but the next lecturer that goes in here to-night pays.—*From "Mark Twain's Autobiography" (Harper's).*

Corporal Stoggs (*giving evidence*)—I was on canteen duty at the time, sir, and I was in the row when the room began—I mean, sir, I was in the room when the row began—and I saw the accused, Private Noggs, whom I now identify, deliberately strike Sergeant Snooks. But the Sergeant was too smart for him, sir; he hit him first.—*Answers.*

Dusty Dennis—Say, pard, what does the paper mean by "Unspeakable Turk"?

Gritty George—Why, dat's de guy dat invented de Turkish bath.—*Chicago News.*

The family were away from town. Their house was in charge of a young housemaid. Occasionally an old charwoman came in to help with the cleaning.

One day the housemaid opened the front door and was greeted by the angry charwoman.

"I've been ringing and ringing and ringing," said the latter. "Why didn't you come?"

"You kep' on so reg'lar," said the housemaid, "that I thought it was only the telephone."—*Tit-Bits.*

TOURIST AT NIAGARA—Are we near the falls yet?

GUIDE—Yes, sir. As soon as the ladies stop talking you will hear the roar.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"What do you think of this museum piece?" asked the antique dealer. "Said to be genuine Sheraton."

"I think," answered the connoisseur, "it's a case of Sheraton twenty miles away."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Jack wants me to learn all the traffic rules, but I think that would be foolish," said Mrs. Cutie.

"Why foolish?" asked the friend.

"Why, it's much easier to let the officer explain them to you."—*Judge.*

SHE—Suppose I should conclude to publish your love letters?

HE—Why not simply make a public acknowledgment that you married an idiot!—*London Mail.*

AMERICAN AUTHOR—Hooray! My book has actually been noticed by an English periodical.

HIS WIFE—Just what does that mean, dear?

"Why, it's the beginning of an American reputation."—*Judge.*

In these days of dashing automobiles this form of conversation is appropriate:

"How are you to-day?"

"Oh, all right—so far."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

"Oh, I think I'm getting on. Last night he asked me to call him by his first name!"

"Pooh, that's nothing! I wouldn't trust any man till he called me by his last name."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Are mine the only lips you ever kissed?"

"Yes, darling, and the nicest."—*Tit-Bits.*

His wife was trying to break him of the smoking habit.

"Look here," she said, pointing to a newspaper, "it says here that smoking is very harmful."

"What rot," said he. "Do I look ill? I'm fifty, and as strong as a horse."

"Yes," she said, "but if you hadn't smoked so much you might have been sixty by now."—*Gil Blas.*

WOMAN—Your honour, he broke every dish in the house over my head, and treated me cruelly.

JUDGE—Did your husband apologize or express regret for his actions?

WOMAN—No; the ambulance took him away before he could speak to me.—*The Pathfinder.*

"Did they hold you up when you came over the Canadian line?"

"Hold me up! Say, they had to carry me."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Two Irishmen stood in front of a drug store in Dublin. In the window was a display of rubber gloves.

"Now I wonder what is them things for?" asked one of the Irishmen.

"Oh," replied the other Irishman, "ye can put them things on an' wash yer 'ands without gettin' yer 'ands wet."

"Before we were married you said you'd be willing to die for me."

"I know it."

"And yet you refuse to beat the rugs."

"Sure! Dying is my limit."—*Chicago News.*

"I thought you said he was a good watch dog?"

"Well, ain't he?"

"Certainly not. Last night he barked so loud that burglars came and went without our hearing them."—*Passing Show.*

Mrs. Skinner (*to new boarder*)—This is your fourth cup, Mr. Jones. You must be very fond of tea.

Mr. Jones—One would think so, Mrs. Skinner, seeing that I am willing to drink so much water to get a little of it.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Papa, what is the difference between genius and talent?"

"Talent gets paid every Saturday night."—*Denison Flamingo.*

He (*ardently*)—Have you never met a man whose touch seemed to thrill every fibre of your being?

She—Oh, yes, once—the dentist.—*Boston Transcript.*

A certain rich litigant went away to his country seat at the conclusion of an important case before judgment had been pronounced. A few hours later his lawyer wired him as follows: "Right has triumphed." The rich litigant wired back: "Appeal at once."

"So you propose to take my daughter from me without any warning?"

Nervous Young Man—Not at all. If there is anything concerning her you want to warn me about, I'm willing to listen.—*Answers.*

Big Game Hunter—And then, with the charging lion only fifty yards away, I found myself in a trap! What would you have done under the circumstances, gentlemen?

Drowsy Golfer (*plus seven highballs*)—Used muh niblick —hic!—*Judge.*

"Did you shoot anything?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean, then, by coming home with an empty bag?"

"I couldn't put the guide in it, could I?"—*Szczutek* (*Lemberg*).

Natural.—Wife—D'ye know you're growing quite handsome, John?

Husband—Yes, Mary; it's a way I have when it gets anywhere near your birthday.—*Tit-Bits.*

Doctor—Your master is decidedly better, Thompson, but very irritable. He mustn't be thwarted.

Thompson—He expresses a wish to wring my neck, sir.

Doctor—Well—ah—humour him.—*Punch.*

"After the wreck, when your husband was drowning, did all his past sins come up before him?"

"Good heavens, no! He wasn't in the water all that time!"—*London Mail.*

Sign of Something.—"Why is the flag at half-mast over the waterworks?"

"I suppose some teetotaler has died!"—*Strix* (*Stockholm*).

Only at Discretion.—"What do you think of this living beyond one's means?"

"It ought not to be compulsory."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Precisely.—"How would you classify a telephone girl? Is hers a business or a profession?"

"Neither. It's a calling!"—*London Mail.*

SHE—It's a pity you don't get married.

HE—But I am married.

"What a pity!"—*Szczutek* (*Lemberg*).

HE—I notice you're not eating candy nowadays.

FIANCÉE—No, I've pretty nearly gotten out of the habit since I've been going with you.—*Holmes Store News.*

SHE (*in art gallery*)—So that's one of those cubist paintings. What a dreadful place Cuba must be!—*Boston Transcript.*

"Your advertisement said that at this hotel there is a beautiful view for miles and miles."

"So there is. Just put your head out of that window and look up."—*Record.*

"How do you like my niece?"

"Fine!"

"Yes, she is charming, spiritual, gentle, but unfortunately she hasn't a cent."

"She seems to me to have all the qualities for becoming an old maid."—*Le Journal Amusant* (*Paris*).

"You give your clerks two weeks' vacation every year, don't you, Mr. Tintack?" asked the friend.

"A month," grunted the eminent hardware dealer.

"A month?"

"Yes. The two weeks when I go on my vacation and two weeks when they go on theirs."—*Good Hardware.*

GEORGE—Of course, being back in London, I miss the cows and sheep and pigs and things.

ETHEL—Ah, yes, but we still have each other, darling.—*Humorist.*

ART DEALER—This is the only Rembrandt for sale in Europe.

CUSTOMER—But you told me you had two.

ART DEALER—Yes. The other isn't quite ready yet. —*Sondags Nisse* (*Stockholm*).

The Comic Strip Eternal

Drawn by Ellison Hoover
From Life. By permission
Copyr. Life Pub. Co.

BEST SELLERS—FACTORY MADE

BY

OLIVER LEA

NOTE: "OLIVER LEA" is the pen name for a very distinguished writer. Guess who it is.—T. L. M.

IT WAS a busy morning in the Synthetic Fiction Corporation. A rush order had just come in:

"Kindly assemble for prompt delivery realistic Middle West novel. 285 pages. Plot to be soul struggles of corn-fed farm hands. Binding, corn-tassel yellow. Treatment, raw realism for metropolitan intelligentsia trade. First edition, 50,000. Rush.

"JIGGETT'S DRUG STORE."

Mr. J. Hopkins Underwood, vice president and production manager, was in the throes of a creative frenzy ten times more agonizing than the old-style one-man author could ever have experienced. His was the responsibility of gathering, from his staff of trained specialists, the various elements that make the sure-fire best seller.

"For the love of Mike," he shouted to Andy, his assistant, "get busy on that opening chapter!" Andy, who used to be a garage mechanic, was now the chief operator of a specially constructed linotype and printing machine, which had a

---

From *Saturday Evening Post*. By permission. Copyright by the Curtis Publishing Company.

maximum capacity of five hundred thousand volumes a day.

"Not so fast, boss," Andy shot back. "You haven't slipped me the dedication, or the preface either."

"Dedication No. 14," ordered Underwood. "To my best friend and severest critic, my wife, but for whose energy in keeping the children away from my study this book would never have been written."

Andy fed this dedication into the maw of the gigantic machine and waited for further orders.

"Preface A," commanded Underwood into a speaking tube that connected with the Preface Department, and two metallic blocks of type came whizzing down the pneumatic chute. This was the familiar Preface Apologetic.

Andy shoved it into the machine and it came out, in two seconds, beautifully printed.

PREFACE

In writing this simple saga of the simple people I have known and loved in my simple way, I am beset with an overwhelming feeling of my utter inadequacy in setting down these short and simple annals of the poor. I have attempted, however humbly, to depict, in these pages, the daily life of the dour folk who cultivate the wheat, and to show how the other chaff lives. If I succeed in enlisting the sympathy of only 500,000 readers, I will not feel that my task has been entirely in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

Primrose-on-the-Brink,
Fall River, Mass.

Next came the Table of Contents. Glancing at the synopsis of the work in hand, Underwood dictated to Andy:

"Part I—COSMIC URGE
Joe

"Part II—COSMIC SPLURGE
Dora

"Part III—COSMIC MERGE
Joe and Dora

"All set," said Andy, cramming the Contents into the hopper. "Now for Chapter I."

The chief of the Plot Department dashed in with his copy for the introductory chapter.

"In the little prairie town of Mudbank, Ohio, lived Joe Simpkins, the only son, thank God, of an alcoholic father and a strabismic mother. Joe was a good boy and a moron, who tilled the wheatfields of his father's farm, without care or complex—until Dora came into his life——"

"So far so good," interrupted Underwood, and Andy pulled the lever that stopped the works. "Where's the dope from the Character Analysis Department? You've gotta have some zippy psychological stuff about Dora's mental make-up."

"Here, this will do: 'Dora was a flat-chested, inarticulate, sex-starved spinster of forty-three. The only man she had ever met was the garbage man, and he was always in the dumps. All her nights were spent in dreaming dreams which no psychoanalyst would dare to publish. These dreams possessed, obsessed, and repressed her even in her waking hours as she went about her menial chores. One day she ordered from a mail-order house a book in a plain wrapper, entitled "The Farm Girl's Handy Freud."

"'From this moment on, the grub became a butterfly. Without a moment's notice Dora stalked triumphantly out

of the kitchen door, leaving the greasy dishes in the kitchen sink.'"

"O. K.," said Underwood. "Enough of that. Now shoot some more plot."

The huge machine began clicking again:

"Into a sprinkling can Dora emptied the contents of a quart bottle of Parfum de Jasmin, and sauntering through the wheatfields she left a perfumed trail in her wake. To Joe, as he sat at his reaping machine in the neighbouring field, was wafted this alluring fragrance. For the first time in the nineteen years of his life strange desires entered his being. Getting down on all fours, with his nose to the ground, Joe followed the scented trail to a grove of sycamores, where she stood waiting."

A copy boy rushed in at this point from the Dialogue Department and handed Underwood a sheaf of papers.

Glancing hastily through them Underwood began interlarding the story with these selections:

"Who . . . are . . . you?" breathed Dora.

"Glub, glub," groaned Joe, who was still under the anæsthesia of the perfume.

"My love," she hissed, "why are you so inarticulate, so inchoate, so inept?"

"*Je t'aime*," he heaved, at last, in French.

"Not so fast," she quivered. "It is too much—too much. I must go away from here—far away—into the world. I must see life!"

As the proofs emerged from the machine they were carried on fast-moving belts past a small platform, where were stationed a corps of proof readers equipped with blue pencils with which they marked corrections with lightning speed.

Into the machine Andy continued to feed various bits of Plot, Dialogue, Description, and Analysis.

An expert from the Travel Bureau contributed the account of Dora's wanderings from the time she left Joe prone among the wheatfields, through the mazes of her dizzy experiences among the literati of Chicago and the inebriati of New York, until she came back, disillusioned but ennobled, to the dear old kitchen sink with its familiar stack of still-unwashed dishes.

"All this novel needs now," put in Underwood, "is some Quaint Characters, indigenous to the soil and necessary to the thickening of the plot."

From a large cabinet labelled Characters, a file clerk brought some cards, numbered and cross-indexed. From these Underwood selected:

"No. 38—A garrulous, one-toothed grandmother, who spends her time making caustic remarks from a rocking-chair, and getting splinters in her large bare feet.

"No. 47—A hardware merchant and pillar of the church, who sins in secret.

"No. 51—The village librarian, who circulates gossip and sometimes books."

"Hot stuff!" commented Andy. "Now for a snappy finale. What'll it be—wedding bells or tragedy?"

"Tragedy, of course. That's the fashionable ending this year," replied Underwood. "We'll have Dora stab Joe with a can opener because he refuses to wash the dishes. By the way, Andy," he continued, looking at his watch, "I've got to get home for an early dinner to-night. You dope out the finish, will you?"

"Sure," grinned Andy. And then, as Underwood dashed

out of the office, "But say, boss, ain't this book gonna have a title?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Underwood, and without stopping in his mad rush for the subway he threw back over his shoulder, "Just call it 'Wild Oatmeal.'"

THOSE OUTSIDERS

Some sun worshippers from Persia are on a visit to England. They knew where to come for a real holiday.—*Humorist.*

"We all know what happened to Kerensky," writes Capt. Francis McCullagh in the *Herald Tribune.*

By the way, what ever did happen to Kerensky?—*Life.*

The only gleam of humour we have had from the Soviet Government is the claim that it has been insulted.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

One trouble about the Far East is that it isn't far enough. —*Columbia Record.*

The idea seems to be that if we keep kicking Japan in the slats, maybe she'll come to see what a polite and friendly neighbour we are.—*Dallas News.*

What France needs, however, more than she needs money to build up her factories, is a concerted movement to build up her infant industry.—*Columbia Record.*

Russian peasants expect the end of the world shortly. It is said that the hope is buoying them up.—*Passing Show.*

Won't European nations always be eager to fight if they can do so on a charge account?—*Wall Street Journal.*

It now seems that the friendship of the Allies is until debt them do part.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Germany got rid of the Kaiser. Maybe it is upon that accomplishment she claims the war was not lost.—*Toledo Blade.*

The Chinese don't seem clearly to know what they are fighting about, which demonstrates that they are no wiser than the more civilized nations that engage in war.—*Columbia Record.*

Nationalism is the theory that if you don't grab it some other great nation will.—*Anaheim Plain Dealer.*

No one can deny the world is progressing: An ex-President of Nicaragua is still alive.—*Detroit News.*

The hard part of a race problem is to keep inferior peoples inferior.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

Speeches at public dinners in Japan are made befcre the dinner commences. Now we know what is meant by the wise men of the East.—*Humorist.*

Now that the Bolshevist leaders are writing their memoirs, it appears that all the lies we told about them are true.—*Columbia Record.*

CHURCHLY MUSINGS

Perhaps the hardest thing is to tell the sinners from the righteous, when you know 'em both pretty well.—*Ohio State Journal.*

One of our doubtless reliable statisticians informs us that there are now 526,000,000 Christians in the world, and we have our moments of depression when we wonder where they live.—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

Dr. Moffatt's modern version of the Old Testament describes the Garden of Eden as a "park." That accounts for the verboten sign on the old apple tree.—*Columbia Record.*

And perhaps there would be more religion in business if there were less business in religion.—*Columbia Record.*

The conviction that Christianity is a failure is common to many great thinkers who haven't tried it.—*Minneapolis Star.*

A Baltimore man advances the thought that the Ten Commandments were never meant to bind the Gentiles. That seems to be the general impression among the Gentiles. —*Columbia Record.*

The Bible is great enough to survive everything, even the queer translations.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

A Chicago minister who said the Bible was "inspiring, but not inspired," is now resigning, though not resigned.—*Dallas News.*

Don't pity the missionary. Suppose his task was to convert the heathen at home.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

Piety alone may build a church, but it takes rivalry to erect the fine ones.—*Albany (Ore.) Herald.*

UPLIFTERS

The key to success locks the door to excess.—*Columbia Record.*

Many a man who is sentimental about the old swimming hole that was three miles from town, complains bitterly if the bathroom is at the end of the hall.—*Judge.*

One meets a lot of shady people on the sunny side of Easy Street.—*Columbia Record.*

It is estimated that 87 per cent. of those who pity themselves haven't much else to do.—*Lancaster Examiner-News Era.*

The way it works out is this: The more time-saving devices a race accumulates, the less leisure.—*Detroit News.*

Another good memory test is to try to remember the things you were worried about yesterday.—*Port Arthur News.*

Many people are so busy telling the world what is wrong with it, they haven't time to improve it.—*Toledo Blade.*

When a man starts singing his own praises it's pretty sure to be a solo.—*Lake County (Ind.) Times.*

Man's mastery of the elements is now complete, if nothing happens.—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

A nice mixture of metaphor and ornithology occurs when the lame duck sings his swan song.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

BOOZE WHEEZES

There are two ways to get ahead in this country. One is to sell bootleg and the other is to drink it.—*New York American.*

Here Lies

Here lies the body of Elmer Trask
He drank from a stranger's ½ pt. flask.—*Judge.*

It appears that what we were assured was John Barleycorn's death rattle was, in fact, a gurgle.—*Columbia Record.*

As a failure Prohibition stands side by side with matrimony, the U. S. A., and human life.—*Boston Herald.*

Prohibition is working smoothly now, and the only job left is to stop the sale of liquor.—*Easton Express.*

Uncle Sam is to erect a barbed-wire fence at El Paso to keep out the rum runners. If they ever spill any of the stuff on the fence, good-bye fence.—*Los Angeles Express.*

Beverages containing more than ½ of 1 per cent. alcohol will be sold as long as we do not have 99½ per cent. law enforcement.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

We can't picture a stronger business combination than being a bootlegger and owning a large block of stock in an undertaking parlour.—*Columbia Record.*

Prohibition does some good. An English poet refuses to come to America on account of it.—*Columbia Record.*

There are two classes: dreamers and doers. One howls for light wine and the other plants grapevines.—*Birmingham News.*

There can be no question that prohibition is a success when a dry agent whose salary was $2,400 saved $38,000 a year.—*Columbia Record.*

Serious.—She—Aren't you sick of hearing all these jokes about liquor?

He—Yes, nothing seems to be sacred to the humorists today.—*Swamp Angel.*

ASK DAD: HE DOESNT KNOW

The reason why a lot of men are bachelors is because they failed to embrace their opportunities.—*Illinois State Journal.*

Four ages of man: Bossed by mother, bossed by sister, bossed by wife, bossed by daughter.—*Wooster (Ohio) Daily Record.*

With Mother in politics, and the Constitution forbidding child labour, we apprehend that Dad may have to go to work. —*Columbia Record.*

A wife is a great comfort during all those troubles which a bachelor never has.—*Columbia Record.*

Marry in haste and you will have no leisure for repenting.— *Columbia Record.*

Habit clings. The old-timer who worked his way through college is now working his son's way through.—*Minneapolis Star.*

One thing wrong with our homes is too many couples think a pair beats a full house.—*Columbia Record.*

"I miss my husband," wails an Arkansas woman. Aim lower, madam.—*Des Moines Capital.*

If a husband has the last word, it is something like this: "All right, buy the darned thing."—*Vallejo (Cal.) Chronicle.*

Women governors aren't rare, every man has one.—*Columbia Record.*

It takes nine tailors to make a man, and one dressmaker to break him.—*Humorist.*

Young people would have less objection to eight hours' sleep if it didn't keep them at home.—*Toledo Blade.*

The latest thing in henpecked husbands is the fellow that waits at the barber shop while his wife has her hair bobbed. *Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

It is getting so now that a respectable married man is ashamed to be seen in a modern bookstore.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

The honeymoon is over when the billing exceeds the cooing. —*Seattle Star.*

THE END